

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 400,000 Copies Sold Every Week

FREE NOVEL

September 16, 1939

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for  
transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3d





## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Anthropology lecturer

DR. IAN HOGBIN, lecturer in anthropology at Sydney University, whose latest book, "Experiments in Civilisation," has been published in London, deals in detail with effects of Western culture on natives of Pacific.

In studying primitive people Dr. Hogbin has lived for years among natives in the Solos Islands and New Guinea.

He is a graduate of both Sydney and London Universities, and reads "thrillers."



### Attorney-at-law

TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Estelle Bard, attorney, of New York, had eleven cases in her nine months of practice, and ten. Graduating at St. Lawrence University, Brooklyn, she gained her Master of Laws degree in 1934.

She is the youngest lawyer either sex to appear in New York courts for the defence in a murder case.



### Opera producer

KNOWN in England as a "pageant king," Mr. T. Fairbairn, opera producer, came to Australia specially to present a pageant version of Coleridge's "Hiawatha" at the Melbourne spring carnival.

In England Mr. Fairbairn produced pageant versions "Elijah," "Faust" and "King of Glory."



THESE WOMEN are not "nervy." They're too busy attending to their domestic duties to worry unnecessarily about minor difficulties and problems.

## BUSIEST WOMEN are always the CHEERIEST

HARD WORK BEST CURE  
FOR STRAINED NERVES

By Iris Carpenter

WHEN are you happiest — when you have plenty of leisure, or when you are "up to your eyes" in work?

You may not admit it, but if you are really honest with yourself the answer must be, "When I am most busy."

I don't mean so busy that you haven't even time for proper rest—although the amount of that necessary is often exaggerated.

What I mean is, when you are so busy that you haven't time to think very much about anything else.

There is much these days, of course, outside our own immediate

circle to cause us worry and tension, but, strangely enough, many of the nerviest people are those who have least cause for anxiety.

Have you ever heard of "suburban neurosis"? In even the most prosperous, peaceful times it is found today in every big city.

It is supposed to emanate from the loneliness of life in the rows of villas encircling our towns.

Statistics prove that, quite apart from the tension caused by the world crisis, neurosis has been definitely increasing in the last few years. That most sufferers are married women... young married women at that. That in nearly all divorce cases the wife is described as a neurotic woman.

What exactly is neurosis? The dictionary describes it as a morbid affection of the nervous system.

### Strange affliction

A STRANGE affliction for an age more or less devoted to woman's freedom from domestic toil.

Hundreds of women worry more about their complexes than about their own and their families' welfare.

They indulge in them as easily as our great-grandmothers indulged in fainting attacks—yet they are really far more dangerous.

In the old days smelling salts and sal volatile worked wonders with the fluttering hearts resulting from tight lacing and warped outlook.

Nothing, apparently, will stem the tide of introspection once we give way to it.

It is a curious fact that women are happiest when they are too busy to think of themselves.

Our mothers, in the spacious days of large houses and larger families, had no time to indulge in complexes—even if they had heard of them. There was no radio. No labor-saving devices.

My mother had eight children. She made all our clothes. She made enough jam and bottled enough fruit to last the household for the year. I never remember her buying a cake or a jar of mince-meat or a Christmas pudding.

I never saw her bored or unhappy. She was always too busy.

I often wonder what she would say to my electric washing machine; to my tiled kitchen and the stack of tins in my larder.

Nowadays we have no time to make

BUSY, busy, busy... That's the best way to avoid strained nerves, according to the author of this article.



"MOST WOMEN who go to see nerve specialists are those with the most leisure."

pastry. We buy it by the pound, puff and short, and always just right. I make my own Christmas cakes and puddings—"most quaint," say my friends.

I make jam because I love doing it. But I am as giddy as my neighbor when it comes to the butcher's plaint, "You'll only buy the frying and roasting joints; the others are too much trouble."

### Wasted hours

AS for sewing, it seems hardly worth while to bother about it when there is such a wide range of manufactured articles. So cheap, too!

No! Leisure, not loneliness, has been responsible for most upsetting of the modern woman's nerves.

No one can fill a lifetime with bridge or whist or the pictures or shopping. And we've let ourselves grow beyond the interests that women used to find satisfying enough.

So we struggle with an urge for an elusive something more, and think about what we're getting out of life all the time instead of what we're putting into it.

Now the time has come for a changed outlook. Throughout the Empire the cheeriest, happiest women will be those who are the busiest.



She changed to  
**ERASMIC  
FACE POWDER**

Now she's engaged to  
the man of her dreams

She met the man of her dreams... and soon she was wearing his diamonds. It was her glorious complexion that first attracted him... so how glad she is now that she started using glamour-giving Erasmic.

**ERASMIC**  
contains every beautifying  
powder ingredient known

"The truly beautifying face powder—Erasmic," says every fascinating actress and titled English beauty who uses it. Erasmic, created by eminent cosmeticians, has every glamour-giving property yet discovered... was famous before most present-day powders were known. Let Erasmic glamourise you—give your skin breath-catching loveliness.



ONLY 1/- A BOX

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—holds powder for hours—1/- a tube.  
ERASMIC COLD CREAM—1/- a tube.  
At all Chemists and Stores.





## 'BE CALM, BE FIRM, AND UNITED'

King's inspiring message will  
be our war slogan

"BE CALM, BE FIRM, AND UNITED," said His Majesty, King George VI, in speaking to the whole British Empire.

With the Empire plunged into war not of its own seeking, but because of the insensate lust for power of one man in Germany, the words of His Majesty bring inspiration and reassurance to his peoples.

There is a special significance for women of the Empire in that simple, direct, sincere message.

*Behind it is all the armed force of our Empire and our Allies. A reassurance that all is well if we all play our part.*

### BE STEADFAST

**W**OMEN'S part in the war is to be steadfast. The King's message is clear.

We have right on our side—and right must prevail.

We are sustained by the justice of our cause and our well-founded faith in the Empire's leaders, and her magnificent and fully-prepared army, navy and air force.

We have sought peace. Now that war has been thrust upon us, women can be trusted to face up nobly to their new responsibilities. There will be no shirking, but only loyal co-operation.

### KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

**W**OMEN have their own battleground in this war. They are the second line of defence.

The majority serve best in keeping the family cheerful and happy, in keeping the doors of home bolted and barred against uncertainty, panic or nerves.

Men must fight and women work so that peace may come again.

Mouths must be fed, beds made, socks darned. The cycle of women's work must go on, and in these simple, everyday tasks women find a reservoir of courage which is an inspiration to their menfolk and their children. This is the philosophy of "seeing it through," and in this the Empire depends tremendously on its valiant womenfolk.

### WE WILL PLAY OUR PART

**T**HE Australian Women's Weekly will play its part. Already the war has altered perspectives. New currents have been set in motion which will profoundly affect all our lives.

But it is the supreme duty of women to keep as normal as possible, and it will be the aim of The Australian Women's Weekly to reflect all the usual activities of life.

*We unite with our readers in praying for a speedy end to this war, with the triumph of all those Christian principles for which we are fighting.*

To hasten that blessed day, there is no better slogan than that of our King—

"BE CALM, BE FIRM, AND UNITED."

THE EDITOR.







LEAVING FOR THE COUNTRY: Children from St. Mary's School, Tavistock Square, pack their belongings into a bus.



ORPHAN CHILDREN waiting for their train at Euston station.

## CHILDREN LEAVE LONDON



THESE TODDLERS left Sherborne nursery school for a place in the country. Teachers at Euston station had trouble in preventing the youngsters from sucking the names off their identity labels—their mothers saw them off.

See how much **WHITER**  
Persil washes



**Persil**  
THE AMAZING  
OXYGEN WASHER

**PERSIL'S GENTLE  
CLEANSING MAKES  
THINGS LAST LONGER**

It's the contrast that makes you realise how much whiter Persil washes—the clothes you thought so snowy suddenly become almost grey by comparison with startling Persil whiteness. But that's how millions of women have been surprised into changing to Persil. Its thorough oxygen-charged suds make difficult dirt just melt away. Use Persil alone for the whole family wash.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

31,400.17

## Poignant scenes as half-a-million youngsters seek safety in country

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in London

I have just seen the amazing spectacle of a half million children of London being evacuated to the safety and calm of the countryside. Never in my life have I seen anything so poignant and magnificent as this, probably the strangest exodus in history.

The children sang the "Lambeth Walk" and school songs as they entrained, and there was no hint of tragedy in their bearing, but a particular V.C. should be struck for the brave mothers who let them go without panic or tears.

THROUGHOUT the last weeks the eager feet of half a million children have been echoing on the pavements of London.

Now these sounds are stilled. We live in a sombre, adult city, no longer lightened by childish laughter and the lilt of happy young voices.

But we have the blessed knowledge that the children are safe. That makes all the difference.

Many of the children have never been to the country before, and happy voices under the trees, bare-legged lads and lassies scampering over the fields bathed in autumn sunshine reconcile us to the fact that our children are in temporary exile.

Unforgettable vignettes are etched in my mind by the evacuation of the children.

Some day, when this is all over, a great artist will put this exodus on canvas, and call it "the going away of the children."

### Black rabbit

I SAW a London policeman on traffic duty outside a school in the poorer part of London talking to the children. He knew them—had put them through rehearsals for such an emergency.

He asked the youngsters not to forget to bring him back a big black rabbit from the country . . . and not to eat too many red currants in the woods.

They laughed and chatted with him until the traffic lights gave them right of way and the youngsters scampered across the road in charge of their teachers.

At Shadwell I saw the fruit stalls denuded of their contents and pressed into the open hands of the little kiddies as they passed.

One Cockney stall-owner said: "Well, there goes my whole blither stock for the day, but God bless 'em."

Here and there among the chil-

dren I saw German youngsters, sons and daughters of refugees, who had fled from Germany only to find the hate of Hitler pursuing them.

One teacher at an East End school said: "It's wonderful how brave the mothers have been and the children are magnificent."

"Sitting quietly in our school-room waiting to move off with my particular contingent the kiddies played games or told stories about the 'Babes in the Wood' and 'Snow White'."

"Many of the children actually believe that there are fairies in the country. Most of them have never been in the country. It is a visit to fairyland for them."

### Community songs

EARLY in the morning, long before the appointed time of 8 o'clock, parents brought their children to the schools.

The parents were not allowed in the playgrounds, so they waited outside in the streets, which soon became congested.

At one school the voices of children singing community songs could be heard by the people waiting outside. The adults replied with a cheer for such a display of pluck.

All over London children trudged to the nearest railway.

They made a pathetic picture with gas masks slung over their shoulders and carrying bags, pillowcases, and little hold-alls for their clothes.

They carried lunch for the journey. Some had apparently rifled the family larder and had enough provisions to withstand a siege, but one little toddler had nothing but a piece of barley sugar.

The scenes at the various stations absolutely beggared description.

Imagine if you can a group of children going on a picnic. Happy, laughing faces, some singing the "Lambeth Walk," others holding fast to the hands of their nearest companions. Little faces raised to their teacher as an order was given, the whistle of the train, the staccato purr of an engine and a trainload of little escapees was on its way out to the smiling countryside.





**THE DANZIG SENATE**, Nazi-controlled, met daily in the last week before war, planning the seizure of power-stations, granaries, railways, Danzig's return to the Reich. Herr Foerster, Danzig Nazi leader, in defiance of the constitution, declared by proclamation on September 1 that Danzig had returned to the Reich. Germany bombed Poland—

## Last pictures of DANZIG

**THESE** pictures were taken in Danzig just before war broke out, were raced to Australia by air mail. They show, dramatically, the events which led up to Hitler's onslaught on Poland.



**HERR** Albert Foerster, Nazi leader, who proclaimed Danzig's return to the German Reich.



**HERR GRESIER**, Nazi ex-President of the Senate, supplanted by Foerster at Hitler's order



**DANZIG**, ancient and peaceful, a place of narrow streets and medieval buildings, was torn apart by bitter nationalist quarrels.



**BEHIND** these doors of Danzig Nazi headquarters, the Free City's downfall was plotted. Storm-troopers guarded the Senate.



**PROPAGANDA CARS**, bearing swastika flags, fitted with powerful amplifiers, blared Nazi threats, promises, to the divided Polish-German population. Jewish refugees fled from the Free City



**THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE** was set alight by Nazis, burnt until only the outer shell remained. Polish-Jews were roughly handled, their shop windows broken, lives endangered.



**POLISH HIGH COMMISSIONER** in Danzig, M. Chodacki, and his wife. The Commissioner protested daily in the Senate against outrages to Polish nationals. Protests went unheeded. Polish officials were arrested, Nazis took over the police force, imposed a curfew, held parades



**ROAD SIGNS** showed only German towns. Polish place names were removed, German names substituted. Nazi troops stormed the Westerplatte, Polish fortress near Danzig, held by a small Polish garrison. Poles held it gallantly for days, fought off many German attacks



## Girl's letter from Poland



PILSUDSKI SQUARE, Warsaw, during a display of Poland's army and air services.

### From Warsaw, her mother wrote "we are not afraid of Hitler."

While German planes were raining bombs on Poland last week, Magdalena Maria Godewska, a young Polish girl living in Australia, received an air mail letter posted twelve days before by her mother from Warsaw.



THE GIRL from Poland, Magdalena Maria Godewska.

"WE are digging trenches and building fortifications," wrote the mother, "but we do not believe there will be war, so I am preparing marmalade and preserves for the winter..."

The letter was written on August 22. Ten days later came the invasion from Germany.

"In the morning our papers bring alarming news, and in the evening the situation is better again," the letter ran on.

"The most important thing is that we are prepared for the worst, and the whole nation calmly and determinedly awaits Hitler.

"People are storing food, but only for a week. In the first days of war the trains and roads would be congested with soldiers, and foodstuffs could not reach Warsaw.

"We are digging trenches and we are building fortifications. All of us work hard, but with high spirits.

"Imagine, even my little garden is turned upside down.

"In spite of that our everyday life goes on. I am preparing jams and marmalades and other good things for winter, so you see Hitler cannot frighten us.

"In two days I intend to go to Gdynia and stay there for about a fortnight. At the beginning of summer people were afraid and everybody stayed at home, but now it is nearly impossible to find accommodation at the seaside and in the Tatra mountains.

"The Germans must be furious seeing how little we are afraid of them.

"We are doing everything with a complete calm, without great words, and we do not raise a big hullabaloo as Germany does.

"Our soldiers and transports leave during the night, because what is the sense of frightening people unnecessarily. I am sure nobody in the whole world believes that we have aggressive plans towards 'poor innocent Germany.'

"The trouble with Germany is that these 'terrible' Poles will not capitulate but are preparing a 'hot' welcome to Mr. Hitler. Yes, a hot and a rather dangerous one.

"I do not believe what the Germans broadcast. There is not a single word of truth in it. They are incredible and treacherous liars. The world, however, has already its opinion about them."

#### Colonel's daughter

MISS GODEWSKA came to Australia five months ago. "No one believed then that there would be war, or I would not have left my country," she said.

"In Poland I was a correspondent in the foreign department of the Bank of Poland, and my knowledge of languages—also a spirit of adventure—tempted me to travel and to try my luck in Australia.

"A week ago I cabled my parents that I would try to return, but their reply begged me to stay here.

"Now I cannot return. I am Polish but I have no country.

"My father is a Colonel in the Polish Army, and I do not know where he is now. My fiancé, who had planned to come to Australia, is also in the army, and I do not know what has happened to him.

"Our home was in Warsaw, so I do not know how my mother is faring. I am the only daughter, and my only brother is at present in the Dutch Indies.

"THREAT of war has developed among us an attitude that is partly fatalism and partly courage. That is why the shock of that appalling dawn when the Germans' bombs awakened the cities and villages did not demoralise my country.

"When I heard that my home city was being bombed I knew beforehand that there would be many casualties. I knew that, because of this attitude, there would be no fear.

"People would not rush in panic for shelter, they would rush out to

look, which is apparently exactly what they did do.

"We are a nation of soldiers. At 18, all young men must spend eighteen months in military training.

"Girls, too, receive military training. From the age of 14, when they are at high school, they attend summer camps. In addition to physical fitness training they learn how to handle different types of guns. Like the men, they wear a khaki uniform.

"Polish women, both peasants and women in the cities, have strong physique. They will be prepared to fight beside our men soldiers. Perhaps they are doing so already.

"The widow and two daughters of the late Marshal Pilsudski are inspiring leaders in our national preparedness. The two daughters, Jadwiga and Wanda, who are just over twenty, are splendid pilots and will play their part in the defence of our country.

"Most of our soldiers wear practical, severe uniforms, but there are a few regiments from the mountains that are picturesque. They wear flowing khaki capes and round their mountaineering hats they wear bands of seashells.

#### Can do men's work

"OUR daily life in Poland is very different from yours. In the cities we are at work at 8 every morning. We have no lunch-hour, but finish work at 3 p.m., when we dine.

"Then the rest of the day is free.

"In summertime we hurry off to swim in the Vistula or play tennis. After work we often attend lectures and concerts, and most of us belong to national preparedness or social welfare organisations.

"Though Mme. Moscicki, wife of our President, is a retiring person, most of us know her quite well, as she is a member of our big women's organisation for social welfare, and

works with us. She is quite young and very attractive.

"Because there is so very much to do in our spare time we live right in the city, mostly in big blocks of flats. We do not like to waste time in travelling, and suburbs as you know them barely exist.

"Women have as many interests as men in Poland, and the same opportunities in all professions and trades. So that in wartime women can take over men's work even in handling machinery and doing manual work.

"Under normal conditions our social life for young people is simpler than yours. We do not have so many parties and dances, but our dance restaurants are open all night.

#### English dances

"THOSE of us who have to be at work at 8 o'clock go there only during the week-end. On week nights they are frequented mostly by tourists or Polish people who do not have to go to work. We dance the Lambeth Walk and Chestnut Tree, and call them by their English names.

"Most of us have learned English, if not at school, from the pictures, as most of the pictures in our theatres are English or American. The Polish film industry has only just begun.

"Besides our national song we have another patriotic song which is strangely prophetic. Even when our country was on friendly terms with Germany we still sang it...

"The German will not spit in our face, and he will not Germanise our children..."

"My parents and my friends are facing the dangers and horrors of war, and I can do nothing to help them. But I am going to do the next best thing. Through the Polish Consul I am trying to find something useful to do in the National Emergency Service here."



# The Young Mrs. Ramsay

Concluding our dramatic two-part serial...

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

**D**RIVEN to despair, JUDITH RAMSAY leaves her husband, ROSS RAMSAY, on a tempestuous night, and as he has locked the garage she is forced to walk miles through the storm to the holiday lodge, where she is to meet ALAN KEITH, her former sweetheart, now engaged to NAN MARSHAL.

On her way, her husband passes her in his car, and she and Alan enter the lodge to find that he has been shot dead, while otherwise the house is completely deserted. Unthinkingly, Judith snatches up the gun that is lying beside her husband; so to shield her from suspicion Alan takes it, and they drive to Nan's home.

Meanwhile, DAVID MARSHAL, Nan's father, and MATT RICE, the local sheriff, have heard of the Ramsays' quarrel, and with ERNIE, the deputy sheriff, they come to the lodge to forestall trouble between Ross Ramsay and Alan Keith. They find not only that Ramsay is dead, but that VAL GREGORY, the caretaker of the lodge, has also been shot dead upstairs.

Leaving Ernie at the lodge, Rice and Marshal drive away, discussing the case.

NOW READ ON:

**T**HING to do is to find Alan. Maybe he'll give us the whole story right away. You see, David—there's too many folks who know all about how things was. Of course, we can't figure Val Gregory in it—him bein' just the caretaker—but supposin' Alan had just killed Ross Ramsay and Val was upstairs in one of the bedrooms an' come out on the balcony—why it ain't unnatural that Alan might have lost his head an' let fly.

The faintest suggestion of a smile crossed David's lips. "Anything is possible where there's a murder, Matt—but I doubt that theory."

"Me, too." Sheriff Rice lifted the hand off the wheel to make a picture of indecision. "I'm just talkin'. All I'm sure of is them two fellers are dead, an' somebody killed 'em. Less'n of course they killed each other."

"And to that last idea I'd ask, first: Why? And second: Where is Val's gun?"

"Don't ask me, David. I'm tryin' to figure that out myself."

They reached the Ramsay home and banged on the door. There was no answer and they circled the house to the servants' quarters. There they found Gravy, the ebony butler. He gave scant, but important, information. "Yassuh," he said, "Mistuh an' Missis—they was outin' pretty bad to-night, but then they mos' always do. An' when Missis finished washin' up the supper dishes, she come out an' tol' me it was wuss'n usual. Said Miss Judith was fixin' to exodus. Packin' her bag, an' such."

"Did Zinnia go back to the house?" "Nossuh, Mistuh Matt. But I an' her watched. We seen her try the garage an' find it locked, an' then we seen her walk off in the storm, totin' that suitcase, an' I said I wa'n't right an' I was gwine with her, but Zinnia she grab my arm an' she say, 'Listen at me, Foolish—don't you go mixin' in white folks' fight. Never—no time. You better leave well enough alone.'"

"And what did you do?" "I left it."

"And then?" "Well, a long time after that we seen Mistuh Ross go in the garage an' extrack his own car. He drove off, an' what I mean, he drove fast."

"That's all you know?" "Yassuh, cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a catfish. I don't know nothin' else."



Matt Rice and David Marshal headed back for Duck Island. They paused briefly at the Lodge to get Ernie's report. According to the little deputy, nothing new had occurred. He protested once again—and with some vehemence—against being left alone with the bodies, and Matt promised to send him a companion to share his vigil. He said, "Me and David are headin' for town. I'm wonderin' where Alan Keith is—an' what he's doin'?" "So am I," responded David. "I'd like to ask him a few questions... if I'm not buttin' in, Matt."

"You? Gosh, David—I wish you would help. It'll take a smart feller like you to get to the bottom of this thing," Matt chortled.

David Marshal's house was one of the most modest on an avenue of unpretentious dwellings.

In the simply-furnished living-room three young persons were sitting. Nan Marshal, slim and blonde and pretty, was holding the hand of

"That's anybody's guess. He isn't at the store, and he isn't at the club."

"I'll wait. He's the only man in Seaville whose judgment I trust. He's got to help us."

"It'll work out all right, Alan."

Nan rose and patted Judith on the shoulder. "I'm going to make some coffee. You two look all in."

The pantry door closed behind her. Judith said, "I feel dreadful, Alan."

He did not pretend to misunderstand. "She's pretty grand, isn't she?"

"More than that."

They were silent for a long time.

He saw that her lips were trembling, and that tears were close to the surface. He hitched his chair closer and took a cold hand

"Nasty mix-up," said Matt Rice. "I'm sorry, but I'm sheriff—I'll have to take Alan with me."

and that there was no dead body lying sprawled on the rug under the balcony at the Lodge.

There was a lull in the pounding of the rain, and they heard foot-steps on the verandah. The door opened to the accompaniment of a sudden peal of thunder. It closed behind David Marshal.

He came in and spoke to Judith, kissed his daughter, and shook hands with Alan. The young man said, "I'm awfully glad you're here, Mr. Marshal. I want to talk to you about something important."

The older man nodded. "I know what it is. I just got back from Duck Island."

For an instant the reminder of horror intruded, and was dispelled by Mr. Marshal's quiet voice. "I'm glad you came straight here, Alan."

"He insisted on bringing me," said Judith.

"And where else would he take you?" David looked at his daughter. "How about taking Judith upstairs and getting some dry clothes on her?"

"I suggested that—but we were waiting for you."

"Well, I'm here and I want to talk to Alan. So run along."

The two girls left the room. Marshal's voice was kindly. "Let's have it, son. From beginning to end."

Quietly and carefully Alan told his story. During the detailed recital Mr. Marshal made no comment, an occasional nod being the only indication that he was listening attentively. And when the story ended he wasted no words in sympathy. Instead he said, "Have you the gun—or did you throw it away?"

Alan reached into his pocket and produced the weapon he had picked up from the floor of the lodge. Marshal studied it for a moment and spoke without looking up:

"Yours?"

"No, sir."

"You own one, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. It's at home in the top drawer of my dresser."

"Whose would this be?"

"Mr. Ramsay's, I presume."

"Where did you find it?"

"Judith found it. In the middle of the floor, about one-third of the distance from the fireplace to the door."

"Did you move Ramsay's body?"

"No, sir."

"Then you didn't know that there was a gun in his hand?"

"No, I didn't know that."

"Have you any ideas on who killed Ramsay?"

"No, sir."

Please turn to Page 10

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

a girl with whom she had spent the first eighteen years of her life, Judith was saying: "I didn't want to come here, Nan—but Alan insisted."

"I'd have been angry if you hadn't," Nan smiled at her fiancé. "And you wouldn't dare to make me angry, would you, Alan?"

"Not if I had fair warning. But you're still being rather nice, Nan." He glanced at his watch. "I wonder when your father will be in?"

between both of his. "Chin up, Judith. Don't crack up now."

"I'm trying..."

The pantry door swung back and Nan Marshal entered, bearing a tray on which there were three cups of black, steaming coffee, and a plate of little crackers.

The coffee was good, and it revived Judith's flagging courage. And as they drank they tried to pretend that this was a casual visit, that there was no storm raging outside



BORED with continuous ease and plenty, they wished that their life might be like a gale with storms to fight and angry winds to weather.

THE storm met them as they drove, and rain lashed the windscreen; and when they came, in late afternoon, to the causeway that led across the salt marsh to the Point they were exposed to the full fury of a gale that made the car swerve and fight the wheel. There was deep water under the little bridge across the tidal river, and John Brant said:

"Hallo, it's about low tide, but that doesn't look much like it."

"This wind would hold the tide in," Pauline reminded him, looking for lighted windows in the house ahead. The servants had preceded them in the other car, should have been here long before; but they found the place locked and empty. She said protestingly:

"Why aren't they here?"

"They'll be along," he predicted. "And I've a key."

Indoors he set logs burning in the living-room fireplace. French windows and a wide plate-glass window looked over the top of low cedars to the rocky cliff and the scattered rocks offshore, black against the turbulence of the sea.

John Brant carried in his luggage, then put the car away in the garage. When he came back to the house, Pauline, at the window, said in dry distaste:

"It's blowing up for a gale. This doesn't promise a pleasant weekend, John."

"We're snug enough. I'll start fires upstairs, then make a cocktail."

He went to do so; and she looked after him with resentful, puzzled eyes. He had thus far held to the pretence that between them all was well; that this September weekend in their summer house on the rocky point of land that was almost an island was no more than an interlude of rest and repose in their crowded lives. Yet she had felt all day a purpose in him, too. He returned and mixed cocktails and made conversation; and dark descended on the world outside, and he said at last:

"Well, the servants must be stuck somewhere. Lucky we brought the supplies ourselves. We'll make a lark of it! I'll cook that steak over the open fire."

She spoke derisively.

"Why the Boy Scout stuff, John? You know—you're not fooling me!"

IT was a moment before he answered her. Then he confessed:

"We're going to be alone, Pauline. The servants aren't coming. I thought it was time you and I got away together for a day or two; time we took stock, tried to find out just where we stand."

She loved no one else. Neither did he. But for a long time now they had found less and less content and happiness in each other. The two children were already in boarding schools, and his inherited fortune was sufficient for their needs and desires; so, save for two or three hours of dictation now and then, or an occasional conversation with the trustees, his time was free. But free time is a liability. Empty days must somehow be filled. So they went to Scotland, or to Switzerland, or to the Riviera or Egypt in winter; they might be for a time at home in the autumn or spring; they came every summer to this huge old house on the rocky cliff above the sea.

Lacking any business that might have been pleasure, they made pleasure their business.

To-night she was angry at this shabby trick which he had played. The steak was well cooked, and the vegetables and the coffee were perfection; but she ate without comment, almost without speech. Afterwards, bearing the dirty plates away, he called over his shoulder:

"Come along. I'll wash and you wipe."

But she did not follow him. This absurdity was his idea, not hers. When he came back at last with a decanter of brandy and huge glasses she told him so.

"It's ridiculous!" she said. "What did you expect to accomplish by kidnapping me like this? Your absurd jealousy! I shall leave in the morning, John."

The tide was pounding in, driven by a level flowing river of wind which caught the spray thrown up where great breakers broke on the rocks, and drove it, each separate drop like a bullet, crackling against the windows of the great living-room.

"This isn't jealousy, Pauline," he told her soberly. "You dance with Tim and dine with Roger, and go to symphony concerts with Bill; but that's all right. I know you're not in love with them, and I'm not in love with anyone else, either. So what's the matter with us?"

"We're not in love with each other, that's all," she answered flatly. "And—I'm bored to death with you."

"I know you are," he agreed. "And—I don't get the kick I used to get out of just being with you. What are we going to do about it? Can't we recapture what we had once?"

And he suggested doubtfully: "Would it be better if I went to business every day?"

"Heavens, no!" Then she added, more gently: "No, John, it's not that. But—I don't know what it is. Of course, we

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER



Pauline helped him, triumphant now, her fears forgotten.

used to do a lot of things together, golf and things; but we were always quarrelling then. We're not as much together now; but at least we don't argue as much as we did."

"I've an idea that's a bad sign."

"It may be! You don't fight with people unless you either love them or hate them. It isn't worth the trouble."

He grinned, somehow appealingly. "Perhaps I ought to knock you down once in a while!"

"Once would be quite enough!"

"I didn't mean that, Pauline, of course."

She said, surprisingly: "I'm not sure I did, either. Perhaps if we had a good, blazing quarrel—" And she reflected thoughtfully: "We've missed one big thing. We've never had any troubles, John. I've never had to worry about you, and the

children have never been ill except with the things all children have. We haven't had to worry about each other; and—we haven't had to worry together about them. Perhaps we've been too secure for our own good. Perhaps worry is—salt for savor."

He said strongly: "Pauline, I want—sweat and blood and tears in my life. Not just—a life like a pantry, with all the shelves well stocked, and neither of us ever really hungry, and—dust settling on everything."

She laughed, not mirthfully. The great seas pounded on the cliff. The house shook under those impacts. The wind had sounds in it, howlings, shrieks, cries of pain and roars of wrath. She nodded towards the windows.

"Like that outside?" she suggested. "That's what life is like for most people. Storms to fight and winds to weather. But we've always been sheltered and safe. We could go out into that storm; but if we did it would just be for fun; and when we were wet and tired we'd run back indoors and put on dry clothes and have a drink and sit by the fire. Anything we've ever done has been done for the fun of it."

"Let's go out! Let's walk along the shore."

"Don't be absurd. It's silly, without a reason."

"Fresh air? Or—just the fun of fighting it?"

"John, John, I'm sick to death of doing things for fun!"

She sat in the big chair by the hearth; he stood at the other end of the mantelpiece. Presently his eyes lifted to hers, and after a moment he said slowly:

"Pauline—I think I'd rather kill a

distaste—for this stranger was not only wet but also he was shabby, and half-naked, and there was blood on his face. He carried the man up the garden steps, and Pauline finished stuffing something into that hole in the glass to shut out the gale again and came to open the french windows. John laid the man on the bare floor in front of the fire. He poured a little brandy against clenched teeth, and they opened to receive more.

Then he looked at them, and his eyes were red and flickering. He said hoarsely, hopelessly:

"Barge came ashore on the rocks. Wife aboard her, and my boy, and Mike."

JOHN BRANT turned quickly towards the hall, towards the telephone. The man took another drink of the brandy. He said humbly to Pauline:

"Sorry about the window, ma'am. Couldn't crawl any farther. I was all in, and my leg's broke. All I could do was heave that stone."

His head, she saw, was cut. His right leg bent out of line above the ankle. His blue shirt was torn half off; his overalls were patched; his feet were bare.

John Brant came back.

"Telephone's gone," he said quickly. "Exchange doesn't answer. I'll have to take the car, and go and get help." He snatched oilskins from the cupboard in the hall and ran towards the door.

The man laboriously sat up, looked at his leg in a dull way. Pauline said:

"I'll get my first aid set and bandage up your head." She brought

"The bridge has gone, Pauline. The water was over the planks, but I tried to cross. The bridge let go under me. The car's sunk."

She came half-way to him, pulse suddenly pounding.

"Hurt?" she whispered.

"No."

She stopped, came no nearer. The man looked from one to the other. He asked:

"What are you going to do?"

Pauline said: "I'm so sorry. But the phone's gone, and the bridge is down. There's no way we can bring help."

He said in a puzzled, incredulous tone: "But look here, my wife's aboard, and my boy!"

"But we can't get anyone!"

"Get anyone? Don't you ever do anything yourselves?"

Neither of them spoke for a moment, though their eyes met. Then John Brant protested: "What can we do?"

The man cried, in the anger of despair: "How do I know? I'm just a barge hand. I've got no brains!" He tried to rise. "But I'll do something. Leg or no leg! I won't sit here by the fire and let her drown!"

He was on his knees, he sought to stand; but then he fell heavily and lay prone, his face in his arms, and he cried, in a sobbing whisper: "Oh, darn folks like you! Darn both of you!"

Pauline looked at her husband. John grinned ruefully. He said:

"That tears it, Pauline! I'll have to try something. You stay here."

"I don't get back—good luck!" He spoke to the man on the floor. "Perhaps I can get a line out to the barge. Any ropes aboard?"

The man turned on his side, he sat up again and his eyes came to life and hope. "Couple of coils," he said. "I don't know as they'll reach." He climbed to his knees. "Got a stick?" he demanded.

"You can't walk with that leg!" "I can pull on a rope. That don't need a leg."

John said to Pauline: "There's a stick in my cupboard. Bring down my two big salmon reels. There's over a hundred yards of line on each. I've got some rope in the boat house; and I'll get the painter off the motor boat. And I've some old cod lines. I'll get them."

He turned towards the outer door. The boat house faced the marsh, was in the lee of the point. Pauline ran upstairs, to return with the walking stick and the salmon reels. She questioned the man. "Where was the barge? How far offshore? In what quarter?"

He did not know. "It can't be far," he said. "I was under water most of the way in, rolling over and over in the waves. Didn't get a chance to breathe. If it'd been far, I'd have drowned."

John came back with his arms full of ropes and gear. He spoke crisply to the man.

"I'll swim out to her if I can, with the end of the salmon line. You tie the cod lines together, fasten them to the salmon line; then these ropes. If I can get aboard her I'll pull the cod lines out and pull the ropes by them. You'll have to keep the line clear of the rocks while I'm swimming. If we can get a line to her, I'll tie your wife to it and you can haul her in, and the others, one at a time. Can you get down to the shore?"

John lent him a shoulder. The man, hobbling and hopping, teeth clenched for silence, a sweat of pain upon his brow, moved with John towards the french windows.

Pauline let them out.

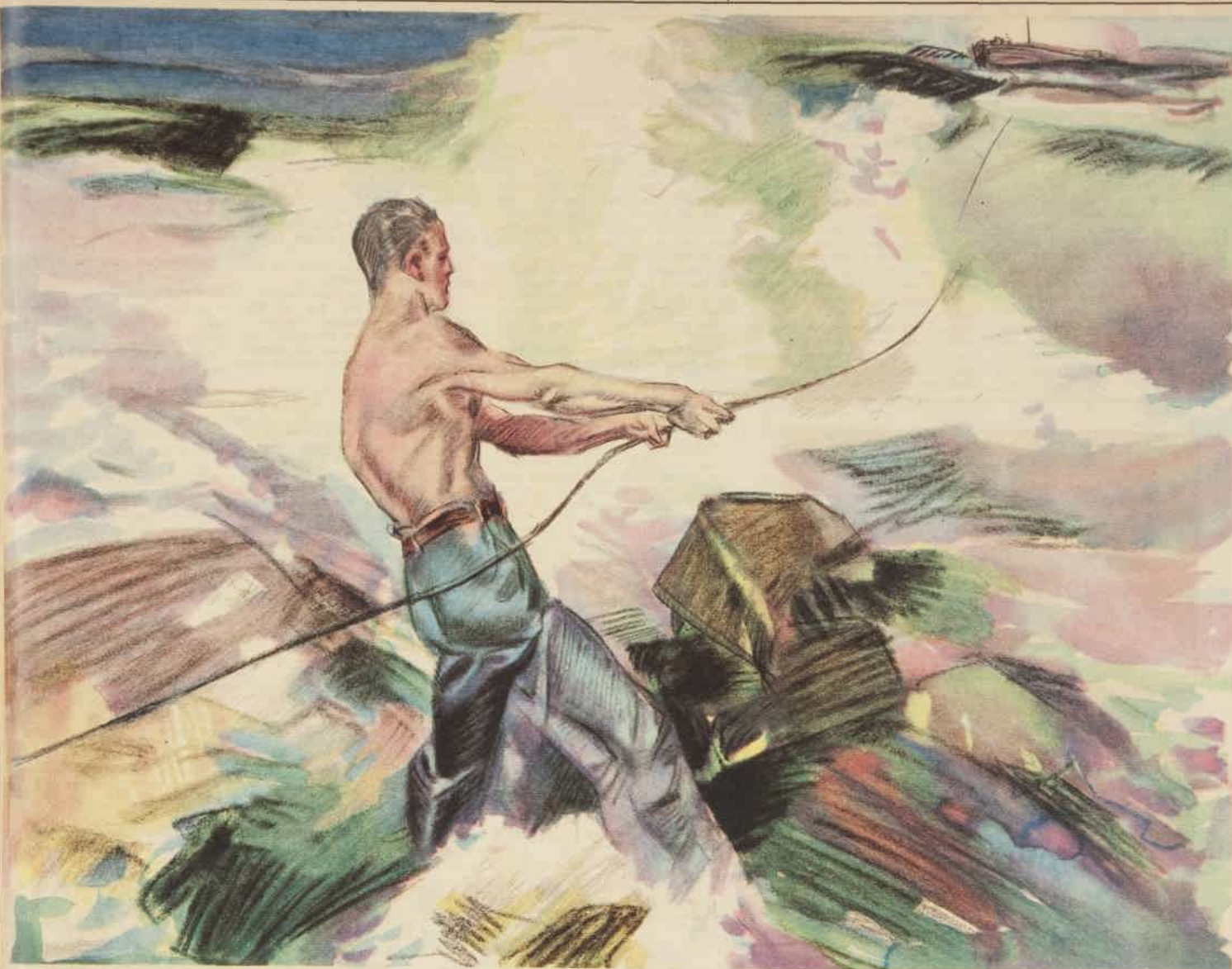
John said over his shoulder: "Take care of yourself, Pauline. I'll see you later."

Pauline laughed. She said happily: "Idiot!" She went for oilskins, followed the two men out and followed as they went slowly and painfully down the path towards the cliff. They emerged from the tossing pines into the full drive and buffet of the gale. Below them leaped the sea.

The man said: "There she is!"

They saw dimly in the foam and darkness of the sea the black bulk





of the barge framed in white plumes of spray that rose high as the breakers hit her. They stared into the gale, and Pauline clung hard to John lest she be blown away; and the hurt man was on his knees behind them. John, to be heard above the steady roar of storm, shouted in her ear:

"She's on Seal Rock! Be under water at high tide. Hundred yards! I can do it."

She tugged at his arm to turn him to the left, pointed that way, screamed: "Go along the Fish Hook! Till you're opposite her! Easier swim across the sea! I'll look after the line while he gets the ropes ready."

John bellowed: "Fine!" He leaned closer to the man, crouching here beside them on his knees. He bawled in the other's ear:

"How can I get aboard?"

The man answered: "There's a line hanging over the stern. I came down it."

"Right!" said John Brant. He turned away, and Pauline followed; and the hurt man like a frog hopped stubbornly after them.

Between them and the barge, scattered rocks broke the seas; but to their left there was a small crescent of sandy beach; and beyond that crescent the chain of ledges called the Fish Hook ran straight offshore, then curved towards the stranded barge.

They came down to the beach, and John Brant started out along the ledges of the Fish Hook, crawling over the rocks that were wet and slimy and razor sharp. When great waves flung an avalanche of white water upon him he crouched and clung. His hands presently were raw with many little cuts that stung with salt from the sea. His muscles stretched and cracked under the strain of clinging to the ledges.

He proceeded till he came at last to the great boulder, half as big as a house, which marked the end of the Fish Hook; and he crouched behind it in the lee. Till now, and even now, he was half sheltered; but beyond no shelter lay.

The great bulk of the barge seemed

to loom above him, it was so near. Lifting and pounding, it had tended to swing broadside to the sea, with its stern fast on Seal Rock as on a pivot; and the bow had swung towards where he clung while now he fought to recapture the strength buffeted out of him in that part of his journey already accomplished.

Between him and the barge the seas charged towards shore, and their crests were torn to foam by the winds. Between him and the shore they broke on the shelving beach in a disordered boil and welter. If he were swept landward into that confusion, he would be rolled helplessly to shore; so he must keep to seaward of the breakers, or begin all over again the long effort that had brought him so far.

But he knew these waters, had swum here all his life.

He took in line till he had some slack so that there would be no drag to hinder him. Then he dived deep to catch the undertow, and swam deep under water towards the open sea.

When at last he must breathe,

plunged then with strong strokes into the lee of it, and eddies caught him there and turned him helplessly. Yet, using these currents when they swerved, he worked towards the stern till he saw the thin black line of a rope that dangled over the stern, trailing towards the shore.

He caught the trailing rope, and held fast with a desperate grip, and was spun and twisted like a trolling spoon by the water racing landward. He held fast; but he had still to climb the rope to reach the high deck.

**H**IS wrists cracked under the strain, the rope in a twist round his ankles galled his shins. The stern of the barge had an overhang, so that for a while as he climbed he swung free like a pendulum.

But at last he was able to brace his feet against her, and a moment later dragged himself aboard.

For a moment he lay helpless on her deck, trembling with weariness and pain. Under him the barge

*Between them, they hauled the sick man, Mike, through the angry sea to the shore.*

But then the resistance ceased. He took in a few feet more, and the end of the rope came to his hand.

Pauline, ashore, while the hurt man crouched on the beach behind her, knotting the odd lengths of rope together, laying neat and perfect coils, waded out as far as she could without risk of being swept off her feet; and for what seemed hours she manipulated the salmon line, drawing it off the reel as it was needed, making sure that she never put a strain upon John that might overbalance him or hinder his movements, yet making sure, too, that there should be no dragging slack to foul on rocks and break the line.

The hurt man, his task with the ropes and cod line all completed, came squattering through the shallow water to be near her. He did not speak, did not touch her. He simply crouched there, watching her;

She screamed a command, and the man made the cod line fast to the salmon line; then he crawled away again to handle the coils of rope and keep them free.

Pauline felt John begin to haul in on the line. She waded as far out as possible, to take the utmost burden off that slender sicken thread. The hurt man fed first cod line, then rope to her; she fed it into the hungry sea.

Presently the man crawled towards her, with the end of the rope in his hand. Holding fast to it, she waded out still farther, hoping the other end would reach the barge; hoping to feel the strain upon it ease as a sign that John yonder had the other end in his hands.

But he still pulled, lightly, and she had no more rope to give him. Even though he could not possibly hear her, she screamed:

"That's all of it, John! The end!"

The gale whipped her words away in tattered shreds, and a breaker rolled her off her feet. She released the rope's end, for fear her weight, thus thrown upon it suddenly, would break the slender line upon which those lives depended; and the wave rolled her over and over up the beach. She scrambled to her feet, and the hurt man moaned through his teeth beside her there.

A sort of passion seized Pauline. Somewhere between her and the barge the end of the rope was floating in the breakers. She must reach it in order to draw those helpless ones ashore. But to reach it she might have to swim—if she could. She ripped off hampering garments and waded into the sea. She waded thigh deep, waist deep. She saw something like a black snake on the water beyond her reach, not six feet away, and then a wave rolled her off her feet and swept her back into the shallows, sick and dizzy.

Please turn to Page 10

## By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

he struck strongly to the surface and cleared his eyes. He had—as he hoped to do—caught the deeper current as it raced seaward. It had carried him well outside the bow of the barge. He swam obliquely seaward, slanting at a fast crawl down the outer flanks of the long billows, diving into the breast of those incoming, to break to the surface again beyond their tumbling crests and race down their mounting slopes beyond.

Moving sidewise, crab-fashion, he crossed the gap till the barge towered far above him. Great seas battered it and lifted sullenly in columns of spray that hung white in the blackness till the gale swept them away. He allowed himself to ease shoreward, past the bow; he

lifted, then descended with a crash, and tilted a little towards one side; and he heard a woman scream in the deck-house here beside him. But he could not help her yet. First there were things to do. He took the salmon line in his hands, took it in gently. Just as an angler plays a salmon on light tackle, so now he yielded line when the strain was heavy, recaptured it when he could, till he felt the reassuring bulk of the cod line in his stiffening fingers, and he shouted with triumph, alone there in the gale, and hauled fast and faster.

Suddenly the line checked firmly. He knew that Pauline had paid out all the rope she had to give, dared give no more. The rope was not long enough to reach the barge.

yet somehow she had strength and courage from him by her side.

When presently she felt John take in line, she gave him slack, understanding that she must not in any way hamper his swimming while he fought to cross the gap and reach the barge. She waited thereafter for interminable hours, thinking: "He is swimming now. He will be there soon!" She would not let herself think of the chance of failure; but while she waited she remembered that the rope must be ready. She shouted to the man beside her, and he went to fetch an end of it, returned to wait there by her side. When she felt again a strain upon the line her heart cried out in triumph. John had reached the barge. He was aboard.



**S**HE tried again, again, and still she failed, and for the fourth time she turned to invade the dominion of the sea. This time, between two waves, she reached the floating rope. One hand touched it; she grasped desperately and held. The other hand caught it, too.

When a wave swept her shorewards, her weight as she held fast to the rope straightened it to full stretch. It burned her hands, yet she held it. She was breast deep in hungry water when she stood up again and screamed a summons, and the hurt man came crawling to take hold with her and lend his strength to hers.

Suddenly, then, the rope yielded and began to come back to her. She hauled hard, backing towards the shore till she had good footing. She shouted to the hurt man: "Pull!

Pull!" Behind her, he took in rope so swiftly and furiously that she could not keep pace with him. A burden at the end of the rope resisted them, was heavy in resistance, yielded, then sluggishly held back once more, only to yield again as waves swept that burden shorewards.

Pauline saw something black and shapeless rolling in the breakers, smothered under them. Her hands were burned raw by the rope; her shoulders cracked with effort. That shapeless something reached the shallows, seemed to struggle there.

She splashed to meet it, and it fought to help itself. It was a woman, fighting to her feet, holding hard against her own body the slim body of a boy. The hurt man in the shallows pulled so hard and blindly that they toppled and fell again, and

## The Rescue

Continued from Page 9

Pauline screamed to warn him, and tried to help the woman, and they all together half-crawled, half-waded to hard sand, to the shore.

But Pauline, groping for the cod line, found that the rope edged where it was knotted round the woman. There was left no connection with the barge. But John was still out there! Her heart bursting, she turned to run blindly into the sea, to go to him at any cost, wherever he might be.

Then, when she was thigh deep, a figure rose out of the sea before her and stood up and backed towards shore, hauling hard at a length of rope, one end fast to his waist, that trailed behind him.

She helped him, triumphant now, her fears forgotten. For this was John. Between them they loosened the rope from his belt and dragged the sick man, Mike, through the savage breakers to the shore.

The great fire roared on the hearth. Mike, rolled in blankets, lay on the couch and mumbled with terrors that still beset his dreams. The boy slept, warm in the big chair by the fire. The man with the broken leg—John and Pauline had reduced that fracture, bound the leg with strips of sheeting between two walking-sticks for a splint—lay on a mattress on the floor, but his

bandaged head was on his wife's knees. The woman was awake, on guard, as though fearful of new perils still. They had been fed, put into dry clothes, warmed.

The windows towards the sea were grey with coming dawn. John and Pauline stood there, looking out at Seal Rock, black and naked now above the ebbing tide.

"The barge has broken up," said John. "She's pounded ashore. They'd all be dead by now."

Pauline's arm was tight in his. She whispered proudly:

"We did a job together, John." "It worried me for a few minutes," he confessed. "When I found the rope was too short the best I could do was tie the woman and the boy together and let you haul them in."

"The worst for me was when you didn't come ashore with them and I saw the rope ended."

"I was afraid four of us would be too heavy for you to haul," he explained. "So I found a short piece of rope aboard and tied one end to Mike, the other round my waist. I told him to stay on board till I'd swum as far in as I could, then to let himself roll overboard. The poor devil couldn't stand up. I had to prop him against the rail. I expect, when the rope came taut, it jerked him overboard."

**B**UT we got them in, you and I," she said. "They're alive. They'll go on living, and we did it."

"We did."

After a long moment, she looked up at him, and her eyes were twinkling.

"John."

"Yes?"

"What were we saying last night when we were so rudely interrupted?"

He laughed a great guffaw.

"Pauline, I'll be darned if I remember!"

In his arms, when their long kiss was done, she asked another question.

"John, why does this make a difference to us—a difference in our difference?"

He said: "I don't know. Do you?"

She shook her head. "I only know it's true. We've got back something we had lost. Can't we keep it this time, John?"

She looked past him at the others and smiled to herself. He smiled and asked:

"What's funny?"

"They are," she said. "You see, John, they'll always think it was we who rescued them."

(Copyright)



• "Look here, Mr. Bear—I've lived in this climate longer than you have, and believe me, that's not the way to get cool. Why, the minute you get up off that ice, you're going to feel hotter than ever!"



• "My word—you're bundled up for 40 below! Can't cool down? . . . No, I suppose not. Custom—dear, dear, it makes slaves of us all. But now listen: did you ever hear of Johnson's Baby Powder?"



• "Say, wait till that cool, silky Johnson's Baby Powder gets to work on your rashes and chafes and heat prickles. You'll be so comfortable you wouldn't live at the North Pole if they gave you the place!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft and smooth—not the slightest bit gritty. Doctors and nurses recommend it as the finest powder for baby. Also use Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream.

# Johnson's Baby Powder

BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Ték Toothbrush, Madaes, etc.

## The Young Mrs. Ramsay

Continued from Page 7

**D**ID Judith kill him?"

"Good Lord, Mr. Marshal—" "Keep your shirt on, Alan. I'm only asking what everybody else is bound to ask. She admittedly got to the lodge before you did. If she knew that Ross meant to kill you—"

"I know she didn't do it. I—I know Judith so well, and I'm sure . . ."

"All right. We'll accept that for a moment. Now then . . ."

Alan did not observe that Marshal was studying his face intently. "Whom do you think killed Val Gregory?"

Alan was puzzled. He asked, "Who?"

"Val Gregory."

"You mean the caretaker at Duck Island?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know he was dead."

"He is. Sheriff Rice found his body on the balcony right over the fireplace."

Alan exhaled audibly. "Gosh! that surprises me. I can't imagine it. Do you reckon Gregory and Ross Ramsay had a quarrel?"

"That's not logical. Ramsay isn't the sort of man to quarrel with a caretaker. But, son—it's dollars to doughnuts the gun we have here was Val Gregory's gun. He was on the balcony when he was shot, and the gun probably dropped to the main floor where Judith found it. And it'll be easy enough to prove whether the bullet which killed Ramsay came from this gun. It's unfortunate that you didn't leave it right where it was."

"I realise that. But Judith's fingerprints were on it."

**T**HAT'S true. You know, son, there's something missing in this whole setup. I can't quite figure what it is."

"You'll help us, won't you?"

"I suppose so. After all, you're engaged to my daughter." David's kindly eyes remained focused on Alan's face. "Has it occurred to you that Judith is now a widow?"

The young man felt his face flush. "Why—I don't know, sir . . ."

"It has. Of course. You're in love with Judith."

Alan said, "I'm engaged to Nan."

"And you're a gentleman, so you'd go through with it."

"I didn't say that, Mr. Marshal."

"Nan is deeply in love with you."

"I hope so, sir."

"It would smash her up pretty badly if you and Judith . . ."

They heard the girls returning from upstairs. David Marshal slipped the gun into his own side pocket and was smiling when they walked into the room.

It was Nan who spoke. She asked, "What have you two master minds decided?"

"Nothing definite. Alan has been telling me his story."

"And what did you advise him, Dad?"

"I haven't advised him—yet."

Nan stood behind her father's chair and dropped her hands affectionately on his shoulders. "You're the only man in Seaville with brains enough to pull Alan and Judith out of this. You'll do your best, won't you?"

He turned his head and looked gravely up at her. He said, "I will, my dear. Starting right now."

He walked into the hallway and

lifted the receiver. No necessity here to whirl a little handle: the town of Seaville boasted modern phones and a central office. He called a number, and Nan's brow drew sharply together. She said half to herself, "That's the sheriff's office."

There was a hello from the other end, and David Marshal said, "Mac Rice there? . . . Oh! That you, Matt?"

Please turn to Page 12

**"I'm the Tops" says "FREDDO"**

**DELICIOUS SWEETS & TRIFLES**

CALL FOR **"FREDDO" FROGS**

AND DON'T FORGET—**FRIDAY NIGHT "FREDDO" NIGHT**

**MacRobertson's FREDDO CHOCOLATE FROGS**

ONE OF MacRobertson's FAMOUS PRODUCTS

To make everybody's mouth water, use lots of MacRobertson's "Freddo" Chocolate Frogs every week-end. Every Friday night take home two bagfuls—one for cooking, and one for the kiddies. They're whoppers for weight and winners for deliciousness—and what a lot of chocolate you get for your penny!—such delicious chocolate, the famous smooth kind that only MacRobertson's can make. 12 delicious "Freddo" Flavours!



# A Perfect Opportunity

*She amused him because she was so unlike other girls ... and he imagined his interest in her was friendship*

**M**AC was proud of the dinner. He had planned for it, looked forward to it for so long that it had seemed almost certain to be a disappointment.

He and Helen dined together, and it was a success. She'd been so lovely, so gay. To-night he was sure she liked him.

"Take me to my job, will you, Mac? It's been a lovely dinner."

They took a taxi to the theatre. There was worship in his eyes as he looked at her. Then, incredibly, dawningly, she added, as he helped her out of the taxi:

"Come up to my flat and have some supper with me to-night after the show. Here you are." She took a key from her bag and handed it to him. "Go home and wait for me."

He went immediately to Helen's flat and found his way to the living-room. A young girl was lying on the couch by the fireplace, long, slim legs stretched out. She was reading a book.

She heard his step and looked up quickly, startled, awkward. In her effort to get her feet on the ground she dropped her book.

"Oh," she said, "I'm sorry."

Perhaps she was Helen's maid. She seemed so guilty, so confused. He crossed the room and picked up her book.

"Thank you," she said. "I wasn't—I didn't know Helen was expecting anyone. She's at the theatre, you know. She won't—"

"Yes," he said. "She asked me to wait for her. My name is McAllister, Stuart McAllister."

"Oh," she said. That was all.

"Let's sit down, shall we?" he said finally.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I should have asked you. I'm sorry. I'm in a dither because, you see, I'm not really supposed to be here. I told them I wasn't expected, but they wouldn't let me stay because of the quarantine at the school."

"You're at boarding school, is that it?"

"Yes, of course," she said. "Miss Charlton's. It's in the country."

"And an unfortunate young woman was taken ill with scarlet fever, and they shipped you all home a fortnight before you were to come. And your family, not expecting you, weren't there, so you took refuge at Helen's."

"Oh, no," she said, laughing again. "You get things all mixed up. Helen's my mother."

"Oh," he said. "Oh, yes."

He'd known Helen for three years. Never once had she mentioned—Was there some tragedy connected with this child?

He looked at her. Tall, slim, with dark red hair brushed back behind her ears, curling long on her neck, high cheek bones, brown eyes, bright, a fine sensitive nose. Helen's mouth, but exaggerated.

"Do you think she'll be wild? Helen, I mean."

"Why should she be?"

"She's glorious, isn't she? So beautiful. You know, last year when I was at home I saw her walk across a room, and I began to cry like a fool because she was so glorious. I'm always knocking things over. It isn't that I'm fat. I'm quite skinny, really. But I seem to be all legs."

"Like a colt," he said.

"Yes, that's it. Like a horse in a drawing-room. I haven't seen the new play. I cut heaps of pictures out of the paper, though. I have them all over the room. I'd like to brag about her being my mother."

"Don't you?"

"Oh, no. You see, Helen thought they might—it gave me a lot better chance at school. Girls are so silly about actresses' children. And so I never said anything. Miss Charlton knows, but no one else. They think I have a crush on Helen, because of all the pictures."

"Then your mother doesn't—What do you do when she comes up to see you?"

"Oh, she doesn't. Just for that reason. You see, if she came, they'd all know. So I just use father's name, you see—Johnson. And Miss Charlton wouldn't tell, so it's all right."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, it would be better like that."

Never once in all the three years. Because she was growing up. Because she was tall, leggy, like a roan colt. Young, yes, certainly, but not a child any more.

"How long are you going to be here?" he said.

"Well, it all depends on Helen. If she's working hard, she might not like—It isn't that she isn't fond of me. I know she is. But it's just that she can't stand anyone about. She has to work and rest."

"You haven't been in town much since you've been grown up, have you?"

"No," she said. "Hardly at all, except for two or three days getting clothes."

"Tell Helen you're staying. Tell her you want to see things. Tell her you have a young man who wants—"

"Oh, but I haven't," she said. "I don't get on with men. I can't think of anything to say to them."

"That accounts for your moody silence this evening."

"Oh, you mean you," She laughed.

"Yes," he said. "I do mean me. What's the matter with me?"

"Nothing," she said. "But you—"

**By MARY MCCALL**

you're a friend of Helen's. You're not so old, though, are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Why, that's only nine years older than me."

"What's your name, so that when I phone to-morrow I shan't have to say, 'Hello, Colt?'"

"It's Lois."

"I shall have to say, 'Hello, Colt.' You shouldn't be Lois. Save to-morrow night, will you, Colt, and we'll go to a show or dance or something?"

"Well, Helen—"

"Tell Helen you're staying. Tell Helen I'm phoning you in the morning. Tell Helen I didn't wait to-night because—because of your being here."



*There was a ramshackle landing-stage on to which Mac scrambled up from the bobbing boat. Then he turned to help Lois.*

"Oh, but that's awful. If you wanted to see—"

"No," he said. "No. Just tell her I didn't wait because of your being here. I knew she'd like to be alone with you your first evening. Good-night, Colt. I'll see you to-morrow."

At half-past two he telephoned Lois.

"Hello," she said. "I've been running to the phone all the morning. I thought it would never be you."

"Oh, bless your heart," he said. "You're wonderful. When am I calling for you to-night?"

"Well, that's the catch," she said. "Helen thought—you see, she wasn't expecting me. She's so busy and tired. I have a kind of aunt in the country, so Helen thought that—"

"No," he said. "Did you tell her what I told you to tell her? That you wanted to stay? That you had a young man who—"

"Oh," she giggled. "She knows there's no one like that. She knew it was just you who asked me."

"I resent that 'just,'" he said. "You and I are going to have a straight talk. You promised me this evening, Colt. You can't go back on a promise."

"Dear Helen."

That was easy to write.

"I know you'll understand why I didn't wait last night. Your daughter is delightful, but then your daughter would be. I've asked her to let me take her about a little, and she seems inclined to let me. Thank you so much for coming to dinner. I had hoped for so long that I could

separate you from the adoring entourage, but I never really believed I'd be so lucky."

When the note was finished, he faced the pile of work on his desk.

At half-past two he telephoned Lois.

"Hello," she said. "I've been running to the phone all the morning. I thought it would never be you."

"Oh, bless your heart," he said. "You're wonderful. When am I calling for you to-night?"

"Well, that's the catch," she said. "Helen thought—you see, she wasn't expecting me. She's so busy and tired. I have a kind of aunt in the country, so Helen thought that—"

"No," he said. "Did you tell her what I told you to tell her? That you wanted to stay? That you had a young man who—"

"Oh," she giggled. "She knows there's no one like that. She knew it was just you who asked me."

"I resent that 'just,'" he said. "You and I are going to have a straight talk. You promised me this evening, Colt. You can't go back on a promise."

"Dear Helen."

That was easy to write.

"I know you'll understand why I didn't wait last night. Your daughter is delightful, but then your daughter would be. I've asked her to let me take her about a little, and she seems inclined to let me. Thank you so much for coming to dinner. I had hoped for so long that I could

you about all ready for you. Then we're going to a show."

"Helen's play?"

"No," he said. "I thought she'd want to arrange that for you herself—special tickets. No, we're going to a large, glittering musical show."

"Oh, gosh," said the Colt. "It sounds marvellous!"

She ate her dinner as if she liked it, as if she were hungry. It occupied her completely.

"Now," he said, when they had arrived at the coffee. "Now for the talk. What's this about the aunt?"

"Well, you see, Helen is terribly tired just now. She's been playing for months now, so it isn't terribly convenient. She needs to be perfectly quiet and—"

"All right, Colt," he said. "Now let me talk to you. You're a sensitive person, Colt."

"Me?" she said and laughed. "No."

"Yes, you are. You're sensitive to everything. Everything's very vivid to you."

"Helen suggests that it might not be the most convenient thing in the world having you at home. At once that sensitivity you've got makes you feel that, and starts you rushing off to your aunt in the country."

"But I do feel it," said the Colt.

"So I think I ought to go, because it's terribly important to Helen for everything to run smoothly."

Please turn to Page 36



# Waken up skin loveliness



## with Pears Tonic Action

Rouse the sleeping beauty in your skin . . . with Pears' tonic action! Stimulating. Invigorating. Torpid cells and tissues become active and a clear new skin appears . . . radiant with vitality and sparkling freshness! Every cake of Pears' Soap goes through a long maturing process to make it mild, mellow and incomparably pure.

**Pears**  
ORIGINAL  
TRANSPARENT SOAP



### ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

10.183.25

A. P. P. FRANKS LIMITED

## Pain YOU CAN'T 'EXPLAIN'

Blessed New Relief for Girls  
who Suffer Every Month

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. They bring complete, immediate relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping".

"MYZONE not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as before I used to get pimples!"  
—Miss M.P.

Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is more quick, more complete, more lasting than anything else they've ever known. The secret is Myzone's amazing *scotin* (anti-spasm) compound . . . science's aid to nature. Try a couple of little Myzone tablets, with a cup of tea . . . with your very next "pain". 2/- box. —All Chemists.



## The Young Mrs. Ramsay

Continued from Page 10

"Y  
ES"  
"This is David Marshall. Any-  
thing new?"

"Not a thing."  
"Have you found Alan Keith?"  
"No. He's not at home and hasn't  
been there for a long time. I reckon  
he's hiding out, and that looks  
bad."

"He isn't hiding out, Matt."  
"How do you know?"  
"Because," said David Marshall,  
"he's right here at my house. You  
can come around and pick him up."

The three in the sitting-room had  
risen and were staring at the older  
man. Nan said, "Oh! Dad—you  
shouldn't have done that!" Alan's  
face was white. He said, "I thought  
you promised to help me, Mr. Mar-  
shall." And Judith said, gently, "I'm  
sure he's doing what he thinks is  
best for all of us."

Marshall spoke gently. "I decided  
it was the only thing to do, Nan."

Matt Rice arrived with a great  
coughing of motor and screeching  
of brakes. He said heartily, "Rot-  
ten mixup, kid. I'm sorry. But  
I'm sheriff—"

"I understand."  
"Think I better take care of you  
to-night. We're having the inquest  
to-morrow at the Lodge. Got two  
men there to-night . . . and maybe  
in the mornin' everything will come  
out in the wash."

"I hope so."  
"I don't know what David has  
been tellin' you, Alan—but if I was  
givin' you advice, off the record,  
why I'd say you ought to stick tight  
to a self-defence plea."

"No. You see, Ross Ramsay was  
dead when I got there."

"O  
H shucks, kid—  
that don't make sense. Everybody  
knows about that telephone call.  
They know how things stood, and  
since Ramsay died with a gun in  
his hand—why, what more could  
you want?"

Alan said, "Thanks just the same,  
Sheriff—but I won't plead self-  
defence. I'm sticking to the truth,  
no matter what happens."

Matt Rice looked around the room.  
He asked, "How about you, Mrs.  
Ramsay?"

"She'll stay here," said Nan.  
"And you'll be at the inquest in  
the morning?"

Judith nodded. "I'll be there."  
She crossed to Alan and held out  
her hand. "Good night," she said.  
"And thanks. Believe me, I'm  
sorry."

Alan left with the sheriff. Nan  
said gently, "Would you mind going  
upstairs, Judith? I want to talk  
with Dad."

Alone, she faced her father. Her  
figure was tense, her eyes level. She  
said, "I'm awfully disappointed in  
you, Dad."

"I'm sorry, dear."  
"I know why you did it." She had  
her father's courageous directness.  
"You thought you were helping me."

"Did I?"  
"Yes. But what good does it do?  
I know they're in love with each  
other. I knew it five minutes after  
they got here this evening. But  
turning Alan over to the sheriff isn't  
going to change that. Don't you see,  
Dad—whatever I've got to take—I  
can take."

He looked older then, and infinitely  
weary. He said softly, "You mustn't  
judge me too quickly, Nan. Leaving  
out all the personal side—Judith  
and you and Alan—it was better for  
him not to hide out."

"Why? What can he accomplish in  
gaol?"

"Nothing. But perhaps it's good  
for the public to know he's there."  
She rose. "I don't understand you,  
Dad. I suppose your affection for  
me has affected your good judgment.  
Personally, I'm sorry you did it. And  
I'm terribly sorry for Judith."

"I tried to do—"

"I know, Dad. You tried to do  
what you thought was best. But just  
the same, I'm terrified. We thought  
we could depend on you. Alan talked  
to you freely. He trusted you. And  
what's just as important—I trusted  
you, too."

"And you don't now?"  
"How can I? Oh, Dad—maybe I'll  
feel different in the morning. Right  
now I can hardly think. I'm ashamed  
. . . and I'm afraid."

She moved  
towards the hallway. "I'm going up-  
stairs. Judith needs me."

"I suppose so." His voice was flat.  
"I've got some phone calls to make.  
Then I'll be going out."

"Where?"  
"I'm not sure. You probably think  
I'm just a stupid old man—and per-  
haps I am. But I've got an idea that  
there's an element in this whole mess

that nobody has thought of. Maybe  
I can find out what it is."

"You suspect something definite?"

"Yes."

"Something that will clear Alan  
and Judith?"

"I didn't say that, Nan."

Her figure stiffened. "Well, if it's  
bad for Alan—I wish you'd forget  
that you're a gentleman and honest  
and a good citizen. If you uncover  
anything that incriminates him, I  
wish you'd forget it."

"That'd be pretty hard to do."

"I don't care. That's the way I  
want it. It doesn't matter to me if  
this never gets solved, I want Alan  
cleared."

"Why?"

"Because I love him."

"And if he does come clear . . . ?"

"Judith, you mean?" She smiled  
gently. "Maybe I'd better face facts  
now, Dad."

He said, "We may both be wrong."

"We may." She crossed the room  
and kissed him. "Do your best, Dad."

"I will. Trot along upstairs, I'm  
telephoning first."

"To whom?"

"I hope you'll know to-morrow, at  
the inquest. And if you hear me take  
the car out of the garage—don't let  
it worry you. I haven't got much  
time, you know."

She turned to go, then recon-  
sidered. She said, "One thing puzzles  
me, Dad."

"What?"

"Why didn't you give Matt Rice  
the gun that Alan gave you?"

He smiled. "Gosh," he said, "I  
reckon I forgot."

"No, you didn't. Not you." Her  
smile was a little brighter. "You're  
shrewd, Dad. I believe you've got  
something up your sleeve."

The sun blazed over the restless  
Atlantic. Save for a high, booming  
surf, there was no reminder of the  
storm of the previous night. Sea-  
ville and the adjacent coastal islands  
sweltered in the first hours of what  
promised to be a scorching August  
day.

But on this particular morning the  
good citizens of Seaville and Ocean  
County were indifferent to the high  
temperature.

By eight o'clock there was a steady  
stream of cars crossing the bridge  
which separated the marshy edges  
of the mainland from Duck Island.  
They were headed for the Lodge,  
where the inquest was to be held.

David Marshall had returned home  
at dawn, hollow-eyed from lack of  
sleep; soaking wet, and unutterably  
fatigued. Nan had brought coffee  
to him at seven-thirty, but had  
asked no questions. They dressed,  
and he brought the rickety little car  
around to the front gate. As David  
and Nan and Judith started down  
the street, Nan touched her father's  
arm. "Any luck, Dad?"

"I don't know for sure. But  
there's hope."

People on the streets stared at  
them and gossiped with renewed  
fervor. They swung into Atlantic  
Avenue, and rolled along in the wel-  
come shade of huge oak trees. They  
paused at the corner on which was  
located the new Seaville House, a  
four-story structure of yellow brick,  
tile roof, and aggressively ugly archi-  
tecture. There David Marshall left  
the car and mounted the half-dozen  
steps to the hotel verandah, where  
he was joined by a thin, wiry little  
man who was immaculately garbed  
in white linen.

THE two men  
conversed in whispers, and the girls  
in the car saw them nodding their  
heads. Then David waved,  
turned away and again descended  
the steps. The stranger fol-  
lowed and signalled to an ebony  
chauffeur who perched importan-  
tly at the wheel of an impres-  
sive pearl-grey sedan. David said,  
"Follow me, Mr. Galt," and the little  
man in the white linen suit answered  
cripply, "I shall."

"Who is he?" inquired Nan as her  
father clashed gears in an effort to  
get smoothly under way.

"Robert E. Galt," responded David.  
"He's from Cheswick."

"Oh . . ." Nan's voice dropped.  
"Then he's not a detective."

"No. He's not a detective."

The parking grove at the Lodge  
was jammed with cars. Ernie, the  
deputy, hollow-eyed from loss of  
sleep, but puffed with a sense of  
his own importance, pompously and  
with magnificent inefficiency  
directed the parking of the cars.  
Two more deputies were on duty at  
the door of the Lodge, and only per-  
sons of importance were admitted.

Please turn to Page 14



## MALE v. FEMALE TEETH

THE average woman has  
lost half her teeth at  
age 40; the average man  
doesn't lose half his until  
age 50; but why lose teeth  
at either age? Regular  
brushing with Listerine  
Tooth Paste will keep the  
teeth free from the germ  
harboring film, tartar, and  
food debris that cause de-  
cay. Because of its exclu-  
sive combination of rare  
cleansers—found in no  
other dentifrice—it makes  
teeth white and gleaming  
with amazing speed.

It contains NO soap . . .  
NO trick frothing element,  
nothing to harm gums or  
tooth enamel and is a real

## Beauty Bath for Teeth

FREE GIFTS FOR LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE  
CARTRONS

A taped pillowcase; set silk guest towel;  
white buckram; guest towel; or white  
supper cloth, whichever you prefer, will be  
sent you post free in exchange for twelve  
1/3 size or eight 2/- size cartons (the box  
sent to G.P.O. Box 2913 TT, Sydney).

Two sizes, 1/3 and 2/-

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Brunettes can  
have all the  
LURE of  
Blondes!

From that natural blonde have  
natural allure, but this is because  
blondes pay more attention to  
their hair than brunettes. Now  
use the special shampoo. Now  
Brunettes can have lovely hair,  
For BRUNITEX contains a secret  
recipe of lightening agents which  
make your hair lighter than you  
know it, and give it that beau-  
tiful healthy "silky" look. Try  
BRUNITEX today.

BRUNITEX  
Soapless Shampoo

## Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American  
physician, it is now possible to get rid of  
these terrible spells of choking, gasping,  
coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing  
the true cause, which is Germs in the  
blood. No more burning of powders, no  
more hypodermic injections. This new  
discovery, Mendeac, starts to work in 2  
minutes, killing the germ cause of Asthma,  
also refreshing the blood and restoring  
vitality so that you can sleep soundly all  
night, eat anything, and work and enjoy  
life. Mendeac is so successful it is guaran-  
teed to give you free, easy breathing in 24  
hours, and to stop your Asthma completely  
in 4 days or money back on return of  
empty package. Get Mendeac from your  
chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The  
guarantee protects you.

2183



# MRS. NORLEIGH'S Night Out

By P. C. WREN

The world-famous author departs from his usual Foreign Legion settings for a fascinating tale of domestic life . . .



As the speaker lashed bitterly, with a sharp and eloquent tongue, it seemed to Mrs. Norleigh that he spoke directly to her.

**T**HIS is a frightfully immoral story, and, unhappily, true.

Mrs. Norleigh heard the sound of her husband's key in the lock of the front door, and, almost subconsciously, left the drawing-room and went upstairs to her bedroom.

If there were a time in the day when Mr. Norleigh was worse than at others, it was at this time in the evening, between his arrival from office and sitting down to dinner.

If he spoke to her at all before dinner, he would say something hurtful. And he had quite a gift for making remarks that were unkind, cutting, or positively cruel.

At dinner he would say nothing whatever, and, though the complete silence was apt to be a little difficult and trying, owing to the sense of strain, this habit made the meal-time a period of relative peacefulness.

After dinner, his remarks, happily few and far between, were apt to be sarcastic; and, though not actually wounding, were neither easy to answer nor to leave unanswered, for usually he would press for a reply. Usually this latter would be the subject either for heavy and unfriendly banter, or for bitter sneers or angry snarls.

Seated in her favorite armchair, where she had spent so many hours of mental suffering, she heard the dinner gong, and promptly rose to her feet. Doing her best to conquer her ridiculous trembling and bring her wretched nerves under control, she slowly descended the stairs and entered the drawing-room.

Mr. Norleigh, a glass of sherry in one hand, a cigarette in the other, did not look up as she entered.

"Good evening, William," she said brightly, and accompanied the greeting with the best smile that she could achieve.

Mr. Norleigh made no reply. Perhaps he did not think it was a particularly good evening.

"Have you had a good day, dear?"

Whether Mr. Norleigh's day had been good or otherwise remained undisclosed. Finishing his glass of sherry he poured himself another, and, taking his cigarette case from his pocket, lit a fresh one from the stub of the one which he had finished.

This he threw into the empty fireplace where it lodged upon the walnut foot of the fire-screen which Mrs. Norleigh, as a child, had watched her mother embroider. Should she remove it? Better not, perhaps. It might look like a criticism of William's habits in the matter of cigar and cigarette stubs which were, indeed, deplorable.

## A wife's dilemma

"Oh, I beg your pardon, dear," she said instead, and, taking an onyx ash-tray from a little table, put it on a stool beside his chair.

Mr. Norleigh, who apparently had not yet seen her, shook half an inch of cigarette ash on to the white roses which, in a silver bowl, stood fortunately within reach.

Silence that could be felt held the drawing-room. Even in rolling her handkerchief into a ball between the moist palms of her hands, Mrs. Norleigh made no sound. Mr. Norleigh finished his second glass of sherry.

Dare she remind him that it must be ten minutes since Watson had rung the dinner gong? The soup would be getting cold, and cook would be getting hot. If there were much more delay she would be furious. She would let the sun go down upon her wrath and rise upon it again in the morning; and Mrs. Norleigh would have a bad time at the ten o'clock interview when cook arranged the meals for the day.

Mr. Norleigh dropped the butt of his second cigarette into the flower bowl where it hissed loudly, perhaps in reprobation.

"I think the gong has gone, dear," said Mrs. Norleigh.

Mr. Norleigh replied only with a long and loud yawn, an answer of which the exact meaning was not clear to his wife who, indeed, had never claimed to be intelligent.

Beside Mr. Norleigh's chair stood a piece of furniture which Mrs. Norleigh disliked most intensely, or to be more accurate, a piece of furniture to the presence of which, in her drawing-room, she had the strongest objection. It was an invention of the devil or some other devil, intended to hold newspapers or magazines, conceivably even music.

The four papers to which Mr. Norleigh subscribed had to be placed, as they arrived, in the upper portion of this receptacle and removed at night.

In the lower part were the paper-backed books and magazines which he affected, the whole an eyesore and an offence to the aesthetic mistress of the house—for even Ethel, the very large, black, evil-faced and evil-living cat, with whom Mr. Norleigh appeared to be entirely in accord, was undeniably more mistress of that house than was Mrs. Norleigh.

Only once had she summoned courage to protest against the newspaper-and-magazine-holder, with its ephemeral papers and its permanent disarray of tattered magazines and paper-backs, and to suggest that the study was perhaps a better place for it.

Mr. Norleigh had said nothing against the suggestion, and had said it for several days. But he had given her a look that was even more eloquent than his silence. He now dropped a tired hand upon the newspaper rack which stood against his chair, took up the evening paper and turned to the financial columns.

His wife repressed a sigh, for she had known for many years that such sounds were unacceptable. A sigh may express annoyance, weariness, regret, resignation, boredom, all of which are, or may be, forms of in-

This she passed on to her husband.

"The gong has gone, dear," she smiled.

William closed his paper, and, turning to the back page, began an intensive study of the cricket news. Watson closed the door and began a rehearsal of the speech in which she proposed to give notice.

Through the service hatch in the dining-room wall she informed cook that the Old Swine was sitting like a graven image, and she'd like to give him a piece of her mind. Cook, less refined, intimated her preference for the donation of a thick ear.

"If it wasn't for 'er, I'd walk out on 'im," said cook. "And if 'e 'as the nerve to say this bloomin' chicken's overdone, I'll tell 'im sumpthink."

"Tell 'im the old 'en was a spring chicken when you started cooking it," suggested Watson, whose imagination was more active than cook's.

"If I was 'er I'd get 'im sumpthink from the chimist," asserted cook darkly.

"Ole 'Erbert's got some weed-killer," observed Watson non-committally.

"Elephant-killer," grunted cook.

And though the ejaculation sounded immeasurably cryptic, its meaning appeared clear to Watson.

In the drawing-room, Mrs. Norleigh forbore to scream, and possessed her soul in a patience beyond praise—or beneath contempt.

Suddenly Mr. Norleigh rose to his feet, walked out of the drawing-room, closed the door behind him, crossed the wide hall into the dining-room, and sat at the head of the table. Mrs. Norleigh, with wisdom and agility, made a good second.

It could not be said that the soup was sufficiently cold to be called iced consommé, nor could a person regardful of the truth call it warm; but presumably it was of a temperature agreeable to Mr. Norleigh, as he refrained from comment upon the matter.

Mrs. Norleigh herself did not greatly care for tepid soup. In point of fact, food was of even less interest than usual to her this evening, as something far more important occupied her mind. On the other hand, the subject might perhaps be referred to as one of food for the mind. She was desperately anxious to see a film, "Katharine of Aragon" at the Imperial Palace Cinema.

She somehow felt that, so far as an obscure and commonplace individual could do so, she might have something in common with Katharine; and that it would be particularly interesting to see how she managed Henry the Eighth.

It was not the sort of film to which William would be likely to go, and it was the last night on which it would be shown. There had been no opportunity during the week, as William had been at home each evening, and to-night he was going out.

If she left the house after he did, and returned before him, there could be no objection, surely? Nevertheless, it would be as well to give no indication of the fact that she was keenly desirous to go. William did not believe in encouraging disappointment.

Colonel Jones rose to his feet and spoke easily and well.

Watson exchanged the soup plates for clean ones, and from the service hatch carried a dish on which reposed a piece missing from the person of some sizable salmon.

Of this Mr. Norleigh accepted the major portion, and his wife a part of what remained. On the subject of the fish Mr. Norleigh had no comment to offer.

Please turn to Page 44





Cooling, comforting and promoting easy, regular motions, and PERFECTLY SAFE.

Write for Free Sample to  
PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.  
P.O. Box 34, North Sydney, N.S.W.

**Sewing Machines,  
Sweepers,  
Fans, Tools, etc.**

LUBRICATES  
CLEANS  
PREVENTS RUST

**3-IN-ONE OIL**  
CONCENTRATED  
LIQUID & POLYMER

**3-IN-ONE OIL**  
("Trade-Mark")

## Continued from Page 12

He questioned Gravy and Zinnia, the two servants from the Ramsay home on Palmetto Island. He introduced a half dozen rums, and those who confessed having listened in on the party phone, and who repeated what they had heard of the conversation between Judith and Alan Keith. He himself testified that Ross Ramsay and Val Gregory were both completely dead, and vouched for the fact that the lethal bullets had punctured the hearts of both men. He then called on Sheriff Rice.

"Matt Rice shrugged his disgust. "It's foolish of you to stick to that story, Alan."

"It happens to be the truth."

"Then," said the sheriff, "I'll pose Mr. Ramsey an Val Gregory must of killed each other."

David Marshal rose. His voice was mild. He asked a simple question. He said, "Why?"

"Why what?" asked Matt Rice.

"Why should they kill each other?"

"Gosh, David—I wouldn't be

"Well, for one thing, it's pretty certain that both men were shot through the heart. That means instant death. It's scientifically possible—but mighty improbable—that two men should fire at exactly the same instant, and both bullets should hit the heart. Mighty improbable."

David said, "Mr. Galt, I believe that your bank had a little trouble about two years ago. Will you tell us about it?"

Galt's voice was crisp. "Our bank was looted. Almost two hundred thousand dollars' worth of negotiable bonds were stolen. Also a shipment of new currency."

"Was the robber ever caught?"

"We've never had a trace of him. Right after the robbery we received information he was headed toward the coast country, but that's all we

and Ramsay killed each other."

Agents for Australia:  
Metropolitan Drug Company, Ltd.

To grow into a strong, healthy child, baby *must* be fed correctly, from birth. The safe food in the event of a failure or diminishing of breast milk is Vi-Lactogen—the Humanised milk. It closely resembles breast milk in its composition. Read why.

**CLOSEST TO BREAST**

In the manufacture of Vi-Lactogen, fresh milk (from specially controlled dairies) is analyzed and its composition altered to closely resemble breast milk, by the careful addition of sugar of milk and pure fresh cream. It is pasteurized and then undergoes the process known as homogenization, which breaks down the fat globules until they are as small as those in breast milk, thus ensuring that Vi-Lactogen is easily digested.

AND GROWTH

Extra Vitamins "A" and "D" have been added to those already present in Vitaminol. They are obtained from the richest natural sources, and make the use of emulsions and synthetic vitamins unnecessary. Vitamin "A" promotes growth and is anti-infective. Vitamin "D" protects against rickets and deficiencies in bones and teeth.

**AGAINST ANAEMIA**  
Iron is essential to health! It is derived by adults from greens and fruits, but, of course, baby cannot obtain it in this manner. Cows' milk contains very little iron, so an adequate supply for baby's requirements is added to Vi-Lactogen — enough to equal the normal quantity present in breast milk. It prevents anaemia.

That precious little mite, your baby, needs the greatest possible care in feeding, especially during the first months. Remember, if breast milk has to be supplemented or replaced, use only Vi-Lactogen—it is a complete and safe food, most closely resembling the milk that Nature intended baby to have.

**VI-LACTOGEN**  
 THE READY MODIFIED OR HUMANISED INFANT FOOD

One simple operation—just the addition of hot (boiled) water—is needed to make Vi-Lactogen into a food of a composition closely approximating that of breast milk.

COPYRIGHT 2019



THE NEW  
EASTERN  
PERFUME

ROSH-IN-ARA  
is enchanting;  
it has a many-  
sided personal-  
ity. Its more  
profuse use for

consequence. Women who seek the rare, the exquisite, through charm and beauty, welcome Rosh-in-Ais. Once you have discovered the secrets of this delicate Eastern Perfume, with its subtle and alluring fragrance, you will consider Rosh-in-Ais incomparable.

*As Fragrances Have Faces*  
**ROSH·IN·ARA**  
BY  
FLOROGEN LONDON

All chemists and stores.  
1/- and 1/9; 2/6 and 3/6  
Agents for Australia:  
Metropolitan Drug Company, Sydney.



# Anything for a Laugh

By . . .

PHYLLIS  
DUGANNE

**A**NTHONY EVERETT WAYLAND was exceedingly bored, and the boredom of a rich and attractive young man in his twenties can be monumental. His mother had gone popping off on a cruise to Norway.

His father was off somewhere racing the Iris, and had not bothered to invite him, since Anthony Everett's aversion to yachts and yachting approached mania.

So here he was, alone in the massive grey stone pile which was the Waylands' country home—"just a shelter from the elements," he had once described it—wondering what to do with himself.

In his younger days, he had toyed romantically with the notion of setting out alone, snapping his fingers at the Wayland heritage and Making Good for himself. But it was, and he recognised it as such, a rather silly idea.

No, the most or the least that Anthony Everett Wayland expected from life was to be sometimes amused.

Stretched out in a low-lying leather chair on the terrace overlooking the Channel, he thought to himself: "Now when was I amused last?" And he chuckled as he remembered. That really dreadful and indisputably pretty girl he had met last week at Kit Isham's had been amusing.

Anthony Everett was not conceited, but he would have had to be a half-wit not to recognise the fact that most girls strove to please him. The striving of this particular young female, and her unconcealed joy when he had promised to call upon her, had been really funny. Helen Sanders, that was her name. Her father had been in serious financial difficulties a few years ago, but he had risen precipitately to the heights when others had fallen. They had bought the Carrington place after Neal Carrington's suicide and were trying desperately, according to Kit Isham, to achieve social success in this socially icebound set.

"I see they're rung the bell with you, darling," he had drawled.

Kit's green eyes had glinted, and her red hair became electric. "I'm decorating their house," she replied, sweetly. "And explaining about filemignon not being fish, on the side. For a consideration, you know."

"I'll bet," agreed Anthony Everett.

"It's hard for one so gently reared and delicately nurtured to have to enter this great competitive world of trade," she murmured.

"Hard for competitors," he amended.

Kit Isham amused him more than anyone; sometimes she amused him so much that he was afraid that eventually he would have to marry her, but so far he had held off—and, so far, Kit had waited.

He rose now and yawned and sauntered across the clipped grass to the garage.

"I was just going to change the front tyres on your car, sir," the chauffeur told him. "They're badly worn, and the new ones you ordered last week came this morning."

"I'm not going far," Anthony Everett answered, climbing in.

He did not have to go far. The left front tyre blew out a mile from

the house, and he put on the spare. The right tyre almost landed him in a ditch.

"Heigh-ho!" said Anthony Everett, philosophically, and continued on foot.

It was strange to walk up the winding drive of the Carrington house and realise that Neal was dead, that Mrs. Neal was working as a paid companion to an old lady, and that Maids, whom his mother had hoped he would marry, was serving in a London store. Strange and, on the whole, unpleasant; and he paused for an instant, wondering why he was calling on these upstart newcomers. Then he remembered the beautiful and eager Helen, and went on.

To be amused and at the same time to have one's artistic eye so completely satisfied was something, in this highly imperfect world.

As he came in sight of the house, he paused again and stood, fascinated by the activity that was going on.

A plump little woman in a garden hat was directing operations, and four men servants hopped about briskly in answer to her commands.

He was still watching admiringly when her bird-like eye fell upon him and she beckoned imperiously with a small plump hand.

"You're the man Miss Isham sent over," she informed him. "Help Peters with that seat, will you? Put it against that clump of lilac."

Anthony Everett swallowed and said: "Yes, madam." He had not known that he was going to say "Yes, madam," but there it was. For an instant he had almost believed that he was the man Miss Isham sent over; the lady's voice carried conviction.

Besides, Helen Sanders' face, when she saw him toiling, would be worth the effort.

"All you need now is somebody to sit on 'em," remarked an ironic young

voice, and Anthony Everett looked up in surprise.

She was very young, brown-haired and brown-eyed, with a small but stubborn chin and a turned-up nose. She sat down in one of the chairs and leaned forward towards its empty companion chair.

"So nice of you to come to our little party, Mrs. Rothschild," she drawled. "We didn't think you would, did you?"

Chin up, she swept to a wrought-iron bench and held out her brown hand.

"My dear Lady Plush! You can't be as surprised as we are at being here! Isn't it too, too quaint?"

"**S**USAN!" said the plump little woman, but she was smiling.

"And the Duke of Monte Carlo! Mother, have you met the Duke? Duke . . . Mother. Mother . . . Duke. Do take a pew, Duke."

Her eyes met Anthony Everett's amused ones, and flickered. "And what's your name?" she demanded.

"Tony," said Anthony Everett.

"Well!" The girl Susan drew herself up disdainfully. "And why don't you bring his grace a drink, Tony? We thought you knew the proper thing to do! That's why we engaged you. We don't!"

"Susan!" said her mother, again. "Behave yourself!" But she was still smiling.

Anthony Everett was more than amused; he was enchanted, and he decided that the moment had come for him to speak up. Unquestionably, they would ask him to stay for lunch. But, before he could speak, the girl Susan had turned to her mother.

"Helen's just rung up," she said. "The Blakemans finally asked her to join their party. Goody, goody! Won't they regret it! Can you imagine five weeks in a small yacht with Helen?"

*Tony was at the fishpond working with a great show of industry when Susan came and sat on the grass beside him.*

Anthony Everett grinned and then he drew a long breath. So the lovely social-climber was to be gone five weeks! He looked at Susan again, and the very sight of her entertained him. Her mother had seated herself in one of the chairs.

"You!" she said. "You say your name's Tony? That was the name of our courier when we went to Italy last year. You are not Italian?"

"Spanish," replied Anthony Everett, playing safe. If, as he was beginning to suspect, he was going to accept this Heaven-sent opportunity for laughter, he intended to make a good job of it. He knew no Italian, but he spoke excellent Spanish.

"Spanish!" echoed Mrs. Sanders, sharply. "You aren't an anarchist, are you?"

"Of course not," said Susan, promptly. "And he is about as Spanish as I am—a great, great grandmother who came from South America."

She eyed Anthony Everett with bright suspicion. "There's Spanish omelettes and old Spanish customs and castles in Spain. Can you build a good, grade-A castle, Tony?"

"For the goldfish, you mean, miss?" he asked, and Mrs. Sanders beamed. "Miss Isham said he was a wizard at things like that!" She gazed at him happily. "I'm expecting you to be very good with the gardens and all," she told him, solemnly.

"I have never," replied Anthony Everett, with quiet dignity and utter truth, "had any complaints about my work, madam."

Susan snorted. "Or your English, either. I should say!" she remarked.

"You're not a spare piece of old Spanish royalty in disguise, are you, Tony?"

He managed not to grin. "No, miss," he answered.

Susan nodded her head wisely. "You'd say that, of course—they all do. We try to conceal it, ourselves." There was a moment's silence. "Well, why don't you go and start on your castle?" she inquired. "Or at the very least, an omelette?"

"**D**ID you bring your things with you?" Mrs. Sanders asked. "No? Then you'd better go and get them. And materials for the—er—castle." She laughed. "Perhaps you'd better have a look at the pool, first. Dear me—castles!"

Anthony Everett followed mother and daughter across the lawn and his heart was light and happy.

"Look at the poor little things!" Susan told him sharply, as the three paused beside the pool. "Not a castle to protect them from the damp!" Her eyes crackled. "It will have a library, of course? We don't want our fish to be illiterate!"

"Peters will show you your room when you come back," Mrs. Sanders was saying. "D'you want someone to drive you back to fetch your things?"

He had left his bicycle out in the road, Anthony Everett said, and he walked quickly down the drive. What he had better do, he reflected, was wait in ambush for the real gardener to show up; and in some twenty minutes he did.

Please turn to Page 51



Complete  
Short  
Story

Illustrated  
by  
KILGOUR



# The Young Mrs. Ramsay

Continued from Page 14

"NONE of them have come to light before this, have they? There has been no attempt to negotiate them?"

"We have no record of any such attempt."

"Good." David Marshal faced the spectators. "I think I can piece together the story of last night," he announced. "And also supply a motive."

"Two years ago the Cheswick National was robbed. The robber couldn't get out of the State. It is my opinion that he came to this part of the country and hid out on one of the islands hereabouts. We'll presume for a minute that it was Duck Island."

"Let us also presume that Val Gregory saw him. At that time the whole State was discussing the robbery of the Cheswick bank. It was believed that the robber had headed in this direction. It's logical that he did. So Val and his helper

probably cornered the robber, and there was most likely a gun fight. In that fight the robber was killed, and Val and his companion found themselves saddled with the dead body of a stranger, and almost two hundred thousand dollars' worth of negotiable securities."

David mopped his forehead. "That's a big temptation, folks. And what would be more natural than that they should weight the body, row it out to sea, and leave it overboard? Nobody knew for sure that the man had been here, and there couldn't be any suspicion. All these two men had to do was to be careful. To store the stolen property for a couple of years or so, then divide it, and ease it back into circulation."

"Now I had a hunch that there might be somethin' more behind

this thing than a sudden shooting. So last night, after we got Alan Keith safely in gaol, I drove back here to Duck Island and went to Val Gregory's house. And there I found that package of money and bonds."

"Just a minute, David," Matt Rice had stepped forward. "Let's believe this crazy story—part of it, anyway. That don't involve nobody but Val Gregory."

"Yeh, Sheriff—it does. It's bound to. I was thinking afterwards—that would be more logical than that Val and his confederate should get together at the Lodge last night to divide up what they had. It's off season, it was stormin', and, of course, they didn't know

anything about the telephone call that Mrs. Ramsay made to Alan Keith about meetin' her here."

"Now I'm assuming that Val and his friend were sitting in this room—probably right at this table, counting out the stuff. They weren't expecting any interruption, when suddenly the door opens and in walks Ross Ramsay. Now folks, it don't matter what any of us might have thought of Mr. Ramsay, there never was any belief that he wasn't smart. Just one glance at such a scene and he'd have known that something was wrong. And he most likely said so."

"So what would logically happen? Why, they'd try to explain away what they were doing, and they'd see that Ramsay didn't believe them. And I believe that Val Gregory, who was always kind of skittish, might have pulled out his gun and shot Mr. Ramsay. He was a good revolver shot, that Val Gregory."

"Well, piecing things together—Val and his friend would decide they'd better say nothing about it. They don't dare to go ahead with their division of the stolen stuff, and they don't dare to leave it here—where it probably had been stored for the last two years—because they know the place will be searched high and low. So they decide to take it to Val's house. Then Val goes up on the balcony to lock the door of the storage closet up there . . . which most likely was the place where the bonds have been kept all along."

"While he's up there, the other fellow begins to think things over. If my idea is right, why he and Val were already involved in two murders—that of the bank robber and the killing of Ross Ramsay. The man who was left downstairs examines Ramsay's body and it comes to him that if he should shoot Val Gregory with Ramsay's gun, why he'd be right. He'd have all the loot, no possible witness against himself—and they'd find two dead men in the lodge—each having been killed with the other's gun. Nothing could be more perfect. So he takes Ramsay's gun and shoots Val Gregory. Gregory's gun falls to the main floor here . . . and this other man takes the booty, hides it in Val's house where only he knows it's hidden, and he rides back into town. Now, folks, I'm asking you—doesn't that sound reasonable?"

THERE was a general nodding. But Sheriff Matt Rice had stepped forward angrily. "You're so smart, David Marshal—too smart for a town like this, I reckon. Well, I think you're makin' this all up because the man we really want is Alan Keith, an' he's engaged to your gal . . ."

"No, Matt—that's not why I worked it out that way. Though maybe it helped."

"I suppose you know who Val Gregory's companion was?"

David's voice was very soft, very gentle, very positive. He said:

"It was you, Matt."

Rice's face mottled with anger. He said, "I'll be darned if I'll . . ."

"Take it easy, Matt . . . just a little mite easier than you are taking it. It all dovetails, you see. Who would be the person Val would go to for help if he thought the bank robber was hiding out on Duck Island? The sheriff, of course. That was you. And killing that fellow—well, that was in line of duty. But, Matt—when you buried his body in the ocean and kept that money yonder, why, doing your duty became murder."

"Words! You always did say too many words, David Marshal. But you can't bring a murder charge without proof."

"Well, I kind of got that, too, Matt. First of all, when I walked in this room with you last night, I saw that you looked at the middle of the floor. It didn't register very strongly—not until later when Alan Keith described to me the very spot where he had found the gun. So I got to thinking, why should you have looked first at that spot, and why should you have seemed surprised when there wasn't anything there?"

"Then you just naturally overflowed with ideas of closing the case right away. And you were mighty quick to find the gun in Ross Ramsay's hand."

"Well, if you remember, Matt—we were all set to leave . . . least-aways, Ernie and I were. And you were standing right by the fireplace yonder—under the balcony. And suddenly you let out an exclamation and went rushing upstairs, and there you found Val Gregory's body."

"Well, what was wrong with that?"

"NOTHING, Matt—nothing except that from where you were standing you couldn't have seen that body. Not possibly. So I began to think that maybe you had known it was there all along. And later I managed to get in a few words with Ernie, and I learned that you'd been away from Seaville for several hours. It kind of checked, Matt."

The sheriff's squat body was tensed. He said harshly: "It still ain't proof."

"That's true, Matt—but it helps. And this was the clincher." Marshal took two bonds from his pocket and tossed them across to Robert Galt. He said, "Will you check those numbers and see if they're on the list of the stolen bonds?"

Galt inspected and nodded. "These are the same two you telephoned me about last night, Mr. Marshal."

"Of course. You see, folks, I'm not so smart as you'd think, to hear me talk. All I've been telling you was just suspicion. The rest was accidental. Looking back on it, I think that Matt Rice wrapped up that package carelessly and took it out of the Lodge pretty fast."

"And that's where I got the bonds. Riding back to town in the rear seat of Sheriff Rice's car last night, I found those two bonds on the floor, where they must have dropped when Matt was taking them from here to Val Gregory's house. It didn't take an awful lot of brains to work out the rest of the story—and the minute I got Mr. Galt on the telephone and checked these bond numbers, why a baby could have figured out the rest of it."

Matt Rice looked around the big room. Everywhere he encountered hard eyes and hostile faces. And then fury vanished from his own face, and in its stead there came a pitiful fear.

David Marshal drove the car back to Seaville. He looked old and tired and worn. In the back seat were Judith, Nan, and Alan Keith.

Alan spoke to the older man at the wheel. He said, "It was pretty much of a miracle, wasn't it, Mr. Marshal?"

David responded without turning his head. "What do you mean, son—miracle?"

"Well, it's this way, sir. You built up a wonderful case against Matt Rice, but you never could have tied him to it—or got a confession from him—except for the accident of finding those two bonds in his car last night."

Mr. Marshal chuckled. He said, "Well, I'll tell you, Alan—confidentially, of course—but that really wasn't an accident."

"Not an accident?"

"It wasn't, Alan. I never did find any bonds in Matt's car."

"But you said . . ."

"Sure, I said, and he believed, I got my idea and I played it. But I knew we'd never really get anywhere unless we had clinching proof. So it was up to me to create it. I found the packet of bonds at Val's house and saw it had been wrapped hastily and carelessly. A couple of bonds could have dropped out, whether they did or not. So I borrowed them . . . and you can see how they worked."

Men and women grouped in the shade of the great oak trees which lined the streets of Seaville. From overhead the August sun blattered the little town. The four people in David Marshal's car were completely wilted by summer heat and emotional strain. They left the car at the curb in front of David's modest home, and walked up on the verandah. David excused himself and went inside, and Alan and Nan and Judith seated themselves in wide, comfortable wicker chairs.

For a long time they were silent. Then Nan said, "A little iced tea would be nice . . ." She rose and leaned against the verandah railing, smiling down at her two friends.

Abruptly then, she stretched out her hand toward Alan.

"Congratulations, Alan," she said. "Congratulations on being free."

Surprised at her gesture, he closed his fingers over her hand. He said, "Thanks, Nan . . ." Then she turned and walked swiftly inside the house.

Judith said, "That was peculiar, wasn't it, Alan?"

His voice and eyes were troubled. "Do you remember what she said, Judith?"

"Yes. She said, 'Congratulations on being free.'"

"Exactly. And when she shook hands with me, she left this in my palm." His voice was gentle. "It's our engagement ring."

(Copyright)



Our favourite  
Toilet Soap for  
refreshing protection...is  
**NOW IN  
TWO FORMS**

**Both**

contain the famous Lifebuoy health element, and give the foamy, deep-cleansing lather so much enjoyed by thousands for protection from "B.O." (Body Odour).

**Both**

are extra mild—definitely proved by the 6,000 tests of an eminent Australian Dermatologist who stated publicly that "Lifebuoy Soap is one of the mildest available—certainly milder than some other soaps recommended for babies and women."

**Both**

are the same price at your usual store.

**Both**

ARE LEVER PRODUCTS.

Take your  
choice!

And what is  
**Super-milling?**

Super-milling is a special refining process which gives new Lifebuoy an extra dense, extra creamy and abundant lather.



2,498.14





"...and another tin of  
**FISHER'S WAX**  
for my floors!"

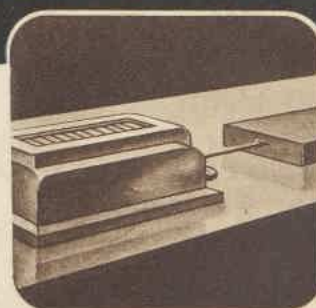
One tin of Fisher's Wax sells another—because every user of Fisher's Wax becomes an enthusiast for this easiest to use of all floor polishing waxes.

Fisher's Wax is nearly as low in price as the cheapest floor wax you can buy and it covers much more floor space, which means that Fisher's Wax is easily the most economical. Over a million housewives use Fisher's Wax—and thousands of letters of appreciation have been written by users who unanimously say that there is no polish for either wood or lino to compare with Fisher's Wax. Further proof that Fisher's Wax is so much better are the recommendations from the Tayside Floorcloth Co. Ltd. of Scotland who say "use Fisher's Wax only to clean and polish and preserve linoleum"...from Mr. Carberry, the leading polished wood flooring expert, from most furniture stores and from matrons of leading hospitals.



The floor covering illustrated is by courtesy of the Tayside Floorcloth Co. Ltd.  
Pattern No. 24/1420.

The GRIP TESTER proves not only that Fisher's Wax is non-slip, but that it also produces a hard brilliant non-greasy surface. A floor surface that is greasy shows footprints... a floor polished with Fisher's Wax does not show footprints—nor does it hold the dust because the polish is hard and non-greasy.



Trial size tin: 3½d. Medium size tin: 6½d. Large tin: 10½d.  
Giant 1 lb. tin: 1/1. Large jars: 1/1. Country prices slightly higher.



If your grocer is looking after you properly he will never be without stocks of the biggest selling floor wax in Australia... Fisher's Wax. If he does not stock Fisher's Wax and offers you a substitute, refuse it. There is no substitute for Fisher's Wax.

**FISHER'S**  
**POLISHING WAX**

THOMPSON  
STUDIOS



# Found happiness away from CITY LIGHTS...

FARMER'S WIFE WRITES ENCHANTING  
STORY OF HER LIFE ON THE LAND

If you are suffering from the strain of a seemingly mad world, "The Farmer's Wife, a Country Woman's Calendar," can be described as a palliative.



Though it does not belong to "escape" literature, it provides the same effect in its enchanting chronicle of changing seasons, the glories of a garden growing in fresh country soil, simple family life, and friendly neighbors and passers-by in a world removed from the noise and hurry of the outside world.

**ANNE EARNCLIFF BROWN** has been a farmer's wife for twenty years in New Zealand, and for a while in Queensland.

In her calendar of a year on her husband's farm in New Zealand, she writes of crops and livestock, children and neighbors, garden and trees, recipes and cures, world affairs

and the books she is reading, in the same leisurely fashion as farm folk talk, sitting round the fire when the day's work is finished.

"I once thought," she writes, "that I would never be happy away from city lights. To-day I find a truer joy in sunlight sparkling on dew-drenched lawns, and in the glory of moonlit waters. The myriad stars in Heaven have long replaced the



**THRESHING** wheat on the farm in summer sunshine—a charming picture from Mrs. Brown's book. The farmer's wife is kept busy cooking meals for the men.

**RIGHT:** Mrs. Earncliff Brown's farmhouse in its mantle of winter snow.

are lamps and electric signs which once spelt 'Life' to me."

Scattered among colorful descriptions of her garden, and practical details about the prices for farm products, are many recipes for dishes cooked in Mrs. Brown's electrically-equipped farm kitchen.

Here is one for asparagus fritters: Three tablespoons milk, 2 good tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons fine breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 well-beaten eggs, seasoning of salt and pepper, 1 breakfast cup (or more) boiled asparagus heads. Cook in boiling fat till lightly browned—a very short time is sufficient.

## Love for garden

MRS. BROWN'S love for her garden inspires this description of her potpourri:

"Even in the rush days I take a few minutes to gather flowers for my prospective potpourri. There are many excellent recipes for potpourri, I know, and perhaps I would be wiser to follow these, but I want also to gather happy memories as well as fragrant blossoms from my garden.

"Rich red roses, clove pinks, lemon verbena, crimson carnations, and the jasmine 'white as death'; shy violets, modest mignonette and lilies-of-the-valley; honeysuckle and night-scented stock; sage, thyme, and spearmint; just one leaf of fanny and 'rosemary for remembrance,' gold and brown wallflowers and boronia; daphne and lavender, in season and out, will all these dear scents keep fragrant the memory of my garden where I labor and love, rejoice and sorrow."

But her garden has its practical as well as its aesthetic value.

She and her farmer husband and their children indulge in luxury baths made fragrant with gum leaves, carnation flowers, spearmint, rosemary, lavender or lemon verbena.

"I rather fancy a pine needle dip in winter, and just imagine violets in spring!" adds the farmer's wife.

Exchanges from their vegetable and flower gardens often take the place of gifts among farmers' wives.

But Mrs. Brown's imagination carries the gift a step farther than the usual bunch of cut flowers.

## Unusual gift

WHEN she sees an attractive vase in a friend's house she visualises the mixed flowers that could be arranged attractively in it, then sends not the flowers, but the different seeds and bulbs to her friend to grow them in her own garden.

Anecdotes of farmyard pets are recorded in Mrs. Earncliff Brown's calendar.

One of the most amusing is the story of Pearl, a neighbor's helper, which was much petted until in search of a tit-bit she devoured a bucketful of carefully selected pickling onions.

"Apparently Pearl's pickling apparatus was excellent, for at evening milking she gave a foaming contribution which Bill, the neighbor's husband, described as 'Attar de Onions.'"

Mrs. Brown's calendar begins in August with sun-drenched crocuses shining where there were drifts of snow a few days before. Her calendar ends a year later when the crocuses come back again.

"The Farmer's Wife." By Anne Earncliff Brown. (Whitcombe and Tombs.) Our copy from the publishers.



**3 P.M.  
Bright  
Sunshine**  
POWDER  
DOESN'T  
SHOW UP

**9 P.M.  
Bright  
Lights**

SKIN SOFT,  
SMOOTH

Pond's "GLARE-PROOF"

Face Powder — flattering in any light

The Australian sunlight is notoriously bright and glary... sharpens faults on your skin, makes powder show up. But now you can avoid this worry... by using Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder.

Out in the bright sunshine, or under the glare of electric lights, Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder never

shows up powdery, always looks soft, flattering... because Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays of light from your skin. Try it to-day, and see what thrilling things this special face powder can do for your appearance!

POND'S "GLARE-PROOF" FACE POWDER

● Sold at all stores and chemists for 1/6 and 2/6 a box.



**POND'S Face Powder**

**FREE OFFER:** Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.  
Pond's Dept. X74, Box 11113, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....

*Motoring*  
is my  
Number One Interest, and  
No. 1 BLOCK is my Number  
One Chocolate.

**8d 1/4lb.**  
**1 1/2lb.**

No. 1 BLOCK "NUT MILK"—one of the four excitingly new No. 1 BLOCK varieties—is MacRobertson's famous "Extra Cream" chocolate with delicious toasted nuts. The other No. 1 BLOCK varieties are "Old Gold," "Fruit and Nut," "Extra Cream"—all in the smart new packs.

**MacRobertson's**  
**NO. 1 BLOCK**  
**CHOCOLATE**

THE S.M.O.D.T.N. EST. EVER MADE SINCE



MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"What are you crying for, Mopsy?"  
"Jack said he'd send me something useful for my birthday, and all I got was a box of handkerchiefs."

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



WAITRESS: And what will you have to follow, sir?  
DINER: Indigestion, I expect.



CADDIE: What club now, sir?  
NOVICE: Er—have you one shaped like a ferret?



"Oh, yes, madam, we have seating accommodation for 2500 people in this rink!"

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE soap



Renders coarse red skin smooth and supple as velvet

..and avoid BLEMISHED SKIN

Gives the skin a thorough Antiseptic Cleansing

Because Cuticura is a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap, it does two essential things to your skin. It maintains radiant skin health in spite of frequent exposure to the weather; and it gives harsh, flaky, blemished skin the clear, fresh beauty of youth. In Cuticura Soap the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura are combined with the most exquisitely refining and beauti-

fying ingredients ever devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. To relieve sore, rough skin, also to heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. After the bath enjoy the cooling, refreshing fragrance of super-fine Cuticura Talcum.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"Do you prefer this hat turned down, dear?"  
"How much is it?"  
"Two guineas."  
"Yes, turn it down."

"PRESENT-DAY clothes have a splendid finish, haven't they?"  
"Yes, but the starting price is something awful."

IN certain parts of Scotland the superstition still lingers that it is unlucky to be the thirteenth to light a cigarette from the one match.

WIFE (showing husband expensive fur coat): One really can't help but feel sorry for the poor little animal that was skinned for this.  
Husband: I appreciate your sympathy.

A MAN was anxiously awaiting the birth of his first child. He paced up and down in mental agony until at last the nurse brought him the news.

"It's a girl!" she said.  
"Thank goodness for that!" said the father. "I wouldn't have any son of mine go through what I've suffered to-night."

POLICEMAN (after collision): You saw this lady driving towards you. Why didn't you give her the road?

Motorist: I was going to as soon as I could discover which half she wanted.

INDIGESTION

HEARTBREAKING SUFFERING ENDED

"This Remedy Fulfils all its Claims"

The above words were written by one who suffered intensely from inflamed stomach, acidity and heartbreaking indigestion.

He says:—"De Witt's Antacid Powder gave me prompt relief, which has been sustained. To-day I am really well and, for the first time in years, I can eat anything. This remedy fulfils all its claims."

(Name and address on application).

Why does De Witt's Antacid Powder give such splendid results? Simply because of a new-principle, triple-action formula that neutralises excess acid, protects the delicate stomach lining and digests part of your food. The very first dose does the job.

No more pain after meals, so eat what you like and enjoy every meal.



Another user says:

"I could not enjoy my meals owing to heartburn and sour stomach. I took De Witt's Antacid Powder. The results were wonderful. I now eat anything and enjoy it, though I have to take my meals at all hours."  
Mr. A. E. Dooley,  
Flemington, Victoria.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS





WEIGHING BUT A FEW OUNCES, these miraculous foundations will control the most unruly figure. Boneless—feathery—chic.



No. 4304



No. 4218

For everyday wear this "Symphony" stepin is a gem for comfort and control. Latex satin front and back. Sizes, 35-38. Selling, 29/6.



No. 4436

For sleek evening silhouettes, "Symphony" All-in-one with clever uplift bustline. Latex satin front and back. A perfect foundation—sizes 35-38—selling 27/6.

**HICKORY** FOUNDATIONS... are obtainable at

**CURZON'S** PITT STREET **SYDNEY SNOW'S** PTY. LTD. PITT & LIVERPOOL STS.

**MARK FOY'S Ltd.** LIVERPOOL STREET **THE HUB LTD.** PITT STREET

An ideal Sports foundation, tailored from Duraout and Latex satin. Detachable hose supporters. Marvellously comfortable. Sizes, 34-36. Price, 29/6.

Also "FIGURE FLATTERY" pantie, with no-roll top and detachable hose supporters—15/11.

Featherlight control

9 AM till 12 NOON



2 PM till 6 PM



8 PM till 12 M NIGHT



## SIMPLE RULES in FIRST AID

Though theatre of war may be far away, every woman can help in home sphere

Australia is at war. Remembering that, Australian women are anxious to do everything they can to assist the authorities entrusted with the safety of our people.

How we can all give very valuable help by taking a few simple precautions in our own homes is explained here by Sister A. B. Parry, supervisor of classes in the National Emergency Service.

By **SISTER A. B. PARRY**, in her book, "War and the Woman"

**JUST** as one insures one's house against fire or burglary, so should the wise householder put her house in order to meet an emergency.

In wartime, treatment of even small, minor home accidents becomes part of our national service.

The woman who remains calm, knows how to treat minor accidents, and keeps an efficient first-aid cabinet to deal with them is lightening the burden of doctors, nurses, and hospitals.

In wartime, even if we are far removed from the actual scenes of war, people are highly-strung.

War news, minor street accidents, jostling in crowds are liable to cause disturbance among people who normally keep calm in the crises of everyday life.

People laboring under a condition of panic temporarily lose control of the nervous system.

The best way to overcome that is to keep them busy. Give them a job of making a cup of tea, which also will help them if it is drunk very hot, strong, and sweet as a stimulant. Games for children will also prove helpful.

Later a sedative—aspirin or bromide—may be necessary to induce sleep after the period of panic has passed.

### For your medicine chest...

**EVERY** home medicine chest, Sister Parry says, should contain these articles:

Dressing towels (sterile); cotton wool (sterile); lint (sterile); gauze (sterile); bandages, roller and triangular; tape; adhesive plaster; scissors, forceps, probe and spatula; thermometer; medicine glass; dressing trays; and bowls; kidney tray; iodine bottle and pen; paint brush for throats; swabs; splints (padded); hot-water bag; tourniquet; rubber syringe; salt solution; bicarbonate of soda; iodine; disinfectants—lysol, dettol; castor oil; olive oil; tannic acid; smelling salts; aspirin tablets; permanganate of potash (Condy's crystals); foment flannels; foment wringers; soft rag for poultices; mustard; flour; inhaler; vaseline; sterile water; safety pins; protective silk.

**AT** all times, but more especially in wartime, every home should have its own medicine cupboard. The chest itself should be made of airtight and air-resisting material—enamel or steel painted over with waterglass—and should be kept out of the reach of children or irresponsible people.

All the contents should be labelled, and poisons should be kept under lock and key in a compartment separate from the rest of the equipment.

Shelves should be enamelled or covered with greaseproof paper. The door should be close-fitting, and have a lock and key. On the inside of the door it is wise to paste a list of the contents.

In this connection it is a sound principle to take an inventory of the cupboard and to revise it regularly at least once a month.

In case of poisoning emergencies an emetic is obtainable outside the medicine cupboard—a tablespoonful of mustard powder or bicarbonate of soda in a large tumblerful of water. An antiseptic such as dettol or lysol which can be diluted in a teaspoonful to each small cup of water, should be stored.

For disinfection of utensils, floors



**SISTER PARRY**, one of the best-known nurses of the last war, who is supervising classes for women for the National Emergency Service.

etc., crude carbolic acid or one of many carbolic preparations can be used—a teaspoonful to a pint is usually strong enough.

For the disinfection of small wounds and scratches tincture of iodine or dettol should be stocked. When a wound is small and clean, it may be sealed up at once by collodion painted over a tiny film of cotton wool and allowed to dry.

A useful ointment to apply to skin accidents is one which contains ninety parts of soft paraffin and ten parts of zinc oxide.

A gargle can be made of potassium chlorate, one teaspoonful of which is dissolved in one pint of warm water.

For burns tannic acid preparations are fairly universally used.

Following are useful methods of sterilisation: Linen, lint, gauze—Boil in a sealed bag and dry in bag in sun (kept inside bag).

Cotton wool can be baked (in brown paper) in the oven for half an hour.

Oil silk: Wash over with weak solution of lysol or dettol.

Instruments: Blunt, boil in water 20 minutes; sharp, cover in lysol for 20 minutes before using, or for urgent use, cover in methylated spirit and burn off, or immerse for a minute in dettol or lysol.

Bowls, trays: Boil in plain water 20 minutes. Thermometer: Keep in weak solution of lysol or dettol, methylated spirit or peroxide of hydrogen. Glass or rubber: Place in cold water on some linen, and bring to boil. Boil for 20 minutes. Shelves of cabinet: Wipe over with strong disinfectant.

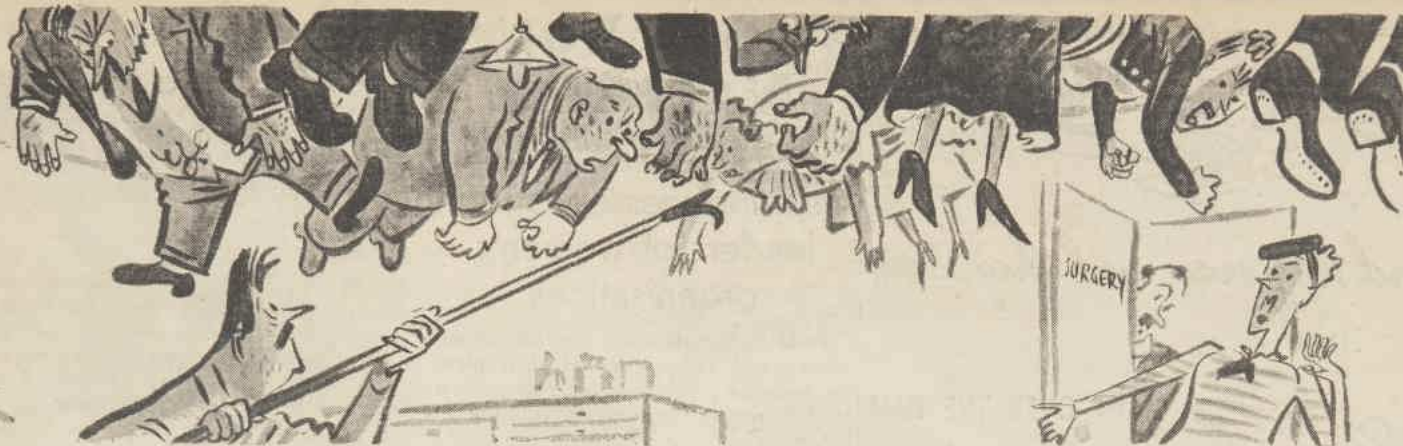
### Wallflower because of a SKIN BLEMISH

If the people you would like to meet pass you by because of a skin blemish, here is good news for you. From your chemist get a jar of **COVERSPOT**. Simply rub it over the blemish like a face cream, put on powder and you can face the most critical gaze without embarrassment.

**COVERSPOT** effectively conceals pimples, freckles, scars, acne (first stages), dark circles under eyes, skin discoloration, birthmarks, etc. It remains soft and pliant all day long and does not fade or easily rub off. Pure size costs only 1/6 at chemists or stores. Economy Jar 4/6, or write to British Harold F. Ritchie Co. Ltd., 55 York Street, Sydney.

**Coverspot**  
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES





## DON'T bare your teeth to your DENTIST!

Autobiography of one who has suffered—but only in pocket

Pity the poor dentist! Nobody loves him.

I gave up being a dentist because I found that it was making me too unpopular.

FOR instance, I had one man in the chair who had a particularly obstinate molar. I got the forceps on to it and heaved. Nothing happened. I heaved again and pulled the patient right out of the chair. He started to struggle and we rolled on the floor. I still kept a firm grip on the forceps, and just as he was crawling down the front steps I gave an extra wrench and out came the tooth.

I found out later that it was the wrong tooth, but the man ob-

stinately refused to let me have another go.

That's the whole trouble. People lack the courage to have their teeth attended to, and what is the result? The dentist steadily goes broke.

I was especially good at fillings. I'd say, "Hm. You'll probably lose that tooth if you don't have it filled." "In that case you'd better fix it up."

I would then pick out a suitable tooth and bore a hole in it. This drilling is most interesting work. I've been so absorbed when enjoying a bit of drilling that there has not

been much tooth left when I reluctantly ceased.

You will notice that no dentist is satisfied with the size of the holes in your teeth. They must be made larger.

Anyhow, what is the use of owning a drill if you don't drill something with it?

I was my own dental mechanic and used to make my own plates.

The first thing to do is what we dentists call taking an impression. The patient is told to open his mouth wide, and then you plug in a handful of beeswax or some good reliable floor polish.

If you put in enough, you get not only an impression of the teeth and gums, but also of the tongue and tonsils. The floor polish should be removed carefully, in one piece if possible. If it is scooped out a bit at a time there might be some difficulty in sorting it out.

I did try cement for taking a cast, but, unfortunately, I was called away to the phone, and when I came back it had set hard.

That patient was a nuisance and wasted a lot of my time. I had to take him along to a quarry to have him excavated.

I explained to the patient as I was helping him out of the quarry that I would have to take another impression.

He said, "No." Of course, he said a lot of other things besides "No," but the gist of the ten minutes' speech he made implied that he meant that he didn't want another impression taken.

On top of that, he never paid me my fee. That's one of the main troubles about the dental profession. You've got to follow the patients around to get your fee.

Mind you, one is compensated in a way by the thought of having done a good deed in the cause of suffering humanity, but personally I'd rather have the cash.

### Sympathetic Doctors

I HAVE since thought that I'd have done much better if I'd had a sort of trap at the front door. I lost a lot of custom through people getting a strong attack of the jitters at the last moment.

They'd come up to the doorstep, have a look at the brass plate and then discover that their tooth had stopped aching and walk away again.

If I'd have had a trap-door which automatically opened and dropped them into the cellar it would have been a simple matter to drag them up into the surgery.

They'd probably be stunned and I could have ripped a few teeth out while they were unconscious.

When you're a dentist you realise what a lot of sissies most people are. "You won't hurt me, will you?"

"What do they expect me to say? "Yes. You'll wish that you'd never been born. Scream as loud as you like. This room is sound-proof."

Instead of that you've got to say, "Not a twinge. Do you want an anaesthetic?" "Yes, please."

By

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

THROUGH giving patients overdoses of gas and thereby making them buoyant, L. W. Lower cluttered up the ceiling of his dental surgery.

"Well, just drink this jug of chloroform."

Most of them want gas. In busy periods my gas bill used to be enormous and took most of the profits. Another thing is the danger of an explosion. Also one has to be so very careful not to use too much gas.

I gave some patients overdoses and they became so buoyant that they were floating around the ceiling for two hours before I could get them down. That's bad for business. When people come into your surgery and find the ceiling cluttered up with patients they begin to get nervous.

Of course, the medical profession has helped tremendously to boom dentistry.

When they don't know what's wrong with a patient they say,

"Hm. The trouble is coming from the teeth. I advise you to have them all out."

Then they go away and have their teeth out. That was why I was always friendly with doctors. I would meet one in the street and he'd say, "How's business?"

"Very dull," I'd reply.

"Why didn't you let me know? I'll send you around the next patient I get after I've finished with him."

Some doctors were very good like that.

I still do a little dental work occasionally just to keep in practice.

I knocked a man's teeth out only the other day. We'd had a bit of an argument and in the circumstances I couldn't charge him for it. But, as I said, it's just as well to keep in practice.

## Have you her Fashionable FIGURE

HOW much easier it is to dress well if you have a youthful figure; and so much cheaper, too! Don't envy others, but retain a fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, improve your health and daily eliminate all food residue. Don't forget, you can spend large amounts on your clothes and never look really smart unless you have that fashionable graceful line.

So, if you want to help retain your youthful figure and good health, start to take your Bile Beans regularly each night.

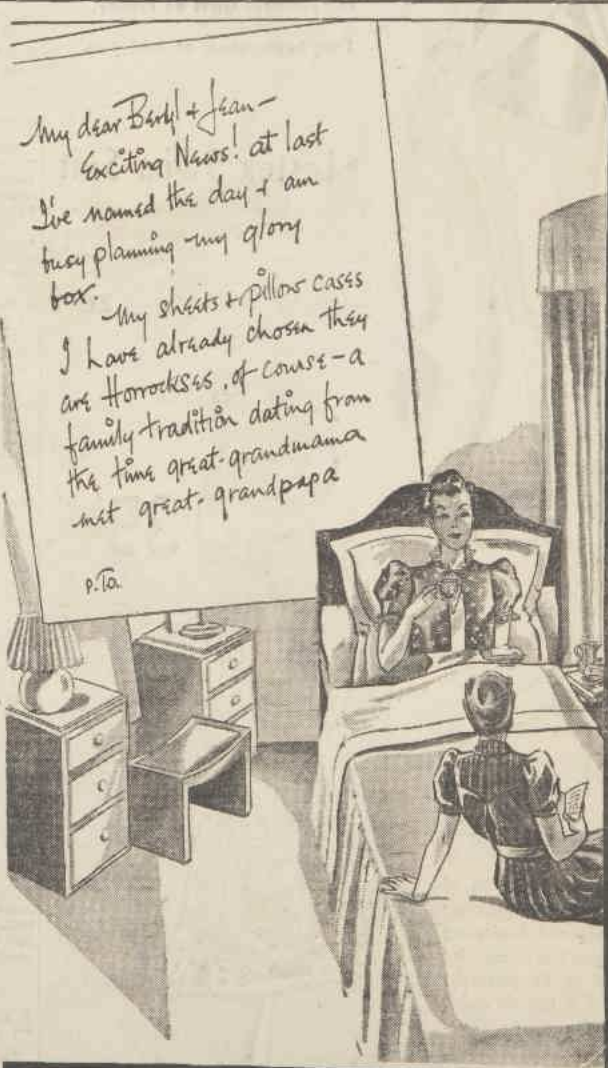


"At a party the other day I was the only one in the company not a member of a Gym Club. And yet I was told I had the most perfect figure among them. My friends, too, could hardly credit that I was once overweight, but by showing them photographs I was able to prove that Bile Beans had definitely rid me of quite a lot of excess fat."—Miss M. E. Wall-Bullock.

"I think Bile Beans are excellent; and taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is healthy, my complexion bluish-free, my eyes bright, and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. P. B. Britton.

# BILE BEANS

1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE



## Horrockses

Sheets PILLOWCASES & TOWELS R.F.G.B.

Quality - Comfort - Economy





## RIGHT OVER THE DAM

Just what you'll be doing in a week or so... for summer is near and swimming is right on its heels. HORDERN BROTHERS, too, are ready with a grand collection of glamorous summer clothes. A parade of BEACH-WEAR and LINGERIE will be held in our Third Floor Showroom on 13th, 14th, 15th September at 3 p.m., also a special session for Business Girls on Friday, 15th September, at 6.30 p.m.

## Lastex Swim Suit

It shows beautiful moulded lines, will keep its shape... and enhance the young figure. In Plain lastex with V-neck. Featured in white, navy and maize. Priced at only 26'9



26'9

35'

## Floral Lastex Suit

A grand collection of Lastex Suits in exuberant colours and fascinating designs. Cut on moulded lines to fit perfectly. Floral designs on white, navy, turquoise, burgundy and black. Quarterskirt. Priced at 35'.



# HORDERN BROTHERS

# How You Can Help In NATIONAL EMERGENCY

Inspiring messages from leaders of women's organisations

Pride in the steadfast attitude of our women and appreciation of their plans for emergency war work are expressed in the following stirring messages from women leaders.

**MRS. R. G. MENZIES**, wife of the Prime Minister:

"During the last war women had to adapt themselves suddenly to unaccustomed jobs; this time they have had some training already.

"I think the modern girl is wonderful, the way she has learnt to do so many hard and unpleasant things.

"We can all do them if necessary. After all, we women are far from helpless.

"Let us keep our homes quiet and happy, and let us pray. It is very important to keep our lives even and normal as much as we can.

"We must go about our usual work, taking care to keep our homes quiet and happy in spite of outside news.

"I do feel that we should pray more than we do.

"We mothers must be careful how little children are told news of war. They must not be allowed to develop undue fears."

**Miss Ruby Board**, president of the State Council of the Women's Voluntary National Register and chairman of the N.S.W. Women's Voluntary Service:

"Everyone in the Women's Voluntary Service is clamoring to do something, but at present the special needs for service are not yet clear. All our members can do yet is to make things which we know will be of use.

"Special work for women is divided into two main headings:

"(1) Care of the sick soldiers—Red Cross equipment, Voluntary Aid work, services at convalescent homes.

"(2) Taking care of combatants, militia in camp and training—provision of luxury comforts (sweets, tobacco, cigarettes, etc.), clothing (pyjamas, socks, etc.), organising hostels, rest homes, reading rooms, canteens, coffee stalls, providing entertainment.

"The motor section provides training in running repairs, driving transports, relief work in motor traffic generally.

"Special services include censorship, maps and plans, interpreters, scientists. General services include office work, clerks, typists, accountants, cooks, waitresses, storekeepers.

"Organisation of Voluntary Service centres began in January and there are now 150 centres, country and suburban.

"The centres are a composite of representatives of existing women's organisations.

"Most of them have organised training in first aid, home nursing and air raid precautions.

"In some places quantity cooking is already being taught.

"All centres have been advised to start work on soldiers' comforts and knitting. The Teachers' Federation has loaned us a room for a central receiving depot for this work."

## Red Cross

**LADY OWEN**, Hon. Director of Red Cross branches:

"We know that the women in our branches throughout the State will stand by the Red Cross and carry out its work as they did in the last war.

"Three hundred and forty of our branches are working throughout the State. We have already set out a list of hospital garments which will be needed. Each member will make half a dozen to a dozen as a preliminary step. We are also preparing hospital supplies.

"Each branch has been asked to

raise funds for Red Cross expenses so that we shall be able to equip hospital ships if necessary.

"We are making bandages as usual and working very hard, but we shall be working much harder than this."

**Miss Rosa Piper** and **Miss Muriel Higman**, co-directors of Voluntary Aid Detachments:

"The Aids are ready and waiting for any service, but—They also serve who only stand and wait."

"Many of the Aids," they explained, "are eager to rush off to work immediately, but there is nothing for them to do yet. But we are ready and waiting when the time comes."

"We have trained nearly 6000 girls and women in Voluntary Aid work in the last twelve months. Of these more than 1000 have become members of detachments.

"Thirty detachments are now registered throughout the State, and thirty more are in process of formation.

"To qualify as Aids both first-aid and home-nursing certificates must be obtained. Each course takes about eight weeks. Trainees work in the different hospitals, and when qualified we are ready to serve wherever we may be sent either as relief nurses in local hospitals or for the Army Medical Corps overseas."

**Mrs. R. J. Lyons**, president of the Young Women's Christian Association:

"Both the National Y.W.C.A. and the Sydney Y.W.C.A. have circulated their members on our responsibilities in wartime.

"The circulars advise the girls to study first aid, home nursing, and



MRS. MENZIES: "Let us keep our homes quiet and happy."

air raid precautions, preferably in the district in which they live.

"As we shall need a large number of responsible trained workers to carry on our present programme, we have asked our branches to recruit and train more leaders and administrators.

"In changed circumstances due to exigencies of war we must be ready to extend our work to groups of young women who may be living and working under new conditions. Our service for them would include hostels, clubs, social and recreation centres, sports grounds, and reception rooms.

"We will maintain our connection with the various bodies working for peace and understanding, strengthen our World Fellowship Committees and provide opportunities for studying international affairs."

**Mrs. Claude Couchman**, Women's National League.

"The main thing for women to know is what they should do immediately—where their energies may best be used in this emergency."

**Mrs. I. H. Moss**, only woman member Australian Defence League.

"I am particularly impressed with the response of our women to the emergencies of war. I saw hundreds of women sign the Women's Voluntary National Register on the first day of the war.

"The calmness with which women are meeting the tragic situation is really very fine."



★ Here's the perfect way to escape care and everyday routine — a thrilling, interest-packed tour of New Zealand's lovely Islands, only 3 days from Australia by luxury liner. Snow-capped mountains, gigantic glaciers, rushing rivers, placid lakes, strange hot springs and the world's most interesting native race combine to fill your days with interest. Magnificent scenery and a tonic atmosphere help you find new joy in living. Travel in New Zealand is made easy by the Bureau's Letter of Credit system, which eliminates all financial and exchange worries.

Remember THIS IS NEW ZEALAND'S CENTENNIAL YEAR

FREE! Lavishly illustrated 36-page brochure, entitled "New Zealand Scenic Playground of the Pacific."

Ask your travel agent for full details, or write: NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU, 34 Martin Place, Sydney. (Phone: B 7041). (Directly opposite G.P.O.). Colonial Mutual Building, 318-320 Collins Street, Melbourne. (Phone: M 3111). King House, 79 Queen Street, Brisbane. (And all Travel Agents).



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

September 16, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## Charm of LACE ACCENTS . . .

• **SHOULDER - SPAN** shiny black straw banded and edged with dainty lingerie lace. The crown trim unties for laundering.

• **ALL** stiff and starched. Collar, cuffs and hat brim of stiffened guipure lace (above).

• **UPSTANDING** frill of frothy white lace outlines the Valentine neck and black crepe gloves to match gown.

• **A BIB** and tucker treatment of broderie anglaise. Tuck-in front and Buster Brown collar.

• **FOLLOWING** the line of the bolero and glove tops—a border of embroidered Swiss muslin (left).

Rau





NATURAL COLOR  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF *Paris fashions:*

• THE BEAUTIFUL fashion photographs reproduced on this page and on the front cover were taken in Paris, and are exclusive in Australia to The Australian Women's Weekly. This is a Balenciaga model in brown lace with bustle of faille silk.





*Simple Frock in Glowing Colors:*

• GOUPEY MODEL in printed moire, cut on simple lines. As with the fashion picture opposite, this is reproduced from a natural color photograph taken in Paris.



HEAVENLY  
HOT SUMMER

COOLNESS FOR  
NIGHTS

## Shorteez

—'JAMAS WITH SHORTS

Here's the exciting new pyjama fashion by Bond's! Shorts and a sweet "little girl" tuck-in top of fancy loom fabric, with the Peter Pan Collar and yoke and tiny sleeves edged in fine French lace. It's a honey! It's cool! It's slick! It's everything you've wanted in a summertime sleep suit! Peachglow, sky, lettuce. In SW, W, OS. Ask for Bond's "Shorteez" pyjamas. 9/11



A treasure of a new nightie with a high rounded waistline and a deep V yoke of French satin and wool embroidery. Peachglow, sky, lettuce, white. SW, W, OS. (No. N 106) Price 8/11. XOS, 9/11. XXOS, 10/11.

### Bond's

LOVELIER THAN EVER

## Underlovelies

AT ALL SMART STORES: LOOK FOR THE BOND'S LABEL ON EVERY GARMENT

By air mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

## PARIS SNAPSHOTS

Sketched by PETRO



**1** THE LATEST and most novel beach blouses are printed all over with "Believe it or not!" from Ripley, the cat that wears glasses, the fastest racehorse, the man who danced a million miles, and other oddities.

**2** BEACH BAGS have undergone transformation. The latest are in string, loosely knitted and tent-like in shape. They are carried by a loop at the top and have zip-fasteners down the sides. Other beach bags I have seen look like a couple of sausages strung together.

Schiaparelli's contribution is in the shape of a sailor's kit-bag. Of spotless white duck they are fitted with plain polished wooden tops and carried by white rope handles about a foot long.

**3** ANKLETS made of solid gold bands about two inches wide and fastening with hinges and tiny padlocks are tremendously popular on the Riviera and at Deauville and Le Touquet. They are worn with bare legs and slacks.

**4** DRUM-SHAPED HATS and handbags inspired by the July 14 celebrations are now popular with smart Parisiennes. Lunching at Fouquet's, in the Champs Elysees, I saw a very effective hat in white kid picked out with blue and red. The "drum" handbag matched the hat exactly.

**5** LACE MITTENS in black or white, hand-embroidered in beautifully-colored silk or gold thread are the newest theatre wear. They look particularly well with the new black lace fans which every chic Parisienne is carrying at evening functions.

**6** NEXT to the change in silhouette for the autumn, the newest notes in the "collections" are among accessories, and the most original is the "rocking" shoe. The drawback of inflexibility has been cleverly overcome. The

"rocking" shoe has a sole shaped to an angle, allowing the foot to rest from heel to toe. When the heel is down the weight rests there and the toes tip upwards. It sounds awkward, but feels marvellous.

*Softer, Safer, yet cost less!*

Modess is filmed with soft cotton—for comfort. Modess alone has a moisture proof backing—for safety. Yet Modess is economical.

# MODESS

SANITARY NAPKINS

1'

... BOX OF TWELVE ...

Product of Johnson & Johnson





NAOMI WATERS

## NAOMI WATERS

*writes about—*

### Dress SMARTLY and keep CHEERY

I was in Paris on the eve of war. I went over to attend the frock shows. Who knows, now, how long it will be before the great fashion houses will return to normal?

But people must dress. For my part, I believe that women will still find in fashion a great stimulus to good cheer, and a great aid to keeping up the national morale.

round your figure like a mummy's to the knees, there to swirl and swirl into a cascade of frills, does no other duty than to make you look as glamorous and enticing as any film star . . . which, after all, is a duty all on its own.

Later in the year you might dye it a bright green and replace the frills with flounces of striped ribbon, gay and gaudy in parrot-reds, greens, and yellows.

The Spanish influence still holds sway in Paris.

A pale grey suit in a smooth light-weight tweed, newer than flannel, is the basis of your sports clothes.

Worn with a grey tucked chiffon blouse, fastened with a black velvet bow tie, large black beret (the ever-favored beret this year is twice its usual size . . . worn well over one eye and decorated with quills), black shoes, gloves, and it is a useful morning suit.

Wear the grey skirt with a felt jacket of scarlet braided in black. Your black beret might have a scarlet feather to match.

Your grey chiffon blouse worn with your long black skirt and a cutaway coat . . . made like an eighteenth century dandy, tight bodice and full skirt, hip-length, in a glorious shade of electric-blue satin . . . is one of the most exotic of the new dinner suits.

You might try a brilliant yellow coat over a pink blouse . . . Schiaparelli threw those colors together with amazing effect.

A brown wardrobe built up from a foundation of shoes, gloves and bag needs as a start a really beautiful brown suit . . . in that new

shade that is the color of milk chocolate in the sunlight.

The skirt short and straight . . . the coat hip-length, with the suggestion of a bustle in the back fullness.

The revers might be rounded, and bound with braid . . . The buttons should be braided, the collar small and flat. For your smartest dates a blouse of palest coffee-color lace . . . frothing in a jabot under chin . . . frills peeping from under your cuffs, deep red nail polish and lipstick.

You will wear a full peasant coat of ribbed ottoman silk in a soft tone of sand, belted in bright green, over your brown skirt . . . your coat will have huge pockets banded in the same green . . . you will wear a rough natural straw . . . bound with brown over a green handkerchief pirate fashion.

You will wear your ottoman coat over your new brown evening dress.

Brown at night is high fashion. Be careful that it is a warm shade with a reddish tone to it or very dark nigger . . . not a mousy-brown that will dull your complexion and detract from your hair.

#### Cobweb lace

YOUR evening dress will be of the finest cobweb lace. It will have long tight sleeves and a low back. It will widen at your hips in a pannier effect. It will float away at the back in a mass of lace and brown and green lacquer ribbon looped into a many-ended bow at the bustle line.

You will wear your hair smooth to your head . . . soft curls on your

forehead . . . you will tie it with many green and brown bows . . . you will have a dinner suit of white silk . . . cuffs and collar of brown velvet.

You will wear a brown and white striped jersey coat over your brown skirt for sports. Later in the year you will wear a coat of white pique . . . a high-necked starched pique blouse . . . a wide pique beret banded in brown ribbon, your name in gold letters, sailor fashion.

You will wear a simple brown silk day frock, with spotless white gloves, shoes, and bag, a white jersey turban and vivid red lipstick. Norma Shearer did it in Paris and created a sensation. Girdle your waist with gold leaves. (Your brown dress again). Wreath your hair with gold leaves. (Nonsense, but fun for a cocktail party).

Plan your wardrobe carefully and you will find that you can make pennies do the work of pounds.

But never let your clothes be more important than your personality. A fashion plate is a lovely thing to look at, but not to live with.



#### For CONSTIPATION

Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—for children up to 14 years.

*"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.*  
**Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

#### End Rheumatism.

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Weakened, you fall prey to rheumatism. Dietitians suggest COLOSEPTIC. Removing the basic cause of rheumatism by cleansing the colon of poisons, COLOSEPTIC then feeds your starved blood-stream with essential minerals. Strengthened, aglow with life, you quickly cast off rheumatic attacks. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.

IT LOOKS TERRIBLY  
EXPENSIVE—IS IT?

Berlei brings you the  
Glamour of

*Satin*

at a price you can afford

Satin, beloved of women, is cleverly combined by Berlei with lovely laces and exclusive elastic weaves to create foundations that work wonders in glamorising your figure. Some are sleekly tailored from supple plain-weave satin. Others, like the Controlette illustrated, are of figured satin in exclusive designs.

Boning, in these slinky satin figure-moulders, is reduced to a comfortable minimum. A few short bones in front to keep your tummy under control, but they're cleverly concealed in the lining so that they don't make ridges in your frock. At the back, often, there is a panel of satin latex that stores-t-t-h-e-s when you bend (marvellous for freedom). Suspenders, you'll note, are smooth Velvet Grips—easy on your stockings, and so flat that they never make "humps" beneath your skirt. The prices will give you a pleasant surprise. Some satin Berleis cost as little as 13/6.

TAKE YEARS OFF YOUR FIGURE WITH A

**Berlei**

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

CONTOLETTES  
STEP-INS • WRAP-ONS  
ALL TRUE TO TYPE IN FITTING  
ALL HIGH FASHION

FOR ALL EMBROIDERY

use  
**CLARK'S fast color  
ANCHOR EMBROIDERY THREADS**  
AVAILABLE IN A WIDE SELECTION OF SHADES

Choose your design from the large range of easy-to-follow instruction leaflets at your needlework shop.

ASC13





## More Confidence Wearing FALSE TEETH

that no longer "stay put"



THE illustration shows one of the most annoying and far reaching drawbacks to dental plate wearing—the loss of firm plate support due to gradual, continuous shrinking of the gums. Since a loose, wobbly plate handicaps eating and talking, causes discomfort and embarrassment, and lessens self-confidence, have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes. Meanwhile, until your dentist has done this, use FASTEETH, the original alkaline (non-heat) powder, to hold your loose plate securely. It forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums. Eat and talk with greater confidence. Help safeguard your public appearance with the aid of FASTEETH in holding unstable dental plates so they feel more comfortable and secure. No oily, pasty taste or swelling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to better eating enjoyment and social pleasure.

**ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER**

## Special Treatment for FAIR HAIR!



**STA-BLOND SHAMPOOS**

## When the Pain is in YOUR BACK

the fault is in your  
KIDNEYS

It is weakness in your kidneys that causes Backache. Once you realise this important fact you are half-way to ending your torment. Kidneys must be constantly purifying the system, all day and all night long, for health to be maintained. Once they become sluggish, poisonous waste products accumulate, and your pain starts. Your back aches badly. Joints become stiff, limbs ache and life is made unbearable.



## Backache goes when you strengthen your Kidneys with De WITT'S PILLS

Happily there is a safe, speedy means of cleansing and strengthening your kidneys. Take De Witt's Pills—the remedy specially made for kidney weakness. Then your Backache will be eased, and after a few doses will disappear entirely. Within 24 hours you will have positive proof of the cleansing properties of De Witt's Pills, and before many days have passed your whole body will benefit. Backache, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Trouble will go, because De Witt's Pills have remedied them from within—the only way permanent relief can be obtained.

## DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

for all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and stores, 1/9, 3/4, 5/9

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

It's exquisite . . . a new

## LUNCHEON SET

• Work it in cream and blue in a simple chain-stitch that is ever so easy to do.

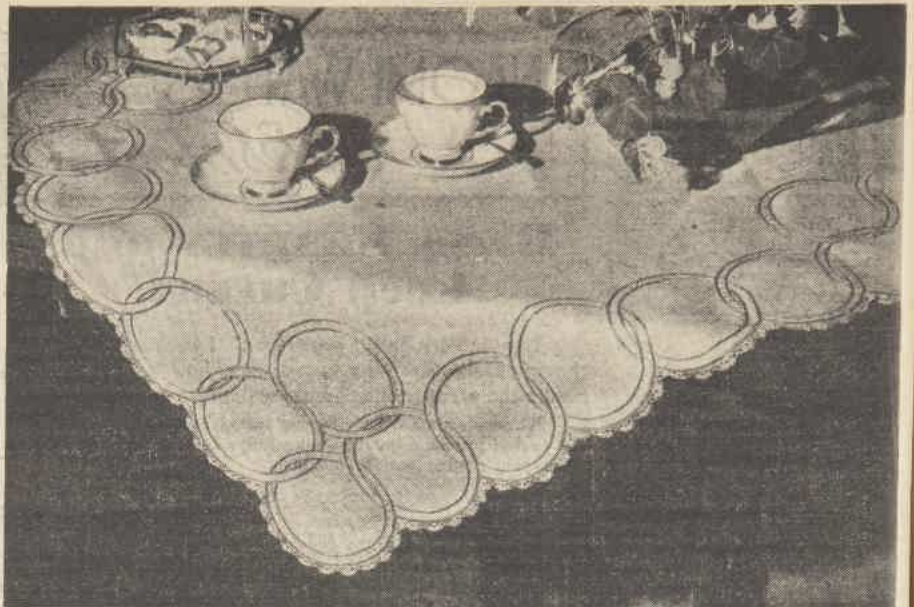
YOU can obtain this luncheon set from our Needlework Department stamped ready for working in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green Irish linen.

Prices of the various pieces which comprise the complete set are:

- Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.
- Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/9.
- Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.
- Cloth, 72 by 72 inches, 17/6.
- Cloth, 72 by 90 inches, 19/6.
- Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/6.
- Serviette, 15 by 15 inches, 1/3.
- Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.

### Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O.  
Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O.  
Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O.  
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



Traymobile Cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6.

Doyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/6.

Doyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/6.

The pretty circular design is worked in chain-stitch, and the outside edges are buttonholed. If desired, lace may be added. The spots are worked

in french knots. Use three strands of thread throughout.

To work the design—the original was done in blue on a cream ground—you will need Anchor stranded cotton, shade F.697. This may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1d. a skein.

THIS enchanting luncheon cloth and its matching accessories were worked in blue on a cream ground. You can obtain the design traced on white or colored linen ready for working in a simple chain-stitch from our Needlework Department.

## Now a Supper Set in a grape-vine design

• Set created specially for lovers of beautiful cutwork. Obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working in grape-vine design on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

### PRICES are:

Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6. Cloth, 45 by

45 inches, 8/9.

Cloth, 54 by 54

inches, 11/6.

Serviette, 11 by

11 inches, 1/6.

Doyley, 8 by 8

inches, 1/6.

Doyley, 5 by 11

inches, 1/6.

Tea-cosy, 13 by

10 inches, 3/6.

Traymobile cloth, 14 by

25 inches, 4/6.

Broder cot-

tons for work-

ing in white or

ecru are also

obtainable

from our

Needlework

Department for

3d a skein.

To work the

grape-vine design,

buttonhole around

the grapes and

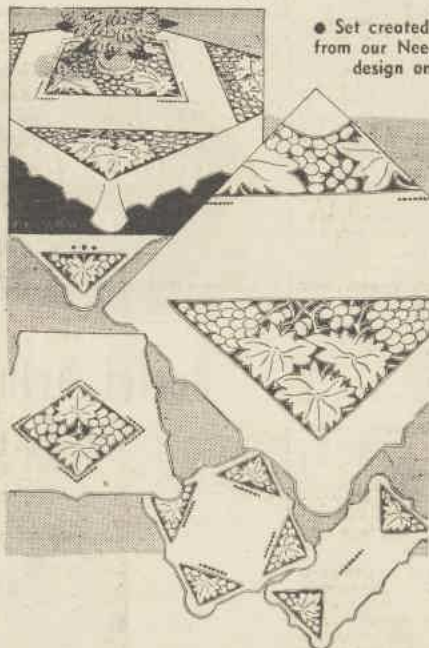
outline the grape

leaves. Stem-stitch

the veins on leaves

and buttonhole all

edges.



THIS beautiful grape-vine design is obtainable traced on white or colored linen ready for working. Cloths, doyleys, serviettes and other pieces are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

## Make these useful Shoe Bags

• Ever so useful for travelling and ideal as a parting gift.

THESE shoe bags, designed for keeping shoes clean and away from other clothes in a suitcase, are almost indispensable to the traveller.

They are also useful for storing evening shoes while not in use at home.

The bags can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for cutting out and making up, together with little embroidery design of cream, blue or green Cesarine.

They are also supplied with elastic for threading through the top after the embroidery has been done.

Price of the shoe bags is 1/3 a pair, postage included.

All you have to do to make these bags is to cut out, sew up, complete the little embroidery and thread the elastic supplied through the top. What about making some sets as gifts for travelling friends?



QUICK and easy to make up—shoe bags in cream, blue or green Cesarine finished with little embroidery.

## Over 2,000,000 women have REDUCED this way

What countless other women have done, you can do, without dieting, purging or strenuous exercise.

Four times a day take a little Marmola Prescription Tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning to useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Marmola has been used for 30 years—millions of packages. Today more and more women are keeping slender in this easy, pleasant way. And they are gaining new health and vitality as the weight goes down.

The Marmola booklet enclosed with every package, gives a complete explanation as to why the pounds go. You know exactly what you are taking, and why.

Go get a package today. It is folly to stay fat in these scientific days. Simply take Marmola until weight comes down to normal. It is the easiest way of all to regain an attractively slim figure.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3678SS, Sydney, N.S.W.

## MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mrs. Roush, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says:—

"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roush."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 3/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store to-day. **CURLYPET** He sure to get Genuine.





## OUR PATTERN SERVICE



### Special Concession Pattern

#### Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4293YY, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4293YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
TOWN .....  
STATE .....  
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 16/9/39.

#### THREE GIRLS' DRESSES

Sizes 32, 34 and 36in. bust.

No. 1.—Requires: 4½ to 5yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide.

WW3054.—Fitted bustle effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3055.—Spring coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3056.—New circular yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3057.—Bustle jacket and frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 8 to 9yds. for frock, 2½ to 3yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3058.—For afternoon wear. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3059.—Stylish bolero dress. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds. for frock, 2½yds. for bolero and trimming yoke. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3060.—Three summer sports hats. 21 to 22½ head. Requires: ½yd., 36ins. wide, for each style. Pattern, 1/1 (complete three styles).

#### Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.





"Revlon's JUELSTONE is the outstanding fashion story this year." Revlon creates a new nail enamel idea...one shade in three tones! On your fingertips, it's the final accent for smartness. This fascinating shade is made in three gradations of tone—light, medium, dark. JUELSTONE-1 is light, delicate...JUELSTONE-2 is medium, more intense...JUELSTONE-3 is dark, dazzling. Each is as effective as exquisite jewels with smart new frocks...each makes hands appear softer, lovelier. It's Revlon for smartness and Revlon for wear—in all Revlon's 21 fashion-right shades. To support weak, brittle nails, use Revlon's PROLON. Ask for Revlon at good stores and beauty salons.



## LOSE YOUR FAT THIS EASY WAY

"Oggy fat was spoiling my figure and I began to look older than my husband. Even my housework became a trouble. Now in six weeks I've reduced 1 stone 5 lb. and never felt so well. I am delighted with the improvement. Youth-o-form has made it in me." Youth-o-form is safe, effective. Permanent. Simple to take. It quickly banishes excess fat. Indigestion. Headaches. Full 6 weeks' treatment 20/- 30 dose Carton 5/- Get genuine Youth-o-form at any Chemist.

**YOUTH O FORM**

## BABY'S GRIPE PAINS



When baby suffers from colic or griping, avoid harsh, harmful laxatives. Give him the gentle, natural fruit laxative, Calfig (California Syrup of Figs), recommended by doctors everywhere. A mild but effective laxative, Calfig contains only natural ingredients—no dangerous drugs—and is absolutely safe for baby's delicate system.

**CALIFIG**  
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'  
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

# What Women are Doing

## Breeds beautiful Arab horses

BREEDING Arab horses, Shetland ponies, and Corriedale B sheep is the interesting work of Mrs. A. D. D. Maclean, of Yan Yean, Victoria.

Mrs. Maclean is one of the best-known breeders of Arab horses in Australia.



MRS. MACLEAN with one of her valuable horses.

## Studied new method of lip-reading in U.S.A.

JUST returned to Melbourne is Miss N. Alleyne Cook, who for 15 months has been studying the Kinzie method of lip-reading in the U.S.A.

After studying under Cora Kinzie, inventor of the Kinzie method, at a summer school in the Middle-West, Miss Cook completed a training course at a school in Washington.

She found that lip-reading was taught at Universities throughout the U.S.A.

While in America, Miss Cook attended conferences of the Leagues for the Hard-of-Hearing, which are established throughout America, Canada, and New Zealand. These organisations do a great deal to assist deaf and partly-deaf people by running lip-reading classes and other activities both for children and adults. Some of them are subsidised by the Government.

## Produces plays for Repertory Theatre Society

AN outstanding personality in Brisbane's amateur theatrical world is Miss Clare Clarke, who has produced several plays for the Repertory Society.

As well as producing plays, Miss Clarke often takes important parts. The ones she enjoyed most of all, she says, were those of Miss Janus in "London Wall" and Madame Wang in "Lady Precious Stream."

Her greatest joy is to appear in character roles calling for vivid portrayal of unusual types of people and varying moods. Miss Clarke, who holds diplomas of associate and licentiate of Trinity College, London, teaches elocution and dramatic art at two Brisbane schools. She is a member of the council of the Brisbane Shakespeare Society and of a new organisation devoted to the promotion of better speech.



Miss C. Clarke  
—Green Studio.

## Graduated with honors at Oxford

AFTER winning a postgraduate scholarship at the University of New Zealand, Miss Winifred McQuillan spent two years at Somerville College, Oxford, studying for her Bachelor of Arts degree.

The first woman to graduate from the college with first-class honors in early and medieval English, she has returned to New Zealand to become a teacher.

One of the most interesting of Miss McQuillan's experiences during her two years in England was a private presentation to the Queen at an informal afternoon reception at the home of Lady Howard de Walden, in Belgrave Square.

Many overseas students at Oxford and Cambridge were guests at the party, and a musical programme was presented by Australian and New Zealand artists.

"The Queen spoke most charmingly to me," said Miss McQuillan. "She recalled her visit to Australia and New Zealand, and said she hoped to come here again."

## Makes attractive dolls and toys for children

HAVING several little nieces, nephews and friends who were always having birthdays, Miss Dorothy Smith, of Brisbane, decided to try her hand at making children's toys.

She has now become so adept at the work that she makes dressed dolls, toy rabbits, mice, frogs, bears—in fact, almost anything that the children fancy.

She finds the work—particularly the designing of new models—a delightful pastime.

"I first work out a suitable pattern," she said, "then try stuffing it to get the desired effect. When satisfied, I go ahead with the work, which becomes most fascinating. When making a doll, the really interesting part is, of course, making the gaily-colored clothes."

Miss Smith recently completed a doll 30 inches tall.

## Appointed to control child welfare work

RECENTLY appointed superintendent of the Queensland maternal and child welfare service, Miss Doris Bardsley, of Brisbane, will have charge of all child welfare centres in the State.

She has had wide experience of the work both in Australia and overseas.

In 1925 she was placed in charge of welfare work at Woolloongabba, Queensland, where she supervised a wide range of activities. Approximately 1800 cases are attended to there each month.

In 1937 Miss Bardsley went to England and the U.S.A. to investigate the latest child welfare methods. She found that the work being done in Australia compared favorably with that in any city she visited.

Recently in Brisbane the antenatal service was extended by the establishment of eight clinics in addition to the two already in operation.

A regular exhibitor at Melbourne Royal Show, her stock have carried off many valuable prizes.

This interesting personality established Finwick Stud Farm in 1923, after having visited the famous Crabtree Park Stud of Arab horses in England, then owned by Lady Wentworth. Some years earlier she had been deeply impressed by a picture of Lady Wentworth's Skowouck, a perfect white stallion.

Mrs. Maclean now owns a daughter and grandson of Skowouck, as well as several beautiful Arabs imported specially from England.

She is almost as well known throughout Australia as an exhibitor of Shetland ponies.

In this year's Royal Melbourne Show she is exhibiting a grey stallion, obtained after a long search in England.

"Shetland ponies," Mrs. Maclean says, "are a very ancient breed, and no one can be quite sure of their origin. Their home, the Shetland Islands, is a very bleak spot, and the ponies have a hard time, often feeding on seaweed. Their stamina is no doubt based on the survival of the fittest."

Mrs. Maclean has inherited her love of horses from her father, the late Mr. S. W. Gibson, who for many years was a leading breeder of Clydesdale horses.

## Helps distressed families in Indian famine

VIVID accounts of her work in a famine-stricken district in India have been received in Adelaide from Miss Elsie M. Caldicott, a South Australian girl attached to a church mission station there.

Photographs which she has sent home show Indian mothers and children who were saved by the mission from starvation.

A fully-trained nurse, Miss Caldicott has always been keenly interested in child welfare work, and when in Australia on furlough not long ago spent almost the whole of her holiday studying Truby King methods in Melbourne.

## For many years secretary of Junior Red Cross

PERHAPS there is no one who rejoices more at the growth of the Junior Red Cross than the New South Wales secretary, Miss Elsie Lorimer, who has held this office for the past 17 years.

As well as the heavy secretarial work entailed by such a widespread organisation, Miss Lorimer is in touch with Junior Red Cross circles abroad through the exchange of ideas by correspondence. She is also co-editor of the "N.S.W. Junior Recorder."

In August the N.S.W. branch celebrated its silver jubilee, and congratulations have been received from all over Australia and overseas. Founded in the early days of the Great War by the late Mrs. Eleanor MacKinnon, the society now has 800 circles throughout the State, with a membership of nearly 80,000 boys and girls.

The movement has also spread to other States in the Commonwealth, to New Zealand and to fifty countries overseas, linking up 171 million juniors in Junior Red Cross work and ideals.

To commemorate their society's 25th birthday all J.R.C. Circles in New South Wales are contributing 25 coins, representing a coin for every year of the society's work.

Among other activities Juniors in N.S.W. support four homes, run as preventoria, the first of their kind to be established in Australia, where delicate children may regain their health.



Miss Lorimer.  
—Dorothy Welding.

## Do you BRUSH your teeth or CLEAN them?

The daily routine—a tub or a shower—a rub down and a vigorous brushing of the teeth—and we feel that we've started the day well—but have we?

Vigorous teeth brushing is likely to hurl us into a false sense of security. Modern hygiene demands mouth Euthymolisation twice every day, morning and evening.

Euthymol kills the deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. Don't be satisfied to run the risk of gum infection and all its unpleasant train of disease.

Most infection enters through the mouth—keep it clean. You'll thrill to this new Euthymol hygiene with its fragrant mouth cleanliness and wholesome, glistening teeth.

Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.  
1/3 per tube.

## Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



A FARRIE DAVIS PRODUCT

## BEAUTY EXPERT

SAYS... COMPLEXIONS MUST BE HEALTHY TO BE BEAUTIFUL—SO I ADVISE REXONA SOAP.



Rexona is more than a beauty soap—IT'S A COMPLETE SKIN TREATMENT



REXONA SOAP MEDICATED WITH CADYL

## SORE FEET



RELAX ACHING MUSCLES Drive Pain Clean Out

When your feet ache and burn, give yourself instant, glorious relief this way. One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your crippling pains go. First you feel your skin begin to glow. Second your sore muscles relax... pain goes. You actually feel the soothing oil sinking into your tired muscles. You feel it drive the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Give yourself glorious relief. Get a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil right away.



# FARMER'S

P.O. Box 497AA, Sydney. Phone M2405.

## Maternity Salon

For Smart Mothers-to-be

Everything from Dinner Gowns to Tub Frocks

It's a pleasure to enter this little salon, with the rose-coloured carpet and the delicate gold furnishings . . . set in a secluded corner on the Second Floor, right opposite the Market Street elevators. And still more of a joy to the mother-to-be is the presence of trained and understanding assistants . . . and the knowledge that you can choose every type of frock, from dinner gowns to tub cottons, from the prettiest and most fashionable maternity collection in Sydney. We illustrate at random three of the youthful styles suggested for smart mothers-to-be.

57/6. Frock, sleeveless jacket. Floral navy, plain navy, blue, rose.  
99/6. Imp'd. Maternity, Bolero Frock, hvy. sheer, 36, 38, navy.  
29/11. Bolero Frock, navy with white spot or floral, 32 to 38.

Maternity Salon, Second Floor.



Ground Floor.

Styled in  
New York

### PANTEES

of Two-way stretch  
"Lastex" yarn

"Figure Flattery" firmly moulds your figure to rounded hip-line and high smooth waist. For sports and dancing. Detachable suspenders. Small, medium, large. A quality never before priced so low. Offering at 17/6



### BOATER . . . 1939 style, misted

with Ombre Veiling in vivid colours

Nothing gives your spirits the same cheerful lift as a flattering new hat. Farmer's have designed a definitely brilliant range of such little hats . . . all in light-air straws, the new pique boater braid. Wine/char-treuse, grey/tonet, Ambergold/American beauty. And all are priced at just a mere 16/11

Millinery Salon, Third Floor



Brighten  
your home  
with these gay,  
Dutch Landscapes

HALF PRICE

USUALLY 3/6, little gems of colour and design, Dutch lanes, roadways, slipping past peaceful streams, over quaint little bridges. Cream lacquered frames. 8 1/2 in. x 6 1/2 in. 1/9

Stationery, Ground Floor. Country Carriage extra



See the amazing

### COFFEE BREWERS

The up-to-the-minute brewers of America, all in glass, that Farmer's uses in the restaurant. They make delicious coffee, easily. 3, 6, 8, 10, and 13 cups, priced from 27/6 to 75/-

Lower Ground Floor. Country Carriage extra.



Special Occasions!

### IMPORTED TAPESTRY

Handbags add colour to your outfit

Skilfully woven tapestries depicting fine old English landscapes, make these slim little handbags. You'll carry them to bridge and cocktails and dances and they'll look extremely expensive. They're well lined and fitted with a mirror. At 12/6

Handbags, Ground Floor



Books that make  
GOOD  
READING

Australian Journey—a travel book profusely illustrated. Author, Paul McGuire. Price, 12/-  
The Citadel—by Dr. Cronin. New reprint, 5/-  
Baby Record Books, new mothers, 1/-, 3/11, 5/11  
Books, Fourth Floor. Country Carriage extra



Lots of fun!

### NEW BUTTONS

Famous "Umbrella". Cyclamen, Sun Yellow, Blues, Greens, Pink, Brown, Red, Navy. Ea. 5d  
Galslith "Dog" buttons, 1/2 inch long, white and colours as above. Priced at, each, 3d.

Buttons, Ground Floor



## THE MAN WHO LEADS POLAND IN CRISIS . . .



**"THE QUICK AND ACTIVE MAN"** . . . That is the meaning of the Smigly in the name of Marshal Edward Smigly-Rydz. He won the title during Poland's War of Independence against Russia. Born at Lwow, bombed by Germany last week, he was forced to fight in Austria's Army in 1914. Later

he joined Pilsudski's Legions which ultimately won Polish freedom . . . To-day he commands the gallant Polish armies which "have stood alone at the portals of civilisation, defending us and what all free nations stand for and hold dear." . . . With him here is his wife in their Warsaw home . . .



# GAMELIN AND GORT . . . LEADERS OF ALLIED ARMIES



**Here are the commanders** of British and French forces in war. GENERAL GAMELIN (left) is Supreme Commander of the French Army, Navy and Air Force, and probable Commander-in-Chief of the whole allied forces. A grizzled veteran, aged 65, he has iron-grey hair, piercing blue eyes. He won a world reputation as Chief of Staff to Joffre, was responsible for the plan which won the Battle of the Marne, saving Paris, in 1914-18, is acknowledged Europe's ablest strategist.

At right is VISCOUNT GORT, former Chief of Britain's General Staff—at 51, the youngest man ever to hold the post—and the only peer who won the Victoria Cross in the Great War . . . Twice wounded, he directed Grenadier Guards in an attack which took 200 prisoners and two batteries of field guns. He has now been appointed Commander-in-Chief of Britain's Field Forces. His successor as Chief of the Imperial General Staff will be General Sir Edmund Ironside. ♦ ♦ ♦





**FIRST AID** classes have been formed in every suburb. Officers from St. John Ambulance Brigade are instructing the volunteers in casualty nursing, relief of gas and air-raid victims.



**RED CROSS HEADQUARTERS** are training volunteers in all forms of field nursing. Mrs. L. Lander, wartime V.A.D., inspects bandaging, splints, applied by trainees under her instructions.

## IN SYDNEY

## Women train for emergency

**T**HOUSANDS of Australian women are now attending instruction classes for special defence work. In Sydney and other cities, towns, girls are taking courses in air-raid precautions, field nursing, transport and ambulance driving, signalling and special catering for emergency conditions.



**SYDNEY Women's Emergency Defence League** has been inundated with applications for enrolment during the past tense weeks. In the first half-hour after the opening of the depot 80 women were enrolled for training in various branches of essential defence work.



"Action Back"—A Nu-Back Corsetry Principle which gives complete freedom of movement when bending, stooping and kneeling. This unique expansion idea enables the garment to lengthen and shorten as you bend and stretch, minimises shoulder-strap and suspender

pull, and prevents Nu-Back corsetry from "riding up" (see dotted lines on illustration). Nu-Back corsetry moulds and controls figure-faults and ensures comfort and complete freedom and gives a fashion-correct figure. Obtainable in all leading corset departments.

will not  
"ride up"

**Nu Back**  
Foundations

A Liberty  
Production

N.B. 3—24—39.



**DEMONSTRATIONS** of V.A.D. work have been given to branches of Women's Auxiliary of Defence League throughout State.



**GIRLS LEARN** to do motor repairs . . . 1000 women between 21-45 years are enrolled to train as transport, ambulance drivers.

### GLOSSY MIRRORS 3 TIMES QUICKER



No water to splash on carpets — no more hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes grease and fly-marks—gives a lasting gloss. It's economical, too—it cleans over 200 square feet of glass! Try it on your mirrors and windows. Send today for a free sample tin of Windolene to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Dept. A, Bourke Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

**Windolene**  
CLEANS MIRRORS AND  
WINDOWS EASILY

### CANT SLEEP

"LULLABY" SLEEP SHADES Exclude all light, assure sound sleep DAY or NIGHT. Special feature enables the eyes to remain open. Comfortable, light, fits all heads. 5/6. All Chemists and First Class Stores, or Post Free, 3/6. Postage or Stamps. "LULLABY," P.O. BOX 10, NORTH SYDNEY.

**Fashion**  
6

Order Your Copy—NOW



## Try for £1 Prize

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.



### GAY COLORS

WHAT an important part in the scheme of things color plays these days. This season we have gone to Nature, to the birds and flowers, for inspiration, and ribbons, feathers and flowers are to be had in a wonderful variety of colors.

Brightness is infectious, and we carry the trend of color to our homes, where gay and tasteful results are obtained.

Not so very long ago a kitchen was a dull, drab place—brown walls, black stove, hardly any cupboards. To-day it is one of the most attractive rooms in the house.

Both materially and mentally we derive much benefit from a judicious use of color, and it is within the reach of most purses.

None of us in planning offices or homes should overlook its cheering effect.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. R. G. Michie, Roslyn, 20 Maud St., Ormond SE14, Vic.

### VAIN MEN

I WORK in a shop, in the outer doorway of which there is a full-length mirror. When business is slack I often watch passers-by, and have discovered that men are definitely vain than women.

In one hour, out of 30 men who passed, no fewer than 26 peered themselves in front of the mirror, while out of 39 women only 14 stopped to admire themselves, and mostly only momentarily.

Kate Kennedy, Deewhy Rd., North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

### CAGED BIRDS

WHAT do other readers think about the practice of keeping birds in captivity?

One often hears the remark, "Like a caged bird." As a lover of birds myself, I have a number of parrots and other birds in a large aviary. I give them every care and attention which they could not have in their wild state, and they are also, of course, safe from injury by other birds and animals, and by so-called sportsmen.

Would they be happier if free? Mrs. A. L. Sleep, 45 Hurd St., Portland, Vic.

### AFFECTED SPEECH

WE frequently meet people who speak in a most affected manner. Apparently they think it shows good breeding, yet all it does is irritate the average listener.

An example of the charm of natural diction was the recent farewell broadcast to Canada by the Queen.

Her delightful speech was so simple and sincere that every one of her listeners must have realised what a truly genuine person she is.

Miss Joy Staples, 1 Lukin St., Helensburgh, N.S.W.

### MEMORY BOOK

I AM just leaving my teens behind, and as the years pass memories of my debut, my first men friends, and celebrities I have met are growing hazy.

I have started what I call a "memory book," in which I am pasting all my souvenirs, concert programmes, invitations, treasured Christmas cards, and newspaper cuttings concerning me or my friends.

These will bring back happy memories five, ten, or fifty years from now.

May I commend this idea to other girls of my own age? Miss H. Watson, No. 5 Home Flats, River Rd., Brisbane.

## Are men's suits suitable for our climate?

I AGREE with Reva Hall (26/8/39) that men could wear lighter clothes in most parts of Australia. A man in a southern city, making a similar statement, was told by his friend that the weather was too changeable there.

"Well, a day like this would be safe enough," he said. Two hours later it was raining heavily!

Mrs. D. Green, Erubin St., Cleveland, Qld.

### Worsted Best

I DO not agree with Reva Hall that Australian men should wear tussore silk suits in the summer.

My idea of the perfect outfit is the lightweight grey worsted suits worn by many men last season.

As well as saving laundry expenses these suits are smart and comfortable.

V. Collins, Benson St., Richmond E1, Vic.

### Need for reform

MEN'S dress is not only unsuitable and unhealthy for summer wear. It is unsuitable all the year round.

The least and the lightest clothing possible should be worn. With a sensible diet and proper physical fitness, everyone, except invalids and very elderly people, could cultivate body resistance, which would enable them to discard at least half the



Matter of choice.

weight of clothing worn at present, even through the coldest winter months.

By wearing less and lighter clothing the cost of dress would be considerably reduced and everyone would be able to have a far greater range of clothing both in style and color.

John Ford, 185 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

### Soon dusty

VERY few men could dress in tussore silk, Reva Hall. The suits would soon become soiled by dirt and dust.

It is rare to see a man hot and bothered about his clothes, so why introduce another complication into life?

When a man decides to change his style of dress he will, no doubt, surround us by his simplicity!

Chaire Scholes, No. 20 Flat, The Jae, Roslyn Ave., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

### Too costly

I CAN quite understand why most Australian men don't take to those lightweight silk suits.

Amid the dust and dirt of the average city, such suits would quickly become unwearable and it would be necessary to have a clean one every day. Few men would expect their wives to wash so many suits or pay the heavy cost of laundering.

Miss L. Millie, Dean St., Albury, N.S.W.

### Must be smart

IN very warm climates tussore silk suits for men are the ideal attire for summer wear.

It must be remembered, however, that although silk suits may be comfortable, the wearer, if a business man, often lacks that essential well-dressed feeling.

Silk suits could never be suitable for a working man.

Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

## Brighter streets and gardens in suburbs

WHEN you say suburban streets and gardens are drab in appearance, Miss Hallinan (19/8/39), you should remember that all suburbs and all streets are not the same.

It is only natural that industrial suburbs lack varied and attractive gardens. On the other hand, some of our best suburbs have beautiful streets and gardens unequalled in the world.

Mrs. J. Burns, Brisbane St., Launceston, Tas.

### Short-lived novelty

I AGREE with Miss Hallinan that flower beds on footpaths and individually-planned gardens would be a great improvement to our suburbs, but the novelty would soon wear off, only to leave bare plots and scrappy beds.

I really think the uniform gardens complained of would prove more serviceable in the long run, for even though they present a monotonous spectacle they are at least neat.

Joan Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

### Plenty of variety

I CAN'T agree with what June Hallinan says about monotonous streets and gardens.

You have only to visit the gardens entered in a competition to know whether we have variety or not. Australia is rightly called the land of sunshine and flowers.

Mrs. H. Goodsir, Debonair, 34 Cornwall St., West Moreland N12, Vic.

### Too many palms

MISS HALLINAN is not alone in regretting the drab appearance of so many front gardens.

The palm appears too frequently as a centre-piece in the lawn, and very little imagination is used in the choice of flowers in the surrounding beds.

Hardy and luxurious native shrubs and plants are often not considered by the gardener.

E. A. Paterson, 23 McKenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

## Smart dressing neglected in middle age?

IT seems strange, Mrs. Buxton (19/8/39), that anyone should suggest that Australian women lose interest in their appearance when they are no longer young.

Some of the smartest-looking



"Example to all."

women I have ever seen have been women in their forties and fifties.

It is only when a woman has passed beyond mere fads in dress that she learns to dress tastefully to suit her personality.

Mrs. L. Bices, Hay St., Perth.

### Example to youth

AT a local ball recently, I was impressed by the beauty of some of the older women. Their charm and dress were an example to the rest of us.

Frocks chosen to suit their personalities and figures, discreet make-up, and well-groomed hair proved that they have learned the art of growing old gracefully.

Mrs. M. C. Murray, 12 Railway St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

### Lost opportunity

YES, Mrs. Buxton, it is a pity that so many women in their forties and fifties do lose interest in dress.

In these days, very attractive clothes are made specially for the older woman, and they give the wearer an air of charm and distinction.

A woman should never in her whole life fail to take advantage of any opportunity to preserve and improve her appearance.

J. Ashton, Argyle St., Hobart.

## Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

### VITAL LEARNING

WHY not the inclusion in the school curriculum of a subject called "Things that Matter"?

Modern people live at top speed, but a lot of time, energy and brains are wasted on things that don't matter.

Things that matter include anything pertaining to the maintenance of our heritage of individual freedom and anything that influences for good human thought, human institutions, and human conduct.

S. C. Wilmington, Box 36 P.O., Bundaberg, Qld.

### OVER-DECORATED

IT is a pity that so many women wear superfluous ornaments. When dressing for the evening they wear as many ornaments as they possess without considering whether the ornaments suit the frock that they are wearing or the occasion.

Evening wear is in itself quite decorative, and if an ornament is to be worn it should be a good one.

Georgina Raft, 2a off Brown St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

### TOO MUCH NOISE

WHY do some people allow babies so little of the peace they desire for themselves?

As soon as baby can sit up, he is cooed at, and jumped up and down, and has rattles and things shaken for his benefit. Surely his little ears want no more noise than is necessary.

Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

### MASS PRODUCTION

MASS production does not only apply to machines and clothing in the world of to-day. One has only to stand in one of our city streets and watch the passing stream of women.

Their eyebrows are arched regardless of the color and size of their eyes, their hair is bunched in more or less identical curls under more or less identical hats. Surely this sameness should be avoided by Australian women.

Miss Margaret Clayton, 80 Holyrood St., Hampton, Vic.

## HELP FOR SORE AND TIRED FEET



76. "When I scalded my foot badly with boiling water, I was astounded how quickly 'Vaseline' Jelly took the pain out". 5/- to Miss King of Peelwood.

78. "I use 'Vaseline' Jelly to prevent chafing after I have been riding". 5/- to Miss Dowling of Bulnadd.



74. "I suffered agonies with a hard bunion until I used 'Vaseline' Jelly, which softened and cured it". 5/- to Miss Wyld of Port Augusta.



75. "I use 'Vaseline' Jelly to cure and soothe callouses on the soles of my feet". 5/- to Mrs. Puls of Doon.



77. "When my kiddies' heels get swollen and cracked, I rub on 'Vaseline' Jelly night and morning to stop the pain and make them better". 5/- to Mrs. Edmunds of Mith Station.

79. "When I sprained a muscle in my shoulder, 'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed into the skin eased the pain greatly". 5/- to Miss McKibben of Baywater Road.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesbrough, Dept. (43), Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trademark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.



Look for this name on the jar

**Vaseline**  
TRADE MARK  
PETROLEUM JELLY



Course they're  
my own teeth...and  
I'll have them a long  
time yet. I clean them  
with GIBBS  
DENTIFRICE



**Gibbs Dentifrice**

At all Chemists  
and Stores

Small tins .. 1/-  
Large tins .. 1/6  
Large refills .. 1/3

CHANGE TO  
GIBBS TO-DAY

37.92.32

THE DAYTIME FRAGRANCE



THE WORLD'S MASTER PERFUMER - Paris

## A Perfect Opportunity

Continued from Page 11

"YES," he said. "Helen's an important person. But you're important, too, Colt."

"Me?"  
"Yes, you. Remember that. Hold on to it. To yourself you're the most important person in the world. You should be. You've got to be. You mustn't give in all the time to everyone. It's bad for you."

"Yes," she said. "I know. I won't go away."

"Now let's go to the theatre," he said. They danced afterwards. Certainly the orchestra was unworthy of the Colt. She danced as if her feet were commanded by music within herself, joyous, tireless.

"I'll ring you at eleven," he said, when saying farewell to her later. When he heard her voice in the morning, he was surprised at the excitement it caused him.

"Mac," she said, "could you possibly— How much time do you get off for lunch? There's something—"

"An hour, theoretically. Why?"

"Helen's giving a tea-party for me on Sunday. Isn't that marvellous of her? She wants some of her friends to meet me. She said I was to ask you. And I'm going to get a dress. You said the other night you knew someone who could help about my long legs and all, so I thought if you'd come with me—"

Blessed Colt, who thought it would be perfectly all right for him to go with her to choose a dress. It was perfectly all right since he was going with her, and if Eve Laidlaw gave him a knowing look he'd throttle her.

"Fine!" he said. "We'll do the shopping first, and then we'll have lunch. Meet me at twelve-thirty."

"All right," she said. "Thanks so much. You're a darling."

He thought better of Helen since Lois had told him about the plans for the tea-party. How was she going to manage the necessary explanations? No one knew she had a daughter. There were rumors about a marriage, but they were vague rumors. Some day he'd ask the Colt about her father.

She told him, unexpectedly, as soon as he met her at Eve's. She was early, waiting for him, looking eagerly up the street.

"Hello!" she said. "Gosh, this is grand of you. Is she terribly expensive? You see, I have my own money from dad's estate, and I don't spend any of it much, except for cinemas and, of course, school."

"Come in. We'll see what Eve can do."

He followed Eve into the back of the shop.

"Look, Eve, this is Helen Walbridge's kid."

"I don't believe you!" He could see Eve's eyes glaze as she became absorbed in mental arithmetic.

"She's been away at school. Do yourself proud, Eve, and don't let it be too expensive. The kid's paying for it, not Helen."

He went back to the Colt.

"Has your father been dead long?"

"Yes," said the Colt. "Ten years. He was a wonderful person. Of course, I can see how he couldn't make Helen happy, but I used to cry because he loved her so much, and me. He had me two months every year. When he died, he left me everything he had, and it comes to a lot, I believe."

After Helen's party, Mac could no longer be sure that the Colt would be free when he telephoned her. The mothers of several debutantes included her on their party lists.

"The clothes are just breaking me and the parties are pretty awful," the Colt told him. "At least, they are for me. They frighten me so."

It was the same night on which she told him about the parties that she suddenly said to him, "What shall I do about kissing and that business?"

"I don't know," he said. "You have to decide for yourself. What do you do about it?"

"You sound rather cross."

"No," he said. "Not at all. Why should I be cross?"

She looked at him very directly. "I thought perhaps you didn't like the idea of boys, men, kissing me."

"My dear child, what concern is it of mine—except that I like you. I don't like to see you go off on the wrong foot, that's all."

There was silence for a minute.

"Well," he said, "you were going to ask me about what you call kissing and that business. Have you been going in for it on a large scale?"

"No," she said. "I haven't." For the first time he saw her angry. "I'm sorry I mentioned it. I can make up my own mind."

It was a long time before he was able to win her back to gaiety. He couldn't give his whole attention to amusing her, making her laugh again, because he was troubled. Perhaps she'd been on the verge of a confidence. Perhaps he could really have helped her.

Some day he would kiss the Colt. Some day he would marry the Colt. Not now. Not until she had had these first few months of life. These first months ought to be free of anything serious, anything permanent and solemn. He thought she'd say yes. They had such good times together. Surely two people who were as good friends as he and the Colt could live happily together in marriage. Perhaps in another few weeks it would be fair to ask her to marry him.

They went to an ice-hockey match one night. This evening with the Colt followed a week of not seeing her once.

As they were leaving the place, the Colt said, "Mac, could we go to your flat? I'd like to talk to you, not in a restaurant and Helen might be at home."

"All right, Colt," he said.

He hadn't realised how much he wanted to have the Colt in his rooms. She was interested in everything.

"Well, Colt?" he said. "Sit down and tell me what you have on your mind."

"This," she said. "I'm engaged!"

In the silence the clock on the mantelpiece grew loud. He wanted to cry out to her: "You can't be engaged. You can't love someone else. You love me. Darling, darling, you love me!"

"Mac," she said, "aren't you glad? What's the matter? I thought you'd be pleased."

"Yes," he said. "I'm just rather surprised. You see—who is it?"

"Kenneth Gray."

"Oh," he said. "How long— When did this all happen?"

"Just lately," she said. "Just two nights ago. I was surprised. I hadn't thought much about marrying anyone. I didn't think he was in love with me. But he is. He has been for a long time."

"And you're in love with him."

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes. I knew straight away. It was like colors, all

## What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—When Scotch woodcock appears on the menu, you expect—

A small whole roast bird — oysters served on haggis — kidneys on bacon — scrambled eggs on anchovy toast — buttered oat-cakes — a thick stew.

2.—What member of the Royal Family took part in the Battle of Jutland, the great naval engagement during the last war.

King George VI — The Duke of Windsor — The Duke of Gloucester — The Duke of Kent.

3.—A lamasery is a

Camel house at the zoo — Tibetan monastery — an institution for healing the lame — a surgical instrument — a day that will never come.

4.—If someone told you she was Singalese, you would take it for granted she came from

Singapore — Siam — Ceylon — Shanghai — Sinai — Sunda — Sicily — Calcutta — Cyprus.

5.—Delphinium is otherwise called

Lupin — lobelia — larkspur — laburnum.

6.—The "Unfinished Symphony" is so called because

It was not finished by its

Answers on Page 38.

original composer—Schubert was killed while writing it for the woman he was going to marry, and so did not finish it — It was dedicated to the composer's mother, who died before it was finished—Schubert died in the middle of writing it.

7.—What language is used by people who live in New Caledonia?

English — German — French — Dutch — Portuguese.

8.—If anyone mentions a "wee doch-an-dorris" he means

A blow on the side of the head — a kiss from an Irish colleen — a final drink before going home — a rollicking Irish tune — a pair of mixed twin babies — a slice of bread and butter.

9.—A giant panda is

An animal — the largest obtainable bottle of champagne — A Chinese ruler — a peak in the Himalayas.

10.—If, after reading "King Solomon's Mines," you wanted to do a little exploring in the same locality, you would go to

Tibet — Persia — Abyssinia — Rhodesia — Egypt — Arabia — Siam.

changing and blending. I shouldn't talk about it. You can't talk about it. But you know, you've been in love, haven't you, Mac?"

"Yes," he said. "I know. When are you going to be married?"

"The engagement's going to be announced next week sometime. And then I'm going down to visit his mother in the country. I met her this afternoon. She was sweet to me."

He said, "I do hope you'll be very happy, Lois. You know I wish you all the happiness in the world, don't you? You know how fond I am of you."

But to himself he thought miserably:

Oh Colt, Colt, can't you tell that I have to fight to keep myself from going over there to you, kissing you as I want to kiss you, again and again, for ever?

"Yes," she said. "You're the best friend I have, Mac."

"Except Kenneth," he said.

"Oh, yes, but that's different. I mean, he's in love with me."

"You should be friends, too," he

said, and he was ashamed when he heard the tone of his own voice. Pugnacious. "Being in love, wanting to kiss him and be close to him, that's not enough. Are you friends with him, Colt? Are you—do you have good times together, like—like you and me to-night?"

"Why, yes," she said. "Aren't you funny? Of course. I just meant of friends, people, where there isn't any question of being in love, you were the best friend I have. That's why I told you straight away. You're the first to know except just Helen and Mrs. Gray."

"Thank you, Colt," he said. "Put on your things now. I'm taking you home."

The engagement was announced. There were pictures of Colt in the papers. She went away to visit the Grays, to visit her new family. Mac worked harder than he'd ever worked in his life. And all the time he was wondering about Colt.

He found a letter under his door when he came home one evening.

Please turn to Page 38

## THE CASE OF MISS BETTY W—



CASE. No. 17175. AGE: 23.  
NAME: Betty W. Typiste.

OCCUPATION: Typiste.  
SYMPTOMS: Bad complexion. Headaches. No interest in work. No energy. Loss of appetite. Sleep doesn't refresh.

DIAGNOSIS: Constipation — resulting in impoverished blood. Toxins (poisons) are gradually undermining the whole system.

TREATMENT: Restore normal bowel action immediately with Nyal Figsen.

### HOW TO BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Pips, Senna and Castor. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restores normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin.

NYAL FIGSEN  
FOR CONSTIPATION



In Osman Towels the word quality denotes a standard of excellence of design, materials and workmanship unsurpassed. Soft, absorbent and exceptionally hard-wearing, Osman towels are a joy to behold, a pleasure to use and an agreeable economy because they last so long and wash so well.

See the name on the Tab

SEE THEM AT  
YOUR DRAPERS  
AND STORES



BARLOW & JONES LTD. MANCHESTER. ENGLAND



# 



• MRS. GEOFF STOREY—then Marjorie Barton—holds aloft the yards of white satin in her train as she enters St. Philip's Church.



• SMART IN SILVER FOX cape and lace-edged bonnet, Joyce Longworth steps into her blue car after Read-Bucknell wedding at St. Mark's.



• ELIZABETH PILCHER and Anne Hill find cheering entertainment at the Town Hall Comedy Harmonists.



• MIMI MINNETT has her hand on the wheel of old H.M.S. Success at her coming-of-age party at Kirribilli Yacht Squadron.



• ROTARIAN O. D. A. Oberg welcomes Lady Julius to the Evening of Good Fellowship, held at Grace Bros., as part of the Rotary Convention.



• BETTY AND JOAN SAINTY, like all other guests at Rotarians' party, wore tags printed with their names.



• LOOKING back over their chairs at Rotarians' party—Mrs. R. Mather and a Tasmanian visitor, Elizabeth Mather.



• MRS. SAM HORDERN takes her young daughter Sarah to the R.S.P.C.A. Dogs' Gumkhana.

#### War wisdom . . .

SYDNEY in wartime. Shock of war, worry about husbands being called up, friends abroad make the town very preoccupied. Davis Cup news was a nice cheery bit.

But my Aunt Julia tells me that people will soon settle down when they find out what they are expected to do. She says it doesn't do any good just sitting about worrying, and it's much better for everybody to go about as cheerfully as possible.

And Aunt Julia should know, because she admits she remembers the Great War, and I'm not so sure that she doesn't remember the Boer War.

Practically everyone is leaping into voluntary work . . . rolling bandages, learning to drive lorries in the dark, tie up supposedly broken arms, enrol other recruits.

#### First aid patience . . .

PAT NALL and Ruth Wilson are to be found daily at City Warden's office helping with the demand for National Register Forms. Betty Munro tells me she's been tied up in so many places at first-aid classes that she is permanently stiff.

Other volunteers are Mesdames Michael King (her husband's returning to his regiment in India), Keith Moss, Doug, Levy, Margaret Fielding Jones. Margaret has a full-time job with voluntary work, learning to fly, looking after her three small daughters, and being president of the Peter Pan Kindergarten ball committee.

Like so many other committees, Peter Pan had a headache wondering whether to cancel their ball at Prince's on September 28, but the young matrons got together and decided "It's not a case of holding a dance for enjoyment, but of providing for children."

#### Rushing into marriage . . .

WENT to Rosalind Bucknell's wedding to Kevin Read . . . so different from what they had planned, but as Kevin is in the Light Horse they decided on Sunday to be married at St. Mark's on Wednesday, instead of on October 25 at Moree.

Major disappointment is that they were going to Honolulu for their honeymoon. Instead, they spent a few days at Lapstone and then went home to Mookoo, Garah.

There was a large cocktail party arranged for last Friday by Mrs. R. A. Read at her Point Piper home, but this, too, went the way of all things cancelled.

Another "war wedding" will be Rosalind Spence's to Robert Vautin this Friday at Lindfield. Rosalind telephoned friends last week to say that their wedding would no longer be in December. Instead of five bridesmaids, her sister Marcelle will be the only one, and instead of 150 guests there will be 20 at a family dinner at Kirribilli Yacht Squadron.

#### Full speed home . . .

MET Bea Meeks in town a day before she was due back from a cruise to Papua . . . it seems the Otranto returned at full speed and made port a day sooner. Asked Bea if the international situation would make any difference to plans for Blind Institution's White Ball, but there has been no decision yet.

#### Held up in England . . .

THE Harry Meeks' have just had news that the Hordern family has left London to stay with friends in the country. Sir Sam and Lady Hordern, so I hear, are with their daughter, Mrs. Oscar Peall, and the Tony Horderns, with small children Edwina and Romayne, also are out of air-raided areas.

Sydney travellers in London, according to most recent news, include Mrs. Venour Nathan and Carma, Mrs. Rupert Downes and Elizabeth, Mrs. Victor White with daughter Sue (just engaged to one of the Osborne clan) and son Pat, author of "Happy Valley."

#### "Rotary marches on" . . .

FIRST old war tune to reach my ears is "Vive la Compagnie" . . . at Rotarians' Evening of Good Fellowship. Sung lustily by 800 or so, not as a war song. It's the club's theme song, "Rotary Marches On!"

Rotarian Rus Garling was a great success. He demonstrated the "Art of Deception" (ventriloquism we call it).

"What do you know about geography?" Rus asked his doll, who replied, "Not much, I haven't seen to-day's map."

Rotary's all-Australia convention was the biggest gathering of the week. Hundreds of interstate visitors had just arrived in Sydney when news of war burst on us.

#### Smart furnishings . . .

THIS week there are lots more interstate visitors for the opening of the Royal Australasian College of Physicians' new building in Macquarie Street.

The dignified old Warrigal Club has disappeared completely to make way for the new college. Beautiful furnishings . . . aqua hide chairs and rust carpets in library, red hide upholstery in lecture hall, creamy yellow with black wood furniture in the lounge. All of which sounds to me rather wasted in a men's club.

A "declaring open" cocktail "do" was arranged for September 8, but cancelled last week. This Tuesday there is an afternoon-tea party.

Interstaters here for the opening are the Ray Hones and Brittain Jones' from Adelaide; Robert Southbys, L. S. Lathams, Reg Websters, and Gerald Doyle, of Melbourne.

#### Taken to thin ice . . .

PHIL TAYLOR, lead in "Switzerland," new ice show at the Royal, says that when in Germany he tried to persuade Hitler to do a little skating on some nice thick ice. Adolf wouldn't try it then, but since Phil left he seems to have gone in for the more hazardous skating on thin ice.

#### Cactus . . .

I GO along to the Cactus and Succulent Society's exhibition at the Blaxland Galleries. There is a remarkable cactus which fools everybody by appearing to be a clump of grey-ish stones.

What I can't understand is why go to all that trouble to grow cactus to look like stones when it's so much easier to plant stones and say they're cacti. But then, of course, I'm not a cacti grower, so I suppose I wouldn't understand.



## Healthy Legs For All!

**Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping**

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

### Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your Elasto is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

### Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1551B, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

## Frantic For SLEEP?

When you "just can't sleep" there's a simple, safe, and rapid way to soothe those strained, anxious nerves. Take two NURDS tablets, crunch in the mouth and swallow. NURDS soothes you to sleep quickly and SAFELY and builds up your nervous energy. NURDS is a safe, harmless, sedative that gives natural sleep without drugs; it cannot form habits. All chemists sell NURDS at 2/6 for 20 tablets, or post free from Box 3725 BS, G.P.O., Sydney.

**HANDS COVERED WITH SORES...**  
first application of DEXMA brought complete relief and banished sores. DEXMA for Eczema. All chemists. ND2

## "DEAR MAC."

Remember what I said about your being my best friend? You know that's true. It's because of that I'm going to ask you a favor. I'm terribly lonely here. I don't want you to think it's because of Kenneth. He's sweet, and he loves me, but it's only the family. There are so many of them and they think I'm pretty awful, the aunts, I mean. I have to stay here two weeks more. I thought I'd lie and say I had to go, but Mrs. Gray opened the house here just so that they could all meet me, so I couldn't do that. If you could get a week off, or even a week-end, would you come up and stay at the inn? It's really very nice, running water, etc., and it would be saving my life. This is mixed up, but I feel as if I must see a real friend of mine, and laugh and have some fun. Don't think it isn't that Kenneth isn't sweet, because he is, and after we're married we won't have to see much of these people.

Please, Mac, if you can come, do. I think after I'd seen you I'd feel all right again, but just now I could die. As ever,

"LOIS (The Colt to you)"

He took the midnight train. He telephoned to her from the inn, from the meticulous rusticity of the Red Lion.

"Colt, how are you going to manage this? Shall I come over and call on Mrs. Gray?"

"No, don't come here. It's—Oh, Mac, you're a lamb to come. I'll tell Kenneth. He's playing golf this afternoon, anyway. That's when it's worst, when he's playing golf. Oh, Mac, I'm so fearfully glad to hear your voice! But I won't tell them. I'll just go out for a walk. I'll write a letter to Helen and say I'm going to post it, so it'll really be the truth. After lunch, about two-thirty."

He frowned when he met her. She seemed thinner. There probably wasn't one of them with sense enough to realise that she was beautiful.

"Hello, Colt!" He took her hand, held it, looked at her, wanting so much to kiss her that he couldn't speak or move or think.

"Shall we sit here on the bench?" she asked.

"Lord, no!" said Mac.

"Let's go up to your room, can't we?"

"No, Colt, we can't. We'll get a boat and I'll take you up the river a little way. When do you have to be back?"

"Oh, not for a couple of hours. I told Ken."

The river was grey, the sky was

## A Perfect Opportunity

Continued from Page 36

sullen. He wanted to take her away from this dreary place, from these people who were hurting her. More than anything in the world he wanted to take her away from Kenneth Gray.

"Now talk to me, Colt," he said. "What's the matter?"

She looked away from him, trailing her hand in the lead-colored water.

"I don't know," she said. "When I wrote to you I thought I wanted to ask you a lot of things. I think, perhaps, I just wanted to see you. You are my best friend. You like me. You don't love me, but you like me. I think, perhaps, that's why Ken can't help me, because he's in love with me, and we don't get much time together, anyhow. And besides, they're his family and I don't want to hurt his feelings. There isn't any problem, really. They don't like me much. They think I'm funny. The clothes. I bought such beautiful clothes from Eve Laidlaw. But they don't like them, Ken's mother—"

"Yes," he said. "I see. Just keep remembering, Colt, that it's something you have to put up with for Ken's sake, and after you and—when you're married you won't have to see much of them."

"Yes," she said. "I do remember that. I say it to myself a lot at meals."

**A**ND remember this, too, Colt. If they don't like you, it isn't you who's wrong. It's they. Kenneth is the only one of the whole family, the only person in the world, whose opinion is really important to you."

"Oh, Mac, you're sweet! You always get me straightened out in my mind. I ought to be so grateful."

"No," he said, "not grateful. Just remember how things are. Now let's talk about something else."

They saw the rain first as circles on the water.

What a fool he'd been. He ought to have realised that a storm was really brewing.

She watched him anxiously as he strained at the oars, then admitted that they had no chance of getting back.

"Oh, Mac, I wish I could help!"

"Listen, Colt, I could kick myself. Of all the stupid things!"

"It's not your fault," she said. "I didn't know there was a storm coming up. We'll phone from somewhere and Kenneth can come for us."

"Yes," he said. Kenneth was going to be pleased.

There was a ramshackle landing stage. Mac scrambled up from the bobbing boat, then helped Lois out.

They took the meandering path away from the river and saw a cottage.

"Oh, Mac, how can we let Kenneth know? Perhaps we ought to walk."

"Back to the inn in this flood?" he said. "Don't be silly. You're cold already. Your teeth are chattering."

"It'll be dry in here anyhow. We'll wait till the worst is over, and then we'll walk back."

He pounded on the door. She was shivering. She'd have a cold. There were lumbering steps inside. The door opened.

The man was tall. His lank hair was parted and curled up on the sides of his head.

"Hello!" he said, and smiled amicably.

"Hello!" said Mac. "Can we come in? Got caught in the storm."

"All right," said the man. "Come in."

A fire was burning in the fireplace. There was a table crowded with dirty dishes and opened tins. There were two chairs, a cane-seated rocking-chair and a straight deal chair. There was a sink.

Mac and Colt looked at each other.

"Wait a minute," Mac said to her, and walked over to the fireplace.

"Have you another room here?"

"Yes," the man said.

"Could you go to bed in it," said Mac, "or read a book?"

"Ay-ay. Should think I could." The coin made him sure.

He crossed over to the side door and closed it behind him.

"Come on, Colt," said Mac. "Come over to this fire."

She stood in front of it, trembling with cold.

Mac took off his soaking coat and hung it over a chair back. The Colt's saturated sweater and skirt were steaming visibly in the heat from the fire.

"Colt, I'd take those things off if I were you," he said. He tried to make it sound matter-of-fact, and succeeded in sounding gruff.

She pulled the sweater off her head and took off her skirt, stepping out of it daintily.

He laid her things out carefully across the seat of a chair, and dragged it near the blaze. He sat on the floor himself with his back half towards her.

If the rain would only stop. If he could say to her, "Come on, Colt, put on your dress and let's be going."

The knock on the door was thunderous.

"Put on your sweater, Colt, quickly. It's someone for our friend inside."

Mac got up and opened the door to the lean-to bedroom. Their host sprawled on the unmade bed. He was thoroughly, suddenly asleep. Well, let the visitor go in an awake

The door was open. Mac could feel the draught of cold air on his back before he turned to face Kenneth Gray.

"Hello, darling! I'm just getting my sweater dry," said the Colt.

"Yes," he said. "I noticed that. When you're dressed, I'd be glad if you'd come along."

"How did you ever find us?"

### The Answer is—

- 1.—Scrambled eggs on anchovy toast.
- 2.—King George VI.
- 3.—A Tibetan monastery.
- 4.—Ceylon.
- 5.—Larkspur.
- 6.—Schubert was filled by the woman he was going to marry, so did not finish it.
- 7.—French.
- 8.—Final drink before going home.
- 9.—An animal.
- 10.—Rhodesia.

Questions on Page 36.

**I**T wasn't hard. I knew you'd gone to the inn to meet McAllister. You told me that, you know. When it started to rain I went down there. They told me you'd taken a boat. This is the only house on this part of the river, except the inn and our place. I simply followed the tow-path."

His voice was level, monotonous. Even in anger he was smooth.

"Gray, I'm terribly sorry I got the Co—I got Lois wet. The storm came up—"

"Don't bother," Kenneth said. "I suppose apologies should come from me."

The roaring in Mac's ears was like the sound of an express train coming down the tracks. Louder. Louder.

"You contemptible young cad," he said. "What are you thinking? I know. The Colt doesn't. She's too clean-minded. But I do. You're right. I'm in love with her. I always have been. That's right, too. You're supposed to love her. You're supposed to know her all the way through, because you're going to marry her. If you knew her at all—if you knew her enough just to—pick her out of the crowd, you'd know she couldn't do anything that wasn't straight."

"Is that right, Lois? Is he telling the truth?"

"Yes," she said. "He's telling the truth about everything. It's true that I couldn't sneeze."

"I believe you, Lois, I'm sorry."

"You believe me now," she said. "You didn't before. Mac had to tell you. He shouldn't have to."

"I know," Kenneth said. "I let my temper get the better of me."

"Don't apologise for that," she said. "For getting wild. But you should apologise for what you thought."

"I do, Lois," he said. "I do apologise sincerely. Now let's go, shall we?"

"No," she said. "I've got to apologise, too. Because I don't love you, you see. I was rather unhappy at home because of a lot of things. I think being with Mac so much, I fell in love with him, but he never said anything to me, not anything at all. So I imagined he didn't love me. Then you came along, and I told myself you were the one. It wasn't true, Kenneth. He said it just now, what I've wanted to hear without knowing it. He said, 'I'm in love with her. I always have been.' So you might ask Annie if she'd pack my things and leave them at the inn. I'd rather not drive in your car. I'd rather walk back."

"But, Lois, you can't do that!"

"Oh, yes, we can," the Colt said. "Mac and I are great walkers."

(Copyright.)

## Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair with Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orifex Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

## FIGURE IT OUT

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health giving and tonic properties cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects, and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len G. Siegel, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tablets at 4/6 plus 3d post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 9d. The Seaweed Stimulating Bath Salts are used as well (for drastic reduction), 1/- each, 10/6 for 6 pkts, post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.

## Give 'NUGGET'

**a TURN**

**It means NEW LIFE for your Shoes**

No matter what the shade or colour—black, dark tan (stain) or white—always use "Nugget." Nothing else gives such value for your money—it's the greatest polish that ever glorified a shoe.



N 3



# The Movie World

September 16, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

## Nova Pilbeam grows up

FORMER CHILD ACTRESS HAS MARRIAGE AND CAREER AHEAD

From JUDY BAILEY, in London.

THERE'S a new and delightful young leading lady appearing in English films.

You already know her—as an accomplished child-actress—Nova Pilbeam, brilliant 14-year-old star of "Little Friend" and "Tudor Rose," who now, at 19, has declared her adult status—twice over.

Nova recently announced her engagement in London to 27-year-old film director F. Penrose Tennyson.

And she is appearing in her first really "grown-up" role in "Cheer Boys, Cheer," Associated Talking Pictures comedy.

Hollywood also has tested Nova for the title role in "Rebecca," from the well-known Daphne du Maurier novel.

It doesn't seem so long ago that Nova was hailed as a child prodigy for her remarkably sympathetic and understanding portrayal of a tragic young Mary Queen of Scots in "Tudor Rose."

Nova made several films after that—notably and most recently "Young and Innocent." That was two years ago.

Since then Nova has been busy enjoying herself, and imbibing culture. She has travelled through Italy, visiting churches, museums, and picture galleries. She has visited Switzerland, becoming expert at ski-ing.

At home in London with her parents she has been studying languages and music—and reading.

Now she is beginning afresh on her film career—a child no longer, but a very lovely young woman—her new status most romantically endorsed.

Nova's fiancé, Penrose Tennyson, is England's youngest film director, great-grandson of the Poet Laureate.

Since leaving Oxford eight years ago, Tennyson has been associated with such famous directors as Alfred Hitchcock (now in Hollywood), Victor Saville, and Maurice Elvy.

Last year he assisted King Vidor in the directing of "The Citadel," at times directing Robert Donat.

• Before his marriage with Nova, Penrose Tennyson will direct Paul Robeson in "Black Diamonds," a mining drama—his first important single-handed job as director.

### NOVA ... Now

• Above: In serious mood, as befits a 19-year-old launching out on a promising career as a young leading lady. This lovely, poised young woman will be seen, after a two-year spell from films, in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" co-starring with Edmund Gwenn and Jimmy O'Dea.

### NOVA ... Then

• At left: Happy, laughing, at home in the garden, Nova as she was a few years ago—the attractive child star of "Little Friend" and "Tudor Rose."

## Discover your own Loveliness

WITH MAX FACTOR  
COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

Here is Ellen Drew, talented and beautiful, Paramount's newest Star. And she uses Max Factor Color Harmony Make-up, like 96% of all the Hollywood Stars.

You'll be thrilled with the radiant new beauty Max Factor Make-up can bring you too... Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.

By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor, ★ Hollywood your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart which lists the correct shades for your individual type.

HAVE YOU TRIED MAX FACTOR  
NORMALIZING  
CLEANSING CREAM?



The sensational new cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

Sold at all leading stores and chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Max Factor Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor post-size Rouge sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor.

FREE

NAME	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
ADDRESS	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
CITY	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

A. 81

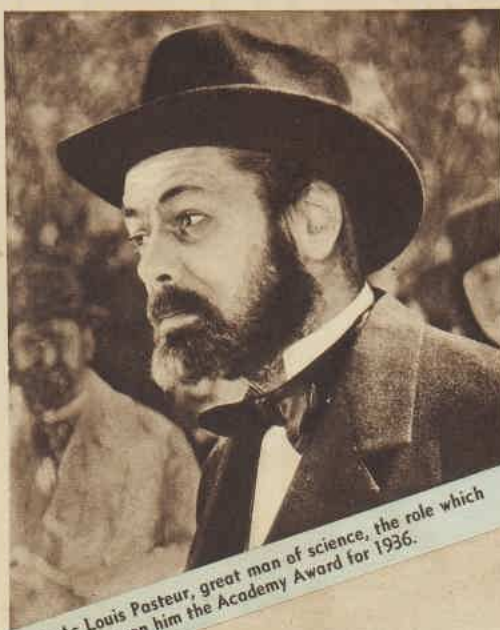
Max Factor  
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:  
Fred C. James and Gen. H.  
Anderson Pty. Ltd., Box 2002 V.  
G.P.O., Sydney.





• Paul Muni as Juarez, liberator of Mexico, in the coming Warner Bros. film of that name.



• As Louis Pasteur, great man of science, the role which won him the Academy Award for 1936.



• As Emile Zola, famous writer and champion of the unfortunate Dreyfus.

## Muni in his first big romantic role

BRILLIANT CHARACTER ACTOR TO  
PLAY MODERN HERO IN FILM TO  
FOLLOW PERIOD DRAMA, "JUAREZ."

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

**P**AUL MUNI is going to play a real love-story at last, in James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone"—the strange romance between a small-town doctor and a foreign dancer.

Dolly Haas will play opposite him.

Muni has been named the greatest actor in Hollywood. But he has until now won his success exclusively in character roles.

"The Story of Louis Pasteur," "The Good Earth," "The Life of Emile Zola," some of his most important films, have given him little chance to play the tender emotions.

### Wifely tribute

**A**MAN'S wife is his severest critic they say, but Mrs. Paul Muni still thinks her husband is the best actor in the world.

Nor is she "blinded by love." Mrs. Muni was formerly Bella Finkel, of the New York stage, and knows a good deal about the acting business.

And she has helped to build him to the great star he is.

During the making of a film she is always on the sidelines to give him advice and encouragement.

When he has finished a scene he looks towards her, and an approving nod means it was all right. Otherwise he goes through it again and again until she is satisfied.

But he is still a young man, 43, and boyishly good-looking, and there is no reason why he should not become a romantic hero as well.

To play this role, Warners have shelved "The Life of Beethoven," listed as Muni's next.

But just when "We Are Not Alone" will be started is still undecided.

For Muni is in no hurry—now, or at any time. He is a very wealthy man. He only makes those pictures he likes—and at the times he wants to.

He doesn't want to make many pictures—and he takes his time when he does.

"Juarez," his latest film, marks his first appearance on the screen in a year. He could have made half a dozen films in that time. He refused several roles offered to him by Warner Brothers, whose star he is.

### Is no hermit

**M**UNI is not an artistic snob. He is a quiet, home-loving person, who can afford to enjoy life and leisure as he pleases—taking only those roles that really interest him.

Yet his retiring ways must not be confused with those of various posing stars. He is no hermit, but is easy, quiet, and delightful to talk to.

Occasionally he comes right out of his shell—and then Hollywood sees a new Muni, witty, versatile, entertaining.

When "Juarez" was completed, Warners gave a party for the cast and workers on the film. Muni, of course, was there with his wife.

Early in the evening, to the amazement of his fellow-workers, who knew nothing of this talent, he produced a violin and airily played a medley of classic and modern swing tunes, to the delight of everybody.

Later he did impersonations of celebrities that would have put Florence Desmond to shame, and had the party in an uproar.



Incidentally, there is an amusing story told about the production of "Juarez."

Muni and Bette Davis were co-starred in this picture—but did not actually play together in any scene.

Throughout the production they watched each other's work like hawks! Muni would inquire, casually, exactly how Bette had done a difficult scene the day before. Bette would just happen to be on the set when Muni was acting out some powerful bit.

Both stars are known for their fierce ambition—and "Juarez" was for them a striking competition.

Muni has been in Hollywood eleven years. Does that surprise you? In that time he has made just about that number of films—not a very big showing. His great successes have been even fewer.

• Perhaps you won't immediately recognise "Hollywood's greatest actor" in this interesting, boyish-looking person, Paul Muni, Warner Brothers' star, as he appears off screen.

Yet with his compelling, authentic portrayals he has done more than any other single actor to elevate the status of movies. He has been responsible for much of the artistic achievement of which Hollywood is proudest.

The secret of his success lies in the painstaking work he puts into his roles.

He spends months studying for a film, reading up all available data on the personage he is to play, and the period and place in which the story is set.

He worked in this fashion on "Zola" for six months before he would go before the cameras. And

he has put similar labor into every other role he has played.

He records in advance every speech he will use in the film. He has it played back to him, and works for hours in front of a mirror with make-up.

He tolerates no "sloppiness." He believes acting is a great art, and does all he can to make it so.

Yet Muni is modest about his achievements, and he thinks Spencer Tracy is the greatest living actor on the screen.

Which is a very happy situation, for that's just what Spencer thinks Muni is. And neither can be induced to go back on his opinion.



# Orchids and orchestras for Hollywood's younger set parties

MICKEY ROONEY AND JUDY GARLAND  
AMONG JUVENILE "CAFE SOCIETY"

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

**T**HIS season has seen a new and amusing social prominence given to the youngsters of Hollywood. Their parties, their pranks, and even their frocks have stolen the limelight from the grown-up leaders of film-land.

And you have no idea of the various "sets" and cliques among these same youngsters, whose social positions vary according to their importance on the screen!

Deanna Durbin leads the conservative group. Jane Withers is the ringleader of the "first year in high school" players, and the gay group is controlled by Mickey Rooney.

Mickey takes his sixteen-year-old girl friends dancing at the adult night-clubs, and always sends them orchids beforehand!

His popularity among the mature stars, who welcome Mickey to their parties because of his infectious high spirits—and his new talent for imitating their mannerisms—has a lot to do with Mr. Rooney's present social poise.

But he really prefers the company of his own age, where he can dance himself to a standstill, sing his head off, and generally perform like the jitterbug he is.

Two other gay bachelors and men-about-town, Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, share with Rooney the rule of this juvenile "cafe society."

And its queens are Judy Garland and Pat Stewart, a local society sub-deb who has first claim on the Rooney heart.

A colorful example of the whoopee-entertainment this group adores was Judy Garland's sixteenth birthday party.

Fifty youngsters arrived at Judy's home in the exclusive suburb of Bel Air, and for four uninterrupted hours, from 8 p.m. until midnight, the La Maze Orchestra played swing-music for the "jitterbug" guests.

A ping-pong and badminton tournament was held, too, with Mickey Rooney winning the ping-pong event. After this—at midnight—supper was served.

But the most amazing thing about Judy's party was the delighted applause which greeted the impromptu turns given by Johnny Downs, Jackie Cooper, and others.

## Mickey as comedian

**T**HESE screen youngsters get an extraordinary amount of enjoyment out of each other's talents. Mickey Rooney, of course, was in his element as master of ceremonies and chief comedian.

The hostess herself sang two numbers—"Over the Rainbow," from her "Wizard of Oz," and "Good Morning," from "Babe in Arms." But it would never enter a Hollywood youngster's head to dub such a performance as "showing off." It is simply the done thing at any party.

And what did they wear? For once this gay clique forsook formal dress in favor of sports clothes. Judy's pastel linen frock, zipped brightly from neck to hem, had a little-girl collar high to the throat and flowers embroidered on high pocket and belt.

But you would never find Deanna Durbin among the parties given by Rooney, Garland, and Cooper.

Deanna entertains every week-end in her own home with very exclusive swimming and tennis parties. Most of her circle is non-professional. Deanna clings to her former schoolmates.

Almost the sole exceptions are the screen players Nan Grey and Helen Parrish, who appeared with Deanna in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." People thought that Nan's recent marriage to a jockey would result in her being "dropped" by Miss Durbin, but they are firmer friends than ever.

Although ten-year-old Shirley Temple is top at the box-office, she is still too young to make any impression socially. Her annual big birthday party at the studio—in April—is considered very juvenile stuff by the sixteen-year-olds, because everybody from babes in arms to neighbors' youngsters is invited.

For the thirteen-year-olds, Jane Withers is the social leader. Jane and her gang go in for lots of pic-



• His sweetheart of the Hardy Family series, Ann Rutherford, appears here with Mickey Rooney—whose real life love of fun and parties makes him a leader of young Hollywood society.

## Not to be read by blondes

# STAR TIPS to TALL BRUNETTES

• **GIRLS** who are tall and dark must be happy, too—even in this season of fluffy, little girl fashions. Just square your shoulders, you 5 feet 6 and over, and follow the tips of fashion designer Orry Kelly—who considers you as well as the small and the blonde.

• **YOU CAN'T WEAR** these flowered spring hats, as they add inches to your height? Of course not! But consider Gale Page's rough, straw sailor instead! It is worn tipped forward, banded in black grosgrain, and veiled in black.

• **YOU LOVE STRIPES?** Very well, you can wear them. But, like Warners' actress, Gale Page, use the stripes horizontally in the yoke of your dress; add a contrasting belt.

• **THOSE SHORT SLEEVES** of spring and summer look silly with your long arms? Mr. Kelly suggests bracelets on your wrists, gloves that reach almost to the elbow, and sleeves that come down as far as the bend of the elbow.

• **WEAR GIPSY FASHIONS.** The coupling of contrasting blouse and skirt will break your line of height. Try all the various shades of pink and yellow against your skin—you will find one tone that is flattering. Add a colorful cummerbund as a really gay note. But don't, if your waist can't stand it.

• **IF YOU ARE WIDE** as well as tall, and want to slenderise the hipline, wear full skirts. Pleats and gathered styles, but not flares.

• **WEAR BLOUSED BODICES** to conceal your proportions. Puffed sleeves are for you, and are well back in fashion. Squared shoulders and epaulets help, too, to belittle the hips.

• **AND, TALL GIRL,** don't envy your small, blonde sister. You can wear all those broad-brimmed hats and all those daring fabrics which make her look weighed down!



1 **JOHN CLEMENTS** tells his fiancée and her father he has resigned from the army.



2 **JOHN** receives white feathers, for cowardice, from his three friends serving in the Sudan.



3 **TO REDEEM HIMSELF** he secretly goes to the Sudan, and enlists native aid.



4 **IN DISGUISE**, and keeping his identity hidden from his friend, he rescues Ralph Richardson from enemy camp.



5 **RICHARDSON**, invalided to England, receives letter returning white feather.



6 **JOHN** now goes to aid of other two friends, imprisoned in Omdurman.

## DON'T LOSE THE MAN YOU WANT MOST TO KEEP



No smart woman risks offending — make sure of your charm with MUM

His first "I LOVE YOU"—the thrilling proposal, then the honeymoon—these are memories every woman hopes will never die. But it's so easy for a wife to think that time will strengthen love—to feel that, because her husband loved her once, he'll love her always!

Don't make that fatal mistake! Don't risk losing out in love because you're careless about underarm odour. Before you've won him—and after, too—avoid the dangers of offending. Prevent underarm odour with Mum!

Remember, no bath is enough to prevent odour. A bath only takes care of past perspiration. Mum prevents odour to come! Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps you fresh! Wise girls use Mum!

**SAVE TIME!** Pat Mum under each arm until it disappears. Takes only half a minute to use!

**SAVE WORRY!** Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after underarm shaving Mum is actually soothing to your skin... never irritates, never chafes.

**SAVE ROMANCE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odour. Get a jar of Mum to-day—use it daily and be sure of charm!

Obtainable everywhere, purse size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

### WHY NURSES PREFER MUM'S QUICK, SURE CARE!



Another use for MUM  
Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



**MUM**

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

## Adventure to save honor

"FOUR FEATHERS"  
IN TECHNICOLOR

**DIRECTED** by Zoltan Korda, "The Four Feathers," British-made film released by United Artists, brings the popular A. E. W. Mason story of Sudan adventure to the screen for the second time.

It has been photographed in superb technicolor.

Based on an authentic page from British history, the story is set in England and the Sudan at the end of last century—when Kitchener was waging his campaign in Egypt, culminating in the capture of the important centre, Omdurman.

It concerns a young man, dubbed coward, who sets out to redeem himself in the eyes of his friends and regain his own self-respect.

### Sudan warfare

**WELL-KNOWN** English actor, John Clements, plays the young British officer who resigns from his regiment the night before it embarks for Egypt. His three friends, officers in the same regiment, and his fiancée hand him white feathers, emblems of cowardice. So Clements goes to Egypt, and single-handed clears himself of dishonor.

Arab fighting and the soldierly heroism make it an exciting and colorful action drama.

A cast of popular English players enact the story. June Duprez, stage actress, makes her debut as the heroine, while Ralph Richardson plays Clements' brother-officer and rival in June's affections.

C. Aubrey Smith, again the staunch British patriot, also has an important role in the film.

Evalastic<sup>REG</sup>

Permanent  
\*WAISTBAND



in  
Panties · Scanties · Bloomers  
from 3/11

created by  
**LUCAS**

GUARANTEED TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT



## SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



BALLERINAS IN "ON YOUR TOES" ACHIEVE PERFECT CARRIAGE BY WALKING FOR HOURS WITH FROM 3 TO 6 HEAVY BOOKS BALANCED ON THEIR HEADS.

"PAINT" DUMPED ON REGINALD DENNY IN "BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE" ACTUALLY WAS A MIXTURE OF CHOCOLATE AND MILK.

## News from studios

FILM star Miriam Hopkins is now in Reno to begin divorce proceedings against her third husband, Anatole Litvak, well-known Hollywood film producer.

They were married in 1937. Miriam was first married to Brandon Peters, and then to Austin Parker, the newspaper reporter and playwright who died recently.

MARIE WILSON is the toast of New York. On her brief holiday there, before going into the play, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," she captivated everyone with her own distinctive type of charm. She has a quaint way of addressing her boy-friends as "Mr.," and is an amazing combination of small-town naivete and big-town sophistication.

She really seems like a flesh and blood version of Anita Loos' famous Lorelei.

Is your husband ASHAMED of your legs?

**VARICOSE VEINS....**  
can be restored to normal.

ARE you one of those unfortunate or uncaring women who find the admiration in everyone's eyes suddenly change to disgust, when they notice ugly, swollen varicose veins on your legs?

The pain, anguish and disfigurement of varicose veins can be ended—even in long standing cases—with the help of Moone's Emerald Oil. A powerful, penetrating, yet soothing antiseptic, Moone's Emerald Oil consistently strengthens the thin relaxed vein walls, and in a short time the swollen knots and vein hunches will lessen and, with continued treatment, return to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is stainless—and pleasant to use.  
Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

**MOONE'S EMERALD OIL**

**GEORGE ROBEY • TIVOLI**

SHOWING TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 AND 8.  
Frank Neil Brings to You, by arrangement with Bianca Linder Productions.  
**GEORGE ROBEY — Prime Minister of Mirth**  
Huge Cavalcade of International Celebrities from Three Continents. "SUNSHINE" SAMMY • "SLEEPY" WILLIAMS • BARNEY GRANT • HARDO • RAYE • JOEL & ANNETTE • JACK STONES • AL ZIMMEY • BILLY BURT • LESTER • JERMAINE • MAXINE & BOBBY AND FAMOUS TIVOLI SIXTEEN BALEARINAS.  
Plans Failing's, Nicholson's, Tivoli M6035. NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

## ★★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS

(Week's Best Release.)

Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, David Niven, (United Artists.)

HOLLYWOOD has done that rare thing—made a screen play of a classic and followed it faithfully. And so "Wuthering Heights," the film of the Emily Bronte novel, written in the nineteenth century, is a grim, tragic affair. It never once calls upon the gracious arts of comedy to relieve its passionate and fated love story.

It re-creates in a very special, understanding manner the concentratedly tragic atmosphere that marks the book, "Wuthering Heights."

The grey, fog-driven moors, the Early-Victorian mansion in Yorkshire are here in pictorial splendor and bleakness—just as you imagine them.

And so are the characters, every one of them. Just as Heathcliff, the dour, dark, passionate hero-villain, so is Laurence Olivier. He is saturnine, sinister, at once strong and pathetic.

Merle Oberon is better than she has been for many a day as Cathy, daughter of the moors, who marries the lord of the manor although she is desperately in love with the gipsy, Heathcliff.

The two other characters who make the accomplished central English quartet in the film are David Niven, as the man Cathy weds, who plays a straight role with none of that flippancy to which we have become accustomed, and Geraldine Fitzgerald, who is excellent as the unhappy wife of Heathcliff, whom he marries to spite and torture Cathy.—Century: showing.

## ★★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS

Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Richard Barthelmess, (Columbia.)

SEEMS to me I have already seen on the screen a story similar to this melodrama of adventurous pilots flying a dangerous airmail service in South America.

The picture I have in mind is, in fact, "Flight from Glory."

But, even so, this is a singularly refreshing and unusual film, presenting that rare combination of good humor and tingling excitement.

Spectacular crashes, plunging ships, blind flying, and ships sheathed in flames—these are some of its suspenseful highlights.

Cary Grant is very likeable as the cynical leader of the pilots who, because they have found flying too dull elsewhere, have come to South America to establish an important airmail service.

An able partner for him is Jean Arthur, show girl, who decides to miss her boat and thus becomes involved in the fortunes of the flying enterprise.

But probably you will most appreciate the amazingly good performance which Richard Barthelmess, former hero of "silents," gives in a character role.

He plays a disgraced pilot who endeavors to re-establish himself with the flying clan. The part will keep your sympathy, and Barthelmess makes the most of it.—Regent; showing.

## ★ SWORD OF HONOR

Geoffrey Toone, Sally Gray, (20th Century-Fox.)

ENGLISH answer to "Man's Heritage," "Brown of Culver," and innumerable other American military college dramas. And not a very effective reply.

You will, however, find real interest in the picture of the famous English Sandhurst, presented in generous slices as the nondescript story is unfolded.

The story tells of a young coward, Sandhurst cadet Geoffrey Toone, who gets rid of the "yellow streak."

Racecourse sequences make up a good part of the film towards the end—the hero recaptures honor and glory through riding a noble steed.—Lyceum; showing.

## ★ FORGOTTEN WOMAN

Sigrid Gorie, William Lundigan, (Universal.)

SIGRID GURIE, Chinese princess of "Marco Polo," Algerian in "Algiers," makes her third appearance after a year's absence as a

## Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

modern American fighting an injustice in a court of law.

That is just the story — showing the circumstances leading up to her imprisonment, her fight in the court, her struggle to live a normal life after her release from gaol, and to look after the son who was taken away from her.

She was, of course, unfairly convicted. Two gangsters answer an advertisement placed by Sigrid and her husband to share car expenses on a trip to Florida. After a hold-up the gangsters escape and Sigrid is left to be captured as an accomplice.

But Sigrid, by her capable acting, tones down the sentimental angle, and, further, is extremely easy to look at.—State; showing.

## ★ I STOLE A MILLION

George Raft, Claire Trevor, (Universal.)

ANOTHER example of the "crime wave" sweeping Hollywood—one of those with the serious, grim approach, with George Raft the central figure.

There isn't much new in the film as regards plot, nor anything very remarkable in characterisation. But it does present a lucid, and at times moving, picture of a man who becomes a criminal through the malpractices of his employers, tries to mend his ways, but finds himself inevitably taking the easy way out.

Those who like thrills in their entertainment will not be disappointed. It abounds in last-minute escapes, hold-ups, and police pursuits.

Woven into this action is a human and telling story of a woman's loyalty and self-sacrifice. Credit for saving this angle from over-sentimentality rightfully belongs to Claire Trevor, who plays George Raft's fiancée, and later his wife.—Capitol; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ Good-Bye Mr. Chips, Robert Donat, Greer Garson in really great picture.—St. James, 7th week.

★★ Jamaica Inn, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara in exciting drama of wreckers and 19th century villainy.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★ Captain Fury, Brian Aherne, June Lang in Robin Hood adventure with Australian setting.—Plaza, 3rd week.

## Itchy, flaky Dandruff

—a careless betrayal of feminine daintiness

DO you sometimes feel the whole smartness of your "hair-do" is spoiled by ugly dandruff flakes? Don't ever let people whisper.... "Why doesn't she brush herself before she goes out?"

Do as thousands of other girls are doing, who cherish their hair and their fastidious daintiness... cleanse and stimulate your scalp with CRYSTOLIS Rapid.

It's the specialist's deep-penetrating treatment that goes right down into the hair roots and destroys and cleans out the hidden insidious dandruff germ.

CRYSTOLIS Rapid ends itchy, untidy flakes—quickly stops falling hair



## THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

This is M-G-M's 15th Birthday!

For 15 years M-G-M has been bringing the best in entertainment to the screens of Australia, and the event was marked last week with M-G-M's Anniversary Convention in Sydney where the new season's plans were announced!

Here's just a brief glimpse of a few of the forthcoming entertainments from M-G-M:

"THE WIZARD OF OZ", in Technicolor... the most amazing magic ever unfolded, and starring Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley!

"THE WOMEN"... the popular play... starring Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Ronald Russell, Paulette Goddard, Virginia Weidler, Mary Boland, Joan Fontaine!

"GONE WITH THE WIND", in Technicolor... the most discussed story of our time... Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia De Havilland.

Now being completed by Selznick International Pictures, David O. Selznick, producer!

"BALALAIKA"... favorite musical hit... starring Nelson Eddy, Ilona Massey, Charles Ruggles, Lionel Atwill, Joyce Compton!

"NORTHWEST PASSAGE", in Technicolor... The year's best-seller... with Spencer Tracy, Robert Young, Walter Brennan, Laraine Day!

"ANOTHER THIN MAN"... what you've waited for will soon be here... starring William Powell, Myrna Loy and a "little stranger!"

"ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER"... even better than the previous Hardy film! And, need we add, with Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and Judge Hardy's Family!

You'll be hearing about the rest of the list later. Meanwhile, that's the greatest list of entertainment ever announced by even M-G-M! It's the best in 15 years of the best!

LEO, of M-G-M.

## THEATRE ROYAL

NIGHTLY at 8. MATINEE, Wed., Frid., and Sat. at 2.

## Switzerland Ice Show

with World's Champion

PHIL TAYLOR

and 36 SKATERS and SKATERINAS.



—and has a wonderful stimulating effect on the hair cells, giving your present hair a vibrant new life and lustre.

Try CRYSTOLIS Rapid—to-night! Get it at your chemist, store or hair-dresser.



## Mrs. Norleigh's Night Out

Continued from Page 13

HAVING removed the fish plates, Watson brought the chicken from the hatch where it had mysteriously materialised, and placed it before her master. Coldly she watched him carve it, and more coldly noted that, as usual, he placed most of his pectoral protuberance upon his own plate and certain less favored portions upon that of his wife.

"Oh, William," said Mrs. Norleigh, having artfully waited until he had consumed his first glass of claret. "I see that Katharine of Aragon is on at the Imperial."

William accepted this piece of information in silence.

"I've been hoping it would come here," she continued. "I do so want to see it."

This observation also appeared undeserving of comment.

"I thought perhaps I might go this evening, as you'll be out."

Mrs. Norleigh's thought may have

been long but her husband's silence was longer.

"Do you mind if I go, dear?" In some cases silence is held to give consent. Mrs. Norleigh was unable to feel that this was one of them.

"Er—may I go, William?" she asked.

Her deep desire to see the film may be taken as the measure of her courage, and must be accepted as her excuse for such persistent importunity. Mr. Norleigh refilled his glass and held it to the light.

"I should so love to," said his foolish wife, and, without commenting upon her statement, William again drank appreciatively of the excellent claret.

Upon the wine he did comment, but only to the extent of loudly smacking his lips and this was his

sole contribution to the dinner-table conversation. As she rose to return to the drawing-room, Mrs. Norleigh, silly woman, screwed up her courage to the point of deliberately and definitely calling her husband's attention to her insignificant self.

"William!" she said, and again "William!"

Her husband cracked a walnut shell and gave its contents his close attention.

"William!"

William helped himself to salt.

Mrs. Norleigh knew by long experience that three times of asking was the limit to which she could go without incurring really serious trouble.

But this evening she was, for

some reason, feeling rather brave. Although she knew well that there was a difference between courage and rash folly, she felt an unwonted impulse to be guilty of the latter error. It may have been that the call of the wild was penetrating even to the innermost arcana of the most respectable suburb of Storborough.

It may have been that her fancied affinity with Katharine of Aragon was stronger than she knew. Or again, it may have been that her fate was upon her and—though she knew it not—her hour had come.

Controlling her voice, and speaking as naturally and calmly as she might, she carried the high virtues of courage across the line that divides it from the vice of rashness.

"William, I think I'll go to the pictures this evening, as you'll be out."

William's long upper lip seemed to grow longer, his tight, wide mouth to grow tighter and wider. Then, as anxiously his wife watched it, his face was briefly contorted by a spasm which, as well she knew, represented something in the nature of a smile.

As his face suffered this slight contortion William put his hand into his pocket, withdrew an envelope and took from it two pink cards.

One of these he threw across the table in the general direction of his wife and then, like the Delphic oracle, at last he spoke.

"Want a night out, eh? Go to that, then."

Mrs. Norleigh picked up the pink card and, glancing at it, discovered that it would infallibly admit her to a meeting; that the bishop's wife would be in the chair; that she would address the meeting, and introduce to it a speaker who would thereupon deliver a lecture, and that the subject of the lecture would be "Slavery."

To hunger greatly for bread and be given a stone must induce feelings very similar to those then experienced by Mrs. Norleigh.

She thought of the picture show which she could visit so rarely, and where for a couple of hours she could be herself, escape from the life that was a living death and long-drawn stultification.

To ask for that and be given the hall into which romance could never enter, and would fall dead if it did!

THE bishop's wife was in the chair. Mrs. Norleigh had never hated anybody. Had she done so, it is a regrettable fact that she would have hated the bishop's wife, Mrs. Witheringwell-Betherby, whom, rightly or wrongly, she regarded as an overbearing, interfering woman, pompous, dictatorial.

Mrs. Norleigh had been at school with her at Dordene when she was plain Molly Dunkleby, chilblained, red-nosed, and pimply, and had disliked her as a girl for many of the same traits and attributes that made her unpopular as a woman.

And inasmuch as the bishop's wife nowadays affected to forget that she had ever before in her life seen Mrs. Norleigh, why should she sit at the woman's feet and grace her triumph, when she took the chair at the hall and rode her hobby?

Mrs. Witheringwell-Betherby instead of Katharine of Aragon! St. Peter's Hall instead of the Imperial Palace!

However, Mrs. Norleigh was inured to disappointment, and, far too wise and well-trained to provoke her husband to wrath by pointless protest, merely blamed herself for her stupidity in wanting to see Katharine of Aragon.

Leaving Mr. Norleigh to his desired solitude for the better enjoyment of his port, walnuts and cigar, Mrs. Norleigh turned to the drawing-room, there to await his good pleasure and her coffee.

Eight o'clock. Had he gone in to dinner punctually it would now be only seven-thirty, and there would still have been time for her to go to—Why on earth couldn't she have had the sense to say nothing at all about Katharine of Aragon, and the courage simply to have gone without permission?

No, she had once or twice done something without his leave and it had been once or twice too often. He would be certain to know—and it wasn't worth it. Nothing was worth anything. Why did she go on with it, year after year? Habit. One could get used to anything

BUT how long could one bear it? How long, oh Lord, how long? Was she a greater coward and a bigger fool than most other women, or was William more powerful than other men, more coldly determined and immovable, more relentless and forceful?

She had no friends. She didn't know a single woman to whom she could talk on such a subject, but she was quite sure that most women either managed their husbands or had husbands who required no managing.

How wonderful to have a husband who is a friend; kind and understanding.

Of course, she was a fool and a weakling, or she'd never have married William Norleigh. But her parents had seemed so delighted when he had proposed, and had so taken it for granted that she would be only too thankful to marry a man of such good character and good position.

They had simply refused to listen to her when, instead of jumping for joy, she had merely behaved as an obedient daughter and, while acquiescing, had admitted that she didn't love William. Mother had said that love came after marriage; and presumably mother knew best.

A quarter past eight. William and coffee.

As she handed him the cup, she again experienced that curious surge of almost rebellious, almost courageous, feeling.

"William, I'd rather—I'd really very much rather go to—" she began, wondering at her temerity.

"Don't be late," interrupted William. "And pay attention. I shall be interested to hear what this fellow Jones has to say. Starts at eight-thirty, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Norleigh went upstairs and got ready. Opening the drawing-room door as she came down again, she looked in.

"Good-night, William, if I shouldn't see you again this evening," she said.

William apparently didn't hear her; other titterings being also audible through the open french windows.

For one wild moment, Mrs. Norleigh paused at the garden gate. If she turned to the left she would be going in the direction of the Imperial Palace, of Katharine of Aragon, and of escape anodyne, brief happiness.

If she turned to the right she would be going to St. Peter's Hall, Mrs. Witheringwell-Betherby and a lecture on "Slavery" by a man of the not unfamiliar name of Jones.

Not unfamiliar? No, there had been Tiny. He had been called Tiny Jones since he was a baby, an enormous baby who had grown into a huge man well over six feet in height. Now if this—what was it—she glanced at the card in her hand—this Colonel David Vivian-Jones had been Tiny—

It was Tiny.

At first, Mrs. Norleigh did not believe the evidence of her own eyes. Thinking of Tiny—her mind full of memories of the days when Tiny used to lift her up by her hair-plaits, used to let her come and watch him flash, used to take her to dances, used to let her worship the ground he trod on, so long as she didn't get in the way of his tread—this had made her see Tiny in the man on the platform sitting at the lecturer's table.

Of course it wasn't Tiny, and it was amazing that she should have a difficulty in breathing, and that her heart should be endeavoring to escape from her body, and that her hand should be shaking. That man up there with Tiny's face was Colonel David Vivian-Jones.

It was true that Tiny had sometimes been known as "D.V." for a change. Her brother, in his very last letter from the front, had said that "D.V." and weather permitting, he was going to have a spot of Paris leave.

Yes, although she had forgotten the fact, the real Tiny's name was D. V. Jones, but he wasn't that Colonel David Vivian-Jones up there on the platform. Couldn't be. The last thing that she had heard about Tiny was that he had got into Mecca and out again safely, years and years ago.

She hadn't seen him since she had married. Nor had he written to her. She had always called him Tiny, thought of him as Tiny, and heard of him as Tiny, except when people used the "D.V." nickname.

Please turn to Page 46

## CHILDREN NEED THESE 3 VITAL VITAMINS

**B<sub>1</sub> B<sub>2</sub> and P.P.** (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

**Vegemite—the YEAST EXTRACT—**  
gives you a special concentrated supply of these three vitamins

Even though you give your children three big meals a day, the vital parts of their body may be partly starved by lack of these three health-building Vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and P.P. (the anti-Pellagic factor). Don't let an under-supply of these needed vitamins pull down their health. Vegemite added to your daily diet assures a regular, daily supply.

Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, flavoured with pure vegetable juices—and yeast is the richest known food source of the combined Vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and P.P., the anti-Pellagic factor. Because Vegemite is concentrated at a specially low temperature it contains intact all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest



degree of concentration. So give your system these three vital vitamins—add Vegemite to your daily diet. See that your children get plenty of it! Vegemite is so highly concentrated that even a little every day does an amazing amount of good. You'll love the exciting appetising flavour of Vegemite, too. So use Vegemite on bread, biscuits, with cheese, with eggs, for sandwich fillings and with salads, in soups and stews.

### WHEN CHILDREN DON'T GET ENOUGH OF THESE 3 VITAMINS

#### Not enough Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> — Poor growth . . .

Fretful, weak, undernourished children are often poorly supplied with Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>—the growth vitamin. Vegemite gives a generous supply of Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>—builds up body tissues and good health. Give your children Vegemite every day.



#### Not enough Vitamin P.P. (anti-Pellagic factor) — Pimples!

Skin eruptions mean that the system is not getting enough of Vitamin P.P. Keep the skin clear and healthy — eat Vegemite daily. Vegemite is rich in Vitamin P.P.—the anti-Pellagic factor.



#### Not enough Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> — poor digestion

Fallen stomach, weakened intestines (see picture above on left), and many obscure nerve disorders can result from an under supply of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>—the important NERVE VITAMIN.

To assure a healthy intestinal tract (above at right) and active bowels and steady nerves, the body needs a rich supply of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. Vegemite gives you a full supply, so give Vegemite to your family daily.

Ask for—

**VEGEMITE**  
the concentrated extract of YEAST



Send for Vegemite Recipe Book  
Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. 17A15,  
361 Cleveland St., Chippendale, Sydney.  
Please send me free copy of Vegemite  
Booklet containing delicious, appetising  
ways to serve Vegemite. I enclose 3d.  
in stamps for postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### NEW FOOTNOTE

MY cousin, a visitor from another State, phoned to ask me to accompany her and several friends to an afternoon tea in the city. I accepted, and met them at the appointed time and place.

As I stepped from the car my cousin gave a little gasp of surprise. "Is that the latest fashion in footwear here?" she asked.

When I looked at my feet I saw that I had come out with odd shoes—one brown, the other blue.

10/6 to Mrs. J. W. Callaghan, Sydney Rd., Brunswick, Vic.

### WAS SHE SCOTCH?

IN a smallgoods shop I was waiting to be served when another customer came in and asked for three pennyworth of cheese.

"Sorry, madam, but we don't sell three pennyworths," said the shop assistant.

"Well, show me sixpence worth," said the Scottish customer. When this was produced the customer took out a pocketknife, cut the cheese in two, put down threepence, and left, saying, "The trouble with you, my boy, is that you're lazy."

2/6 to Charles Grant, Headland Rd., Deewhy, N.S.W.

### BEAUTY AND A BOTTLE

WISHING to look my best when I first visited my future mother-in-law I bought a hair tonic to "bring out the golden tints."

Next morning I applied it to my hair. It was a dull day and it was still wet when I left home, but I thought it would soon dry.

All went well until I looked in the mirror at the end of my journey. My hair was a bright green. I dashed home and found I had used rat poison instead of hair tonic.

It was a week before my hair resumed its natural color.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Brownhalz, Noble St., Wilston, Brisbane.

### EMERGENCY FLOWERS

THE only flowers in a goldfield town in the Murchison district, W.A., when I arrived there were sunflowers in the gardens and two large sprays of artificial white lilac on my new hat.

One morning my neighbor asked me if I would lend the lilac to be carried by a bride, as no flowers were obtainable.

I obliged, and it made a nice bouquet with asparagus fern and white ribbon.

But when I asked for the lilac a few days later I learned that the honeymooners had taken it to Geraldton for the wedding photo.

2/6 to Margaret C. Vierk, Fisher St., Fullarton, S.A.

### FORGOT HER FAMILY

PARKED just inside the main door of one of Melbourne's leading emporiums was a pram containing a pair of bright-eyed boys about a month old.

"They've been here over an hour," a harassed shopwalker told me when I stopped to admire them. "I'm afraid I'll have to notify the police."

As he spoke a distracted young mother rushed in. "Thank goodness they're safe!" she exclaimed. "It's the first time I've been out with them, and I forgot all about them until I got home."

2/6 to Miss F. Maudsley, St. Georges Rd., Nth. Fitzroy, Vic.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column. Full address at top of Page 3.

## Treed by savage pig

### CITY GIRL'S INTRODUCTION TO COUNTRY LIFE

BEING city born and bred, when I went to the country as a bride my knowledge of animals and their habits was very limited.

At one time my husband owned a sow, with one small pig. The little one often squeezed beneath the lower rail of the sty and left its mother, and when this occurred my husband always let the dog off the chain to drive the piglet scampering back to its home.

When my husband was away from home, he told me that if the pig gave trouble to let the dog loose.

Consequently when I noticed both pigs running about—the sow had evidently jumped the rails—I left my infant daughter in her pram in the house and made for the kennel to unleash the dog.

Before I could reach him, however, the sow, realising my intentions, made a furious charge at me!

Taken completely by surprise I could not escape, and she rushed through my legs, knocking me heavily to the ground.

### After the ball

AFTER a ball at Bendick Murrell, near Young, N.S.W., a friend, my brother and I started home in a sulky. During the evening torrential rains had flooded the Wambanunga creek, but nevertheless we attempted to cross.

Courageously our pet horse breasted the flood, but immediately we were struck by a wall of water which overturned the sulky and emptied us into the roaring waters to struggle for our lives.

Hampered by our overcoats and clothes, we were helpless, in spite of being strong swimmers.

Downstream some distance was a sharp bend where we struck a cross current. This helped us to gain a grassy slope where we dug in with our hands and held on grimly till we regained our strength.

Still harnessed to the sulky, the horse was found half a mile away, caught in a deep hole.

2/6 to W. S. English, Balowra East, Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

### Fainted in fire

A CRY, "Fire!" awakened me at 4 a.m. and I rushed to the window to find a crowd outside calling for me to leave the building. I turned to the door, but fainted as I tried to get through.

When I became conscious I was in hospital, severely burned on my face and arms, and feeling very grateful to the fireman who had broken into the house and rescued me.

2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Sank, Allen St., South Brisbane.

### Handy bumper-bars

IN Perth one day my sister and I were about to cross a street. Not heeding her advice to wait till it was clear, I dashed ahead and didn't see a car which was coming straight for me.

Suddenly it hit me and carried me along the road on its bumper-bars. When the car stopped I was still sitting on the bumper, bruised and scared, but otherwise unhurt.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Thomas, Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.



"AS I CLUNG to the tree I was thankful I had left baby at home."

I sustained a nasty cut on the forehead from a piece of broken glass, and on attempting to rise was again knocked down. This time the pig bit me savagely above the eye.

The next attempt to rise was successful, and when I reached the dog kennel I scrambled to the top where I secured a grip on a limb of a tree overhead.

Sick with shock and fear and with blood running down my face, I hung

to that limb while the sow angrily snorted, but did not dare to come too close for fear of the dog.

Even as I clung to the tree I was thankful for having left my baby at the house, as it was my practice to take her wherever I went.

The furious barking of the dog, which I hopefully encouraged, eventually drove the pig away, and I made a dash for the safety of the house.

21/1/- to Mrs. Athol Gordon, Glenora, Moomboodool, N.S.W.

### Snake passenger

HAVING finished work I was driving the truck home when I noticed a large lead-colored snake right in the path of the lorry.

As the bush road was narrow I could do nothing but run over it. This I thought I did, but next instant the snake flashed through the cabin past my legs.

Quickly pulling the hand-brake on I leapt out, and the truck ran on a few yards, and stopped. When I returned I discovered that without knowing it I had the snake held a firm prisoner.

About a foot of it had gone through a broken floorboard from which the hand-brake also projected, and when I pulled the brake on the reptile had become firmly wedged.

2/6 to F. C. Fawcett, Baltimore St., Campsie, N.S.W.

### Was it sixth sense?

WHILE honeymooning near Alinga, South Australia, my husband and I were walking along a rough part of the coast, not far from where the Star of Greece had been wrecked many years before, with heavy loss of life.

The wreck was still caught fast on the reef, and as a small portion of it was visible at low tide my husband decided to swim out to it.

He had no sooner left the shelter of the cliffs than a premonition came to me that I would never see him again. Consequently I waved and called frantically, and when he was about half-way he turned back.

On hearing of the attempted swim to the wreck our landlord told us that the water was infested with sharks, and no local fisherman would go there except in a large boat.

2/6 to Mrs. S. Burdon, Box 521E, G.P.O., Adelaide.

# NEW RINSO SUDS

## simply marvellous for BLANKETS

THIS YEAR  
BLANKET WASHING'S  
EASIER.. QUICKER..  
SAFER..BECAUSE OF  
NEW RINSO'S  
WONDERFUL  
SUDS

SUDS! SUDS! SUDS!  
THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED  
FOR BLANKETS...AND  
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET  
WITH NEW RINSO




Never before could you get such wonderful results with your blankets... because only the New Improved Rinso gives such masses of rich, thick, quick-cleansing suds. Blankets come out cleaner, sweeter, fluffier... all their warm soft texture preserved. New Rinso is ideal, too, if you use a washing machine.

A LEVER PRODUCT 4.315-18



## "SO YOU TOO FEEL FIT!"

"Of course . . . and after all those years of suffering and agony it took only three weeks' treatment with Warner's Safe Cure. . . . Well, that's the kind of result which this remedy has enjoyed for over 60 years. Warner's Safe Cure must be good—it would not otherwise have stood the test of time. Rheumatism, backache, lumbago and indigestion each can be relieved by Warner's Safe Cure. By stimulating the kidneys and liver to activity, Warner's Safe Cure helps these organs to properly perform their natural functions and free the blood from waste poisons which really cause so many of the regular diseases."

Mr. Kempton, Selby, Vic., writes: "In 1899 I wrote you that eight years previously I was seriously ill with kidney colic and with the aid of two bottles of Safe Cure and a phial of Safe Pills I was restored to perfect health. I now wish to tell you that I have had no return of that distressing malady since. Very occasionally I use the Safe Cure as a tonic for the liver, which keeps me fit, and I always recommend it to anyone complaining of kidney trouble. My age is 70 years, which speaks volumes."

This and thousands of other letters from grateful patients prove that this remedy does do a job for humanity; it does make sick people well, and you, too, have this same opportunity of being classed A1 in health. Warner's Safe Cure is sold by all leading chemists and storekeepers. Large bottles 5/- and 2/9 in Concentrated Form. These small bottles are really economical, the required dose being so much less.

Write for a free booklet to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne. Take Warner's Safe Pills for Constipation—1/- per bottle.\*\*\*

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 2d sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.\*\*\*

IT was useless any longer to refuse to believe it. There he was. Tiny Jones, D. V. Jones, Colonel David Vivian-Jones. Why had they called him Vivian-Jones on the pink card? Tiny had never called himself that. Just the sort of fool thing that Molly Dunkleby would do. Silly snob. Fancy her roping him in for this slavery stunt of hers.

She was always writing to the papers about slavery and speaking about it on platforms, and getting up bazaars and jumble sales to raise funds for its suppression. She had got slaves on the brain. Colored ones, of course. They must be black or brown or yellow.

She wouldn't be interested in white ones; in any silly amateur ones in sweat-shops, factories, or coal-mines; in those East End tailors' slaves who worked about twenty hours a day for a penny an hour; or in any other kind of European industrial system slaves.

Without disclosing the sources of her information, she "knew for a fact" slaves were exported in thousands and thousands from Africa to Arabia and Persia; that slaves were freely bought and sold in hundreds of secret slave markets, that the cities of the Sahara, Sudan, Morocco, Arabia and Persia were simply full of slaves.

And that apart from the hideous slaughtering slave raids, with rapine, fire, murder, and every brutality under the sun, apart from them, it was a fact that every peaceful and harmless-seeming caravan that traversed the trade routes of Africa carried little children decoyed from their homes or sold by their abominable parents, to be taken to the secret marts of towns, to be auctioned in the market place like sheep and goats and cattle.

And what was the present government doing about it? Nothing. What was the Navy doing about it? Nothing.

As she sat eying the ever-increasing audience, happy in the knowledge that, like all her slavery

meetings, this one was going to be well-attended, she was aware that the lecturer, whom she had met for the first time in town, a month ago, at no less a dinner-table than that of the Lord Mayor of London, was endeavoring to direct the attention of her brother, Canon Dunkleby, to a member of the audience.

Curious that he who spent most of his life out of England and whose home was at the other side of Wales should know anyone in Storborough.

"No," Colonel David Vivian-Jones was whispering to Canon Dunkleby, "not 'the fat white woman whom nobody loves, and who has come to the meeting in new white gloves.' I mean the one in the fifth—no, the sixth row, dressed in the black suit with a smart little hat—"

"Afraid I don't know her," murmured the canon, who, for some obscure reason, resented the colonel's implication that he should know by sight and name every woman in Storborough.

But Colonel David Vivian-Jones knew her. He knew her very well, though it was quite obvious that it couldn't be she. Still, how amazingly like little Robbie she was. Little Robbie, of whom he had been so fond, and who had been so sound a pal. What was her name? Robina Malet, of course.

Not that she'd changed so very much. Didn't look too happy. She had been such a cheery, smiling girl, and this was a woman who had been up against it, been put through it. More like a Dolores than a Robbie. A woman of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Not a miserable face but etherealized and—

This wouldn't do. He had got to give a lecture or something, and that silly hippopotamus was getting to her feet to introduce him. What a fool he had been to let her rope him in for as miserable a week-end as ever he had spent. The dear bishop's holy house at Storborough.

He had had a better time in the wicked old white monk's unholy

## Mrs. Norleigh's Night Out

Continued from Page 44

house at Timbuctoo. That old bird was real. A very real person. And so was his fat and jolly, black wife, not to mention the baker's dozen or so of children.

But what an amazing thing, if Pate had brought him to Storborough just to confront him with young Rubbish again; young Robbie Malet. Of course it wasn't she; it was her double—twenty years on. Why, young Robbie must be a woman of about thirty-eight now. Well, that was a woman of about thirty-eight, and a devilish pretty one, too. It couldn't be Robbie.

But it was. She was smiling at him, exactly as she used to do—

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mrs. Witheringwell—Betherby's clear voice, loud and important, broke the thread of his thoughts.

Having introduced Colonel Vivian-Jones, as she called him, to the meeting, in a speech of considerable length on the subject of "Slavery," Mrs. Witheringwell-Betherby sat down.

COLONEL JONES rose to his feet and spoke easily and well, his manner attractive, and his matter interesting. But to the minds of some of his audience, who knew their Mrs. Witheringwell-Betherby, it soon occurred that the extremely eloquent address that the lecturer was giving must be proving something of a disappointment to the bishop's wife.

He began well enough by describing his own personal experiences of slave-markets, and telling his audience how he had visited one of the best known of them all, that of the Holy City of Mecca itself.

There, disguised as an Arab, he had walked about the slave-market from one department to another, pricing the slaves, learning all he could about them from their respective owners, and bargaining for them in the role of a prospective purchaser.

So far so good. This was admirable, excellent. Mrs. Witheringwell-Betherby was pleased and proud to think that she had actually produced, for the benefit of the serious-minded, philanthropic and Christian inhabitants of Storborough a real, live investigator, who had attended an actual slave-market, handled real slaves, and seen and heard them bought and sold.

But unfortunately, the speaker, while most strongly condemning any and every form of slavery, went on to say that his pity was by no means exclusively reserved for these African people, who were, on the whole, as well and kindly treated and cherished by their owners as any other capitalist cherishes his capital.

He informed his deeply interested hearers that in any country in which slavery is a part of the social system, there is, nowadays, no such thing as cruelty to slaves. Apart from the fact that they are of great value, they have their legal rights; and ill-treatment of a slave would be punished by law in the same way as the ill-treatment of a horse, cow, dog, or other domestic animal would be punished in England.

They were regarded, he said, somewhat in the light of children—lesser children, of course—but still child-like dependents for whose

welfare the owner was responsible. And with a wry smile, the lecturer informed his audience that it was only in England that there existed, so far as he knew, a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Slaves in all Mussulman countries could and would and did complain to the nearest Kadi if he or she had a grievance; and if the Kadi found the slave-owner guilty of real cruelty, he could and would punish him and free the slave. Not that anything that the lecturer said was for one moment to be taken as a plea in defence of a vile and abominable institution, the deprivation by any man of the freedom of any other man.

And at this point in his speech, the speaker lashed bitterly, with a sharp and eloquent tongue, the generations of Britons who, stirred up by Wilberforce, gave freely of their time, their knowledge and their money, to obtain the manumission of other people's slaves—provided they were black—and permitted, encouraged and enforced a far worse form of slavery, because it was personally profitable.

On the Sabbath they shed tears of pity for their black brothers of the distant cotton plantations and sugar-cane fields; and, on week days, drove infant children into their factories and mines to work under the very worst possible conditions from the early morning until late evenings.

And from the days when child labor was the vilest and vilest child slavery; when tiny children, half starved and half frozen, were made to climb up into sooty chimneys, to emerge more than half suffocated and half dead, the lecturer turned to the present day, and spoke of the various forms of slavery practised and prevalent at the very moment at which he was speaking.

It seemed to Mrs. Norleigh that he spoke directly to her.

How wonderfully he spoke, and how nobly. She would always remember, as long as she lived, the words that he was saying now.

"That is the true slavery, the slavery that is all about us in this England of ours to-day. The slavery that even now would justify thousands of women in singing 'The Song of the Shirt,' shop girls, factory girls, yes, and mothers of families whose endless work begins when they wake and finishes when they lie down late at night, almost too weary for sleep."

"That is the real slavery, the slavery of the aged charwoman, bent, decrepit and twisted with pain; of the widows, or the wives of workless men, with many mouths to feed; the land-workers crippled with rheumatism, who have never had a spare penny in all their lives; the sweated slum-dwellers who do incredibly low-paid work in their one wretched family room; the women who, even to-day, might long to be a slave de jure as well as de facto, and cry."

Of to be a slave along with the barbarous Turk. Where woman has never a soul to save.

If this is Christian work— "And if there be one of you here who has an urge to do something useful, something good, something fine, let him make his endeavor in the direction of improving the lot and condition of someone whose life is spent in some form of slavery."

Please turn to Page 54

A touch of  
*Californian Poppy*  
**BRILLIANTINE**  
gives dull hair  
SHINING NEW GLORY



Put sunlight in your hair . . . give it soft, shining lustre, gleaming new brightness and beauty . . . with Californian Poppy Brilliantine. Just a touch to light up hidden colour . . . to leave a faint, intriguing fragrance . . . to complement your hair style perfectly.

For those who love luxury  
*Californian Poppy Brilliantine*

Only the most exquisitely fine, delicate oils are used in Californian Poppy Brilliantine. It is specially made to suit a woman's silky hair and sensitive scalp. Put a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and put it lightly on your hair before combing through. Your wave will set beautifully—without a sign of frizziness—and stay in place longer, and you'll know that sense of flawless grooming the elegant woman enjoys.



*Californian Poppy*  
**BRILLIANTINE**  
ATKINSONS OF LONDON

24 Old Bond Street, London.

ATKINSON'S BRILLIANTINES ALSO IN ENGLISH LAVENDER, WHITE ROSE OR UNSCENTED

32-33-34

## PREVENT DRYNESS . . . KEEP YOUR SKIN SUPPLE

. . . with the new soda-free soap, Ph6 Joderma, discovered by the makers of Castile No. 4. It is a scientific skin treatment . . . cleansing and emollient . . . delicately aromatic. If unobtainable at your chemist's, send 1/- for trial cake of Ph6 Joderma or Ph6 Bergamot to B. Callose & Sons, Pty., Ltd., Sydney . . . and see what a difference Ph6 makes.



**Ph6 JODERMA**

FOR BABY—use Castile No. 4, all-olive oil soap, approved by the British Pharmacopoeia.





ETIQUETTE, the subject of Mrs. Massey Lyon's interesting book, plays an important part in the life of the Dionne "Quins." Here they are shown being taught how to curtsy.

## ETIQUETTE

### Important work of women's committees

Committee work enters into the lives of most women, whether it is for a local church bazaar, philanthropic organisation, or an important dance.

This week Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted authority on social procedure, gives interesting sidelights on the work of a women's committee appointed to run a charity function or similar activity.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON

Published by Special Arrangement.

IN organising any function other than a private one, the first step is to gather a committee together.

This may be done by arranging an informal meeting in a private house, attended by four or five people, with the hostess in the chair.

Or it may be a bigger meeting with a Vice-Regal or Mayoral chairman or chairwoman. Or, at either type of meeting, the person who has suggested the function may be asked to take the chair.

At an informal meeting which may consist of a group of friends or the main committee of a society, as well as one or two asked for a special reason, the first step will be to elect the chairman, an honorary secretary (or arrange for a paid one), and appoint a treasurer.

After this the small committee lists the names of people to be asked to join the committee. Influential women who will be able to create interest in the particular function or important people interested in the particular cause and others with a flair for organisation might be invited to join.

If it is to be a big function a list of patronesses and patrons will have to be secured.

These will be important people whose names will carry weight and ensure a good attendance.

When the question of asking for Royal patronage is considered it should be a point of honor among those responsible that the event is of sufficient importance to warrant a request being made.

Secondly, all plans should be made, the date and place fixed, committee fully formed, and list of patrons and patronesses completed before the request is made. Sometimes several alternative dates may be submitted.

In the event of a refusal no one of higher rank may be asked. For instance, if a State Governor's wife were asked to lend her patronage to a charity event it would not be permissible to ask for the Duchess of Kent's patronage.

Requests for Royal patronage, or

for Royalty to be present, must be made through the lady-in-waiting or equestrian, as the case may be.

A letter would be written on these lines:

The Lady Herbert, or the Lady Patricia Ward.

Dear Madam,

It is proposed to hold a subscription dance on October 3, for which Lady X is kindly lending Seaview House, on behalf of the Home for Orphans.

The committee and all concerned are very anxious to know if the Duchess of Kent would graciously consent to lend her patronage to the event.

Would you be so good as to place the matter before Her Royal Highness? The Duchess' well-known interest in the welfare of children emboldens us to hope that Her Royal Highness may graciously consider our request.

I beg to enclose a leaflet and report giving particulars of the work; also a list of the committee and patronesses of the forthcoming event.

Yours very truly,  
MARY B...

The proceedings of a committee are always confidential and it should be understood that when Royal or Vice-Regal patronage is hoped for it should not be mentioned outside the committee room until a definite answer has been received.

If the request is granted notice can be given through the Press.

Where distinguished people known to be interested in the cause are not personally known to anyone on the committee, the chairman sends a formally worded letter on the same lines as the letter to Royalty.

When the list of patrons and patronesses is drawn up the rules of precedence must be observed, and titles must be given correctly and in full.

Many functions owe much of their success to the person who opens them or acts as hostess. The person asked to perform this duty should therefore be chosen with regard to personality, interest in a cause, and the type of function.

In all cases letters of thanks should be sent afterwards.

Next Week: Clubs and club life.

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**Not all Virgoans (those born between August 24 and September 23) are as perfect as they would like the world to believe. So beware the "rogue" of the species!**

**"ROGUE"** Virgoans, although just as bountifully blessed with keen mentality and general cleverness as the extremely honorable type, are less desirous of using these faculties for the good of their fellow men.

Their minds seem to run more to ideas for "fooling" their associates. They think up schemes, and can "put them over" with such sincerity that they have little difficulty in deceiving.

Unfortunately, they can think up schemes by the score—almost fool-proof ones at that. The funny part of it is that even while preening them to a prospective victim they can become so genuinely shocked at the idea of their general trustworthiness and honesty being doubted that they "fool" themselves.

At such times they develop such a self-righteous indignation and an air of outraged virtue that the victim is liable to apologise for his seeming misjudgment.

Even when steeped in roguery they picture themselves as wearing a halo of righteousness, and therefore dread accusations or implications of dishonesty.

These people are a problem to deal with, but fortunately very few of them remain "rogue" Virgoans all their lives. Some innate purity and fussiness in their make-up create a desire to live cleanly in order to earn the good regard of their fellows.

As a result (and because these people are seldom really vicious in their evil-doing), most of the "rogues" reform and thereafter do

excellent work on behalf of their fellows.

In view of all these things parents of Virgoan-born children should pay special attention to their training so that they learn early in life that they must use their fine mental equipment for the advancement and betterment of mankind, not for its undoing.

Teach them tolerance and kindness; show them how to use their humane instincts wisely and unselfishly; and make sure that they do not cultivate their keenly-critical and analytical faculties to a destructive degree.

But don't let them know that with the elimination of their tendency to roguery they can attain almost any degree of perfection. Many Virgoans spoil themselves and create much of their own unhappiness by developing a "swelled head." They then tend to become so precise and dominant that they are impossible to live with.



NORMAN HARTNELL created this mist-mauve gown, and jacket on the follow-the-figure line, slightly flared into a small back train from knee-level.

## ☆ Fashion Right



Crepe Mist

The smarter stocking for Spring—Kayser's "Crepe Mist." Duller and Sheerer. Surprisingly snag-resistant, and amazingly elastic. With a soft crepe-like appearance which blends subtly with new pastel tonings. "Crepe Mist," by Kayser. 5/11

"I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW I INSIST ON"

KAYSER Hosiery

LINGERIE GLOVES

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It can prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Just a week of days. September 10 (p.m.), 11 and 12 (early) just fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Rays of fortune should shine upon many Taurians on September 12 (after noon only), 13 and 14 (before 10 a.m.). Have your plans ready. Start something new and important on these days; be especially sure not to miss September 13 for new ventures, making changes or asking favors.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Don't commit yourselves in important matters at this time. Delays, difficulties and upsets will be the lot of over-confident, impatient or thoughtless Geminians, especially in regard to ventures started on September 12, 13 and 14 (very early).

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Get all important matters under way on September 9 or 10 (forenoon). Or, better still, on September 16 (after noon), unless such matters can wait several weeks. This would be better.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 24): Unspectacular. September 10, 11 and 12 (early) just fair.

**VIRGO** (August 25 to September 23): This is the time for all wise Virgoans to get busy and commence new enterprises, make changes, seek promotion, and otherwise try to improve their affairs. The stars will aid those who are alert and diligent on September 12 (after noon), 13 and 14 (extremely early).

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 24): September 14, 15 and 16 (early) just fair.

**SCORPIO** (October 25 to November 23): September 9 and 10 (morning only), and 16 (afternoon) can produce very fair results for hard work.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 24 to December 23): Be cautious or you will lead yourself astray, especially on September 12 (p.m. hours), 13 and 14 (very early). Avoid unmet.

**CAPRICORN** (December 24 to January 20): Use all that inborn forethought, shrewdness and practical ability of yours to start something worth while at this time. The stars will be especially friendly on September 12 (all p.m. hours), 13 (best of all), and 14 (to 10 a.m. only).

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Don't waste your charm (or possessions) on the desert air at present. Plan for the near future. Meanwhile September 14, 15 and 16 (early) slightly helpful.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 21): Let your conscience be your guide. Look out for losses, partings and other troubles if you are unwise, especially on September 12, 13 and 14 (early).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



# Plan Your Complete Wardrobe Whatever your age or "type"—from this Encyclopedia of Fashion!

Packed with designs and fashion facts for every woman, FASHION enables you to plan a complete wardrobe for every occasion—to be sure always of wearing exactly the RIGHT styles for your "type" whatever you wish to spend.

You save money, trouble and time by planning your wardrobe with the practical help of FASHION.

In FASHION'S September Number you will find another new 93 up-to-the-minute designs for women, young women, girls, and children—for morning, afternoon, evening, and bedtime! And there's a pattern available (in several sizes) for each of these designs at only 1/1 each (and 10d. for children's patterns).

Below are indicated some of the many interesting style features of FASHION which show its wonderful variety. There's something for EVERY woman in FASHION.



New Paris Models and specially selected new "Vogue" patterns.



New styles in afternoon frocks for matrons.



New Evening Modes for the modern miss and matron.



6 smart new Frock designs for the modern business girl.



A marvellous selection of up-to-the-minute sports clothes.



... New "Sleepytime" Lingerie. New Accessories.



Special new "Junior" section with a variety of children's patterns.



The newest of fashions for Spring Brides.



The best of designs portraying the new "Petticoat" frocks.

THESE **4**  
**FREE**  
**PATTERNS**  
*Specially Selected by*  
MARGARET VYNER

# Fashion

MONTHLY STYLE MAGAZINE ...

6<sup>D</sup>

64 glorious pages! Dozens of designs in full colour so you can see exactly how they look when finished! Style news, knitting, needlework, fiction, cookery, too. Get YOUR copy of this month's FASHION at your newsagent's now.

**SIXPENCE** spent on Fashion  
**Saves you Pounds on clothes**



# Betty's "racey" narratives

It's nice to get up in the morning and watch the spring gallops

By BETTY GEE

I've always wanted to see the early morning gallops, so I got up at dawn last week, and with my companions sneaked like a ghost to Randwick to see Defaulter, star of the spring, do his work-out.

But Defaulter didn't come. He snooped off to Rosebery for a private gallop instead.

Still we had fun seeing lots of good horses. Isn't it marvellous how the touts who report track gallops know all the horses.

THEY have no numbered saddle-cloths or gaily-colored jockeys to identify them in their dawn gallops.

Consequently to our unaccustomed eyes all looked alike. I asked "What one is that?" every time a galloping horse came past, and the touts answered unerringly. They recognise them as if they are human beings they know well.

I asked one how he did it and he said the horse called out the name as it went past, but I didn't hear it, so I'm sorry I had to disbelieve his leg-pulling.

I saw Darby Munro riding Buzalong in a swift gallop. He's an ugly big creature, a plain staring bay. I mean the horse, of course. But somebody said the ugly horses by The Buzzard (Buzalong's daddy) are always the best.

I also saw Darby riding Mosaic, and I leapt to a sudden conclusion that the pair might make an excellent double for the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, Buzalong and Mosaic.

So I've already rung up my bookie and taken a long-shot. Dickie said you get silly impulses when you come straight away from the tracks in the morning. But I said what about the touts who go every morning to see horses gallop? Do they pick a new horse for the Epsom or the Cups every morning of the week?

Dickie couldn't answer me that one. I presume he is jealous of my good double.

I have a feeling that Darby Munro will ride Buzalong and Mosaic. This, as the papers say, is as yet unconfirmed.

But jockeys make tentative en-

gagements like these for big events without definitely agreeing to ride. They wait and see. If the horse under offer doesn't strike form they can wait for a second choice on a better mount. Some of them have had two or three strings to their bows.

Maurice McCarten is the lucky windfall jockey who gets last-minute mounts on great winners.

Engagements only ratified at the last moment gave him wins on Contact in the Sydney Cup, Aurie's Star in the Newmarket, Heroic Prince in the Australian Cup, Sr. Valorey and Spear Chief in the Brisbane Cup, John Wilkes in the Leger, and hosts of others. And Darby Munro got the winning mount on Peter Pan in a Melbourne Cup because Jim Pike was suspended at the moment.

## Doubles crash

REVERTING to doubles, I'm going quietly just at the moment. I met a man who had £20,000 to £50 about Tempest and Mosaic.

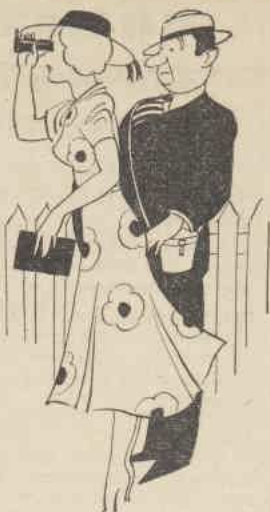
Tempest is dead and buried, or boiled down, but the hacker has to pay that £50 when the Cup settling is due! Tempest was run down by a truck and his shoulder broken and had to be destroyed. He was such a lovely animal, and I won ever so much on him in Melbourne last spring and autumn. I could have cried when I read the news.

But fancy having to pay bets when your horse has been killed. No wonder bookies live on the fat of the land.

If I were a big punter I would agitate to get this silly situation altered with a new betting rule.

Aren't racehorses frail things? You notice this when you look through the weight-for-age entries.

There's hardly anything to tackle



GUINEAS DAY at Rosehill—Betty tips Pantler for the Handicap.

Defaulter here in Sydney and Ajax in Melbourne. Spear Chief, Early Bird and lots of others have fallen by the wayside.

I suppose it's because Defaulter and Ajax have constitutions of iron that they keep going and are the champions they are.

I hope Ajax and Defaulter continue in the rude health which makes them champions until they meet in Melbourne. Then you'll see a race.

And I'll bet there'll be 120,000 at Flemington the day they meet.

Pardon my having wandered off the tracks at Randwick. Good horses carry you away like that, though, don't they?

I saw my early Metropolitan pick, Feminist. What a lovely mare she is! And Mildura, who is getting ready for the Epsom, and High Caste, and it's funny to see how High Caste has lost that great rotundity he had last year as a two-year-old. He is a magnificent big colt. I love him.

I saw Binnia Hero work swiftly, and I'm going to follow him up in races because I've had the whisper that he's good, and he'll be long odds.

## Playful champion

AFTER the gallops we went to see St. Constant at his stable, and we had some fun with one of the innocents of the party.

We knew he'd stretch his neck out of the door and try to nip you if you went near it. We told the innocent St. Constant abhorred abuse, and to demonstrate it we told him to go to the door and call St. Constant "a big fat loafer." The great big black horse had his head in the manger with his tail to the door. The innocent poked his head in and told him off as instructed. St. Constant awing with the agility of a kitten, and baring his teeth grabbed at the tormentor, missing by an inch. Unashamedly, the man ran.

St. Constant is a playful, inquisitive creature of huge size, and ever so handsome with his great white blaze on an ebony black body.

Joe Cook, his trainer, says he isn't vicious. He just does that nipping stunt to frighten strangers away.

I don't know about that. I wouldn't like to try to slip him a drug in a thistle stalk like they say dopers do. St. Constant would take the thistle and his hand, wrist and all.

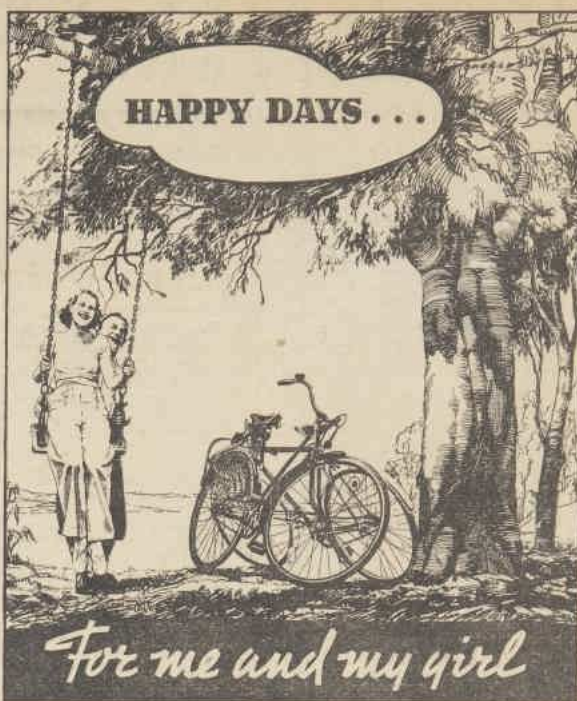
I hope this getting up at dark isn't going to be without result. Somehow I feel that I'm on to some good things for the spring.

It is Guineas Day at Rosehill on Saturday, and I believe High Caste and Defaulter are running again.

High Caste ought to stroll in with the Guineas, but unfortunately Defaulter, I suppose, will be again at odds on for the Hill Stakes.

I have had Denita from a very secret source for whichever race he starts in at Rosehill.

The Head Waiter is tip is Pantler for the Rosehill Spring Handicap.



LEAVE crowds and noise behind and travel the peaceful bushland roads. There's so much to see, so many glorious places to go. With a Speedwell you're free as air and there's a thrill in every mile you ride. Happy days! Healthful days!! You'll find nine out of ten cyclists choose Speedwells because they are light to pedal; perfectly balanced and really comfortable and, too, because their superb finish is enduring and gives them pride of place in any company.

Speedwells are built for a lifetime's service. They are as perfect as 56 years' manufacturing experience can make them. In choosing a Speedwell your purchase is also protected by an everlasting guarantee.

PRICES: Adult models from 3/- weekly or £6/17/6 cash; Juvenile models from 2/6 weekly or £5/19/6 cash; from 10/- deposit.

SEE YOUR LOCAL AGENT

9 OUT OF 10 ARE

**SPEEDWELLS**

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY  
**BENNETT & WOOD PTY LTD**  
PITT AND BATHURST STREETS SYDNEY.

## 18 EXHILARATING 60-Second FACIAL PADS

that CLEANSE-TONE-REFRESH! A perfect facial quickly any time-anywhere-without cream. Use "Freshers" to remove stale make-up, cleanse and refresh. Velvet-soft, cloth pads all ready saturated with a marvellous cleansing, refreshing lotion; non-irritant, pleasantly perfumed. Provide a perfect powder 1/- base. Smart ivory and green purse vanity of 18. 1/- Sold everywhere—or mail 1/- to Miami Cosmetics, 115 Parramatta Road, Camperdown. N.B. all jars of 100, 2/6.

## Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Tip Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/9, 4/9, 8/9.

This is a **Guaranteed Cystex Remedy** for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism



## Keep your head above water!

It's a comfortable feeling to know you have tucked safely away a little nest egg of savings—when sudden need comes your way. It is easy to acquire the habit, week by week—a few shillings—you will marvel at their growth. Interest helps, and you need never have that "sink or swim" feeling—you need never fear the future—you're safe if you save!

Use a Savings Bank Passbook for your Household Accounts.

**Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia**

Over 4,000 Branches and Agencies



## EXTRA MONEY for YOU

### THIS NEW WAY —

#### Making French Hand-made Flowers

At home you can make a really good weekly income by making French hand-made flowers in all kinds of materials for frocks, millinery, etc. Demand is unlimited. You'll enjoy making them! It's simple and fascinating! You don't need one bit of experience. We show how. No artistic ability required. No matter what your age or where you live, you can earn big money doing this popular work.



**A BIG CHANCE FOR YOU**  
Why not enjoy all these extra pleasures in life—new clothes, money to travel as you wish, new comforts in your home—by easily making money through taking up this profitable craft, not overlooked. Start now! You can easily, right away make these gorgeous flowers and earn extra money. We supply free packing boxes and pay the freight.

### FREE BOOK!

**Fashion 6**  
Order Your Copy NOW!

#### La Paula Academy Offers Two Courses:

(1) A special Postal Course for those who wish to learn at home, and (2) a Personal Course of tuition at the Academy. You can learn equally well by whichever method suits your convenience. You will quickly learn by the simplest, easiest methods the secrets of hand-made flowers for additional income at home. If it's extra money you need, here's your real opportunity.

#### We Buy Your Work

UNDER WRITTEN GUARANTEE  
You do not have to rely only on your own efforts to sell your finished work, as we definitely guarantee to PURCHASE the goods—and this guarantee is included with every course. We have arranged arrangements with important buyers for prompt purchase of supplies.

#### Free Working Outfit

To prompt enquirers—and for a limited time only—we will give, absolutely free, with the La Paula course, a splendid working outfit, including complete set of tools and materials, with which anyone can begin immediately to make the most beautiful hand-made flowers.

Leading Stores have big demand. Don't delay! Join in with our workers. Send now—no delay—for free book. POST YOUR ENQUIRY NOW. SEND NO MONEY.

LA PAULA ACADEMY  
Culivada Chambers, 67 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY.

Without obligation to me, please send your free book showing how I can make extra money by making flowers for you. Also your PURCHASE GUARANTEE. I am interested in postal course.

Name .....  
Address ..... W.W. 16/9/39.

## DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



## "JACKPOTS" test musical memory

### New session from 2GB has wide appeal

An opportunity for listeners to test their musical memory is being given in a novel new 2GB session, "Musical Jackpots."

Substantial awards are being made to listeners visiting the studio who are able to identify popular numbers from a few bars of music played on the piano.

THIS new feature is presented on the same lines as "Spelling Jackpots," and "Mathematical Jackpots," and a general knowledge test called "That's what you think."

All these sessions have big audiences throughout the State. The secret of their success lies in the fact that listeners themselves actually take part in them. For each broadcast a number of entrants are invited to the studio.

The title "Jackpots," as most people know, refers to the way in which the fees are awarded. When these are unearned they are added to the fees for the following week and over a period they often increase to quite substantial amounts.

"Musical Jackpots" is being heard regularly by thousands of listeners who pride themselves on being able to remember all the well-known song "hits."

These days, when the life of a popular tune is often only a few weeks instead of, as pre-

viously, twelve to eighteen months, there is an unending spate of melodies pouring from the brains of modern composers.

"Can you," Jack Lumsdaine asks his audience, in "Musical Jackpots," "identify from a few bars even the most popular of these numbers?"

#### Strange similarity

IT is not always as simple as it seems, because, even when the listener's musical memory is good, he is frequently led astray by the similarity of the numbers played. There are no words, of course, to guide him.

The tunes played range from those heard before the last war to the latest modern dance numbers.

For instance, a bar or two may be played from "The Belle of New York." For the next entrant the piece selected may be something as modern as "Three Little Fishes." Next may come a bar from "Destiny" waltz.

Difficulties arise when a competitor who knows all the old-time songs is asked to identify "A Ticket, a Ticket," or when a modern young woman is confronted with the pre-war number, "What's the Matter with Father?"

Most of the numbers are simple enough to identify provided the listener has a good memory and a good ear, but Jack Lumsdaine



LORNA FORBES, the well-known actress, who plays the part of Josephine in "Long Live the Emperor," the story of Napoleon's life, now being heard from 2GB.

provides two special tests for music lovers, for which larger broadcasting fees are offered.

For the first of these he takes a well-known classic and transcribes it into waltz or march time. Even the best-known classics sound completely different when thus transcribed.

The second test is even more difficult. As those who have studied music know, many a popular song bit is an old favorite in disguise.

As Jack Lumsdaine points out, there are only eight notes in the scale and the number of melodious arrangements of these notes must be limited.

Thus, either from design or accident, the modern composer frequently seizes on an

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, September 13.

—Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

THURSDAY, September 14.

—June Marsden—Astrology for Children.

FRIDAY, September 15.

—June Marsden—General Astrology.

SATURDAY, September 16.

—Music in the News.

SUNDAY, September 17.

—June Marsden—Astrology for Business Folk.

MONDAY, September 18.

—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, September 19.

—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

## LOOK! SPLENDID QUALITY KITCHENWARE FREE FOR SIREN CROSSES

and you can't beat SIREN SOAP for quality either

#### \* KITCHEN JUG, SET OF 3

2 1/2, 1 and 1 1/2 pints, gaily blue and white stripes.

Save 148 Blue Crosses

Send 1/- to cover freight and packing for set of 3.

#### \* BREAD BOARD

Strong; gaily hand-painted, poker-worked edges.

Save 28 Blue Crosses

Send 7d. to cover freight and packing.

#### HAIR BROOM

Fine, close-set bristles. Sturdily made; will give years of service.

Save 104 Blue Crosses

#### \* SAUCEPAN

2 1/2 pint size, "Strong-Lite" 99% pure aluminium, splendidly finished, with coloured heat-proof knob.

Save 56 Blue Crosses

Send 4d. to cover freight and packing.

#### BREAD SAW

Heavy Stainless steel, made in Sheffield, England.

Save 44 Blue Crosses

Many other gifts available

Write for a List to Lintas Depot.

#### HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars, enclose with crosses and stamps to cover freight and packing (on gifts marked \*) and address to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, BOX 4267 Y.G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT SEND A LETTER, BUT USE PRINTED FORM

Name (IN BLOCK LETTERS) .....

Address .....

Enclosed ..... Crosses

State which gift you require .....

Freight and Packing .....



# Anything for a Laugh

Continued from Page 15

"YOU'RE the man Miss Isham sent?"

"Yes, sir."

Anthony Everett drew a note from his pocket. "Mrs. Sanders isn't going to need you, after all. She asked me to give you this. O.K.?"

"O.K., sir," said the gardener.

At the Wayland home, soon after, Macgregor, his mother's Scottish handyman, watched in amazed disapproval as Anthony Everett, having changed into flannel trousers and an old pullover, snared the seventh fish from the Wayland pond. Its tail fluttered like an agitated fan against the wire sieve as Anthony Everett dumped it into the basket.

"You'll make any replacements you think necessary," said Anthony Everett. "Those funny little plants, for instance. You think if I replant them within an hour, they'll be all right?"

"With the roots downwards," Macgregor added. "If you'd like me to demonstrate, sir—"

Anthony Everett Wayland paid inattentive attention to his first lesson in the art of gardening.

Thomas, who was going to attend to the abandoned car, drove him to the Sanders' gate in his mother's saloon and grinned as he helped deposit the various articles on the grass at the edge of the drive. He did not know what young Wayland was up to, but he certainly looked as though he were having a good time.

"That'll be all, sir?"

"All except secrecy," answered Anthony Everett. "You don't know where I am. Possibly out of the country—perhaps deceased."

"Very well, sir," said Thomas, grinning, and drove away.

Susan Sanders sat on the grass and watched Anthony Everett at work.

"And to think that the children of the poor live in hovels," she murmured, "while the fish of the rich—or perhaps you're not sympathetic towards the lower classes, Tony? Being, in a manner of speaking, a fish of the rich, yourself?"

"Yes, miss," said Anthony Everett.

"Fish of the rich!" repeated Susan. "I think I shall call my next economic treatise that." She gazed dreamily off towards the house, and Anthony Everett reflected that she was probably as desperately lonely and miserable a young girl as he had ever encountered. It took, unfortunately, some of the edge off her amusement-value; one should not reflect upon the personal lives of clowns.

She stood up and looked scornfully down at the pool where Anthony Everett was putting in his mother's plants. For an instant, he thought she was going to spit in it. Then she shrugged and walked up to the house.

She was a funny girl, thought Anthony Everett, yet he did not smile and his face continued as sober as any real gardener's, as he proceeded with his labors. The day that had begun so hilariously for him seemed to be turning a shade sour.

"Hm! Quite a neat piece of work!" a masculine voice said, and Anthony

Everett looked up at a short man in plus fours standing beside him.

"Yes, sir," he agreed.

"I'm Mr. Sanders," the man introduced himself. "There's been a frog hanging round this mud-pond—what do you say to us building a platform for him to sun himself on? There's some cement in the tool-house."

At five o'clock, Anthony Everett was still watching, like a plumber's helper, while his employer toiled.

"Pretty neat, eh?" he murmured with pride. "How about our having a couple of bottles of beer to celebrate, Tony? I'll bring 'em out here."

A funny little man, thought Anthony Everett, and again no shadow of a smile touched his lips. A lonely, unhappy little man, who had simply and without self-consciousness poured out his life-story to his new gardener. Rethrowed from business with a bad heart—it was that and not, as he had first thought, panic about appearances, which had made Mrs. Sanders say: "Oh, Fred, do you think you ought to?" when she discovered them.

He had promised Kit Isham, when he telephoned her, to report that evening, and after work was over he walked down to the village.

Kit gave him a cocktail and they took their glasses out to the verandah.

"Wayland, you're priceless!" she told him. "Anyone who'll actually labor for a laugh—"

"Keeps me out in the open air."

"Well?" said Kit. "Tell me about it. Aren't they funny little people?"

Something had happened to Anthony Everett's sense of humor.

## ANIMAL ANTICS



"LET'S sit this one out."

"You know, I feel sort of sorry for them," he admitted. "He's a nice little man, old Sanders."

Kit laughed. "D'you know, I actually caught him reading a book on etiquette the other day?"

"Caught?" repeated Anthony Everett.

"He wasn't at all put out, either!" she said. "And as for Bessie—she's really fantastic! Asked me how she could get Helen and Susie presented at Court."

"Didn't you tell her?" asked Anthony Everett. "Or did she stick at the price?"

Kit Isham looked at the young man sharply. "What's come over you, Wayland?" She lit a cigarette, and her face had a curious stillness and intentness in the glare of the match. "How long are you going to keep this joke up, anyway?"

He shrugged. "Oh—as long as I'm amused. Or until I'm found out."

"You don't seem very amused," she objected.

He was not very amused. He realised that, decidedly, the next day when he found Susan Sanders crying. He had taken the Sanders station-wagon and stopped at his own place for another load of his mother's plants, dug up beneath the indignant yet interested eyes of Macgregor; and he had met her, striding along the road with her Alredale trotting beside her.

"Can I give you a lift home?" he asked, stopping.

She made no attempt to wipe her eyes, and her frank tears did not

somehow detract from her dignity. "No, thanks, Tony," she said.

Mr. Sanders was hovering about the garage; he smiled broadly as the station-wagon appeared.

"Been looking for you, young man," he said. "I've got an idea."

He led Anthony Everett to the side of the sprawling house.

"Thought I might put in a putting-green, here—where I've laid out that string. If you'll dig it up—"

When the butler announced lunch, Sanders looked regretfully at his gardener. "I'll be straight back after the meal," he said. "Looks good, doesn't it?"

HE had come to laugh and remained to pray. Anthony Everett told himself caustically, trying to remember that this was meant to be humorous. It wasn't humorous, and it grew daily less so, and he did not know why he didn't ease quietly out of a situation where his sympathies were constantly stirred.

He was weeding the perennial borders beside the drive when Kit Isham's green coupe appeared. Mrs. Sanders rose eagerly from the terrace, and Susan's jack-knife folds unfolded, as she stood up, with noticeably less eagerness.

"Good afternoon, Miss Isham!" Mrs. Sanders said. "It's so nice to see you! You'll have some tea with us, won't you?"

She really couldn't stay for tea, Kit explained; she was on a begging errand—collecting contributions for the Cottage Hospital. Mrs. Sanders fluttered into the house for her cheque-book, and Anthony Everett saw Susan's eyes flicker over Kit's face.

"You might have a cup of tea," Susan said. "Or anyway, a cocktail. Mother'd like it." She laughed shortly. "It might lead to more decorating, even," she added.

Kit's face could be hard, Anthony

Everett reflected, watching her smile. "All right," she agreed, sitting down. "What have you been doing?"

"I'm still on the same work," Susan said. "Collecting material for my autobiography."

Anthony Everett grinned, as Kit murmured, vaguely: "Oh?"

"Quite," said Susan. Her young face was suddenly quite fierce, as she leaned towards Kit. "You be nice to my mother, Miss Isham!" she said.

Kit tried to laugh, to dismiss the direct command in the younger girl's voice as some sort of joke.

"It won't hurt you," Susan told her, coldly. "Mother always gives back more than she gets."

Mrs. Sanders returned, breathlessly. "There, Miss Isham—is it enough?"

Kit looked at the cheque. "You're very generous," she said. "You're coming to the meeting, next Tuesday, of course?"

"Oh, should I? I didn't know," Anthony Everett pulled up a delphinium angrily.

"You're sure you wouldn't like a cup of tea?"

"I believe I would, after all," Kit answered, and Susan said: "Sit still, mother I'll tell Bangs."

"The Carringtons who used to live here were friends of yours, weren't they?" Mrs. Sanders asked. "I'm so sorry for people who have to give up their home. And it's such a pretty house!"

Kit murmured something.

"Tell me about this young Mr. Wayland," Mrs. Sanders went on. "Helen met him and liked him so much."

Susan, returning, scowled and sat down.

"He's a very peculiar person," Kit said. "Always clowning and playing practical jokes."

"How unattractive," murmured Susan, and Anthony Everett chuckled.

Please turn to Page 52

LIPS THAT LURE  
DEPEND ON



Men are naturally drawn to soft, appealing lips—to lips that glow with the beauty of Michel Lipstick. Michel Lipsticks are made with a creamy base that gives a young and soft-as-velvet look—that makes lips feel as dewy fresh as a baby's. Start using Michel Lipstick right away—let it show you how lovely and alluring your lips can really be.

BEAUTIFYING SHADES  
BLONDE CHERRY  
VIVID CAPUCINE  
SCARLET RASPBERRY

Price 2/- each

OBTAINABLE FROM  
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

## TO REMOVE HAIR



Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

Amazing new discovery! A dainty, white cream. Apply it straight from the tube. Wash off with plain water. Every trace of hair is gone! Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet. No stubble like the razor leaves. No coarse regrowth. Sold everywhere under Trademark New VEEET.

Razors only make hair grow faster and coarser. The quick, easy pleasant way to end your superfluous hair troubles for ever is with New VEEET. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. 2/- and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE: By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd (Dept 387A), 184/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



More Milk Dishes  
at less cost  
WITH

TRUFOOD  
SKIM MILK POWDER

ALWAYS  
FRESH!

To know you have a generous supply of fresh, wholesome milk always on hand—that's what a tin of Trufood on your shelf means. Trufood is certainly generous, for you get eight full pints from a 1-lb. tin. Because you mix it only as you want it, Trufood is always fresh and sweet. Trufood is pure country milk with only the water and butterfat removed. The body-building proteins and other valuable food properties of milk are all retained in their full quantities. Here's your chance to give your family more milk... regularly. It's a vital food, and when you use Trufood it's also an economical food.

A 1 lb. TIN MAKES 8 PINTS OF MILK



30,105,10N

Save TRUFOOD Labels  
for FREE Gifts

There are lots of really high quality gifts to choose from—big, luxurious towels, modern kitchenware, first grade cutlery and so on. The gifts that Trufood labels bring you make Trufood an even more economical milk for you to use.

If the recipe says MILK...  
use TRUFOOD

FREE

Nearly 70 recipes in "The Milky Way of Cookery." Send to: Recipe Department, Trufood of Australia Ltd, Box 4247 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



## Middle age is when you most need energy

Most middle aged people know that feeling of being old beyond one's years... easily tired... no vigour or joy of living. It's not natural! A really fit middle aged person feels as youthful as ever!

If YOU don't then you need Wincarnis—the no-waiting tonic... the tonic that makes you feel better AFTER THE FIRST GLASS... gives you the will to recover.

Read this tribute: "I must write and tell you I was waiting away to a shadow, and my nerves were in bits. I couldn't eat or sleep for worrying. Then a doctor told me to get Wincarnis. I felt better at once. Presently my old strength came back, my high spirits and fun too. Now I look and feel years younger." These words are typical of thousands of letters received by Wincarnis.

The reason WINCARNIS rallies you so quickly is that it acts at once on the blood stream... gives it two kinds of vitamins essential to health. Wincarnis has received over 25,000 recommendations from medical men—because they know it rebuilds vitality... know that its rich extracts are even more effective because they are blended in choice Wine. Get Wincarnis—and get better—now! Remember, a long course is unnecessary. From all Chemists.

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling sight, dizziness, flushes and kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer this way start a 3 months' course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to loosen aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, give you new vitality. Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS Month's Pack, 4/6; 12 Days' Pack, 3/6. At your chemist.

"ANYTHING for a laugh!" Kit went on, brightly. "He'll work up a joke for weeks, before he springs it. A little cruel, sometimes—." Her eyes moved slowly towards Anthony Everett. "Oh, you did engage Tony, I see!"

Mrs. Sanders' voice dropped to a whisper. "He's wonderful!" she confided. "Such a worker! And what he doesn't know about gardens—"

"What he doesn't know about gardens!" Kit echoed, and added: "Of course, it's unfortunate about—." She lowered her voice, also, but not so far that Anthony Everett could not hear it. "Has he been all right? I mean—I did tell you that he has epileptic fits, occasionally?"

"The poor boy!" There was nothing but warm sympathy in Mrs. Sanders' voice. "I had a second cousin who suffered like that."

Bangs appeared with the tea-tray and Mrs. Sanders officiated, happily. "I don't like to eat and run," Kit said. "But—"

"But you're going to," Susan murmured. "Come again when we can do something for you, Miss Isham."

Kit's eyes were like green glass, and Mrs. Sanders' cheeks were painfully pink.

"Oh, Susan, how can you be so rude?" she asked, when Kit's car turned down the drive.

"I hate that woman!" Susan said, fiercely. "Patronising, superior, ill-bred—." She looked across at Anthony Everett. "Tony! Come here a minute!"

Startled, Anthony Everett laid down his trowel and obeyed. "Yes, Miss Sanders."

"Why did Miss Isham tell us that you have epileptic fits—never mind. Mother! He doesn't, you know—do you?"

Anthony Everett swallowed. "No, Miss Sanders."

Susan's brown eyes were puzzled, as they searched his face. "Well, never mind," she told him. "That's all."

"Thank you, miss," said Anthony Everett.

Kit was still furious, when he saw her that evening. "Of all the disagreeable, ill-bred girls—"

He chuckled. "That's what she said about you!" he told her.

"And you think it's funny?" Kit demanded.

He shook his head. "No, it isn't very funny." His face was serious.

## Anything for a Laugh

Continued from Page 51

"Kit, couldn't people be nice to them?"

"Are you mad?" Kit asked him.

"I don't see," he said slowly, "so great a difference between them and oh, say the Hoveys. John Hovey was a grocer, forty years ago."

Kit's voice was bright with mockery. "Poor Wayland! Don't tell me that romance has come to you at last!"

"I'm sorry for them, Kit," he said, seriously. "The other one—Helen—is a little climber. But the Sanders' themselves—and Susan—"

Lyric of Life

### Inevitable

Oh, we'll be old, so very old,  
When there's an end of  
dreaming.  
When all your pretty lies  
are told  
And ended all my  
scheming.  
When we're content with  
what there is  
And life's beyond our  
caring,  
And all the ardent days like  
this  
Are memories for our  
sharing.  
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Kit said: "All right, I'll be a girl guide. I'll take Bessie under my wing, next Tuesday. But I'm curious to see how you're going to laugh yourself out of your disguise."

Kit was right. He had, Anthony Everett realised, started something which he could not possibly finish. He could not go on forever playing gardener, and when he stepped out of his role—

"You know, you're all right, Tony!" Mr. Sanders told him the next day. "I should think you could get a better job than this, though. There's no future in gardening."

Anthony Everett flushed. The little man liked him, trotted him round like a dog.

"I might be able to help you," Mr. Sanders continued. "How much schooling did you get?"

Anthony Everett thought of his public school, Oxford, and felt like digging a deep hole and crawling into it.

"Tony," Mrs. Sanders addressed him that afternoon, "you look worried. Are you feeling all right?" Her plump little face was maternal. "You must tell me, if there's anything wrong. We're very pleased with you, you know, and working here makes you, in a manner of speaking, part of the family."

She smiled, encouragingly. They would remember their kindness to him, their generosity, and not forgive him for it. As he mowed the lawn he rehearsed a hundred explanations, and none of them would do.

He saw Susan Sanders as few young men are ever able to see the young women who interest them. He saw her gentleness and protectiveness towards her parents, saw her gaiety and humor which was not saved up and turned on for her contemporaries, but which flowed in a spasmodic stream for her mother and father. And he saw the loneliness and bitterness as they never saw it.

Mrs. Sanders returned from the Cottage Hospital meeting in a flurry of excitement, and Anthony Everett, clipping hedges, moved nearer and nearer to the terrace where the family was sitting.

"You're wrong about Miss Isham, Susan," she was saying. "She was sweet to me to-day. I met everyone! She says that people don't call much, here, and I've decided to give a party—out on the lawn. For the menfolk, too, Fred. We'll have tea under the trees, and drinks for the men if they prefer them."

"THAT sounds nice," her husband murmured.

"We'll ask the rector and his wife, of course, and all the people I met to-day. Miss Isham's going to help me with my list."

Susan said: "I fear the Greeks and the gifts they bring."

"Who's a Greek?" asked her father.

"Isham," said Susan. "The Greeks had a word for her." She patted her mother's plump hand. "I'll be a good girl, Mother—I'll be so polite that you won't know me."

IT was a perfect day for the party. Anthony Everett hovered in the shrubbery, nervous as a bride at her first dinner, and Susan, in a yellow dress, was keeping her parents laughing. At four-thirty, the rector and his wife drove up the driveway; at five, two of the maids brought out tea.

Susan's laughter blew across to him; he was not near enough to hear the conversation, but he could see their faces. Mrs. Sanders' eyes straying, at first puzzled and then incredulous, towards the empty drive, Mr. Sanders' cheeks flushed with mounting anger. Anthony Everett saw the rector's wife rise, murmur something, and then Susan's voice floated clearly to his ears.

"You were so nice to come! Think if no one had!"

She walked with them to their car, shook hands with them both. "Good-bye," she called, gaily—and made a dive for the shrubbery, as the car turned into the road.

Anthony Everett caught her, and she stared at him, her eyes bright and dry, her face white.

"Oh, Susan—" he said.

Color returned quickly to her cheeks. "Who are you?" she asked. "My name's Wayland. It doesn't matter, I—"

Susan Sanders laughed, without humor. "I might have known. Anthony Everett Wayland, the funny man. Anything for a laugh. This was a good one, wasn't it?"

He held her shoulders firmly. "Susan, don't! It hasn't been any funnier to me than—"

She interrupted him. "Don't say it. I'm not interested in your reactions. Won't you go away now?" "No," said Anthony Everett. "I'm not going away until everyone in this neighborhood comes here and apologises!"

She laughed again. "You're pretty absurd, aren't you? I rather think the Sanders family will let the neighborhood alone, from now on."

Anthony Everett shook his head. "Don't be so selfish, Susan."

"Selfish!" Her eyes blazed at him.

"I'm thinking about your mother and father," he said.

"Aren't you a little late?"

"No," he answered. "Susan, will you marry me?"

She did not even smile. "That's carrying the noblesse oblige principle about as far as it will go, isn't it?"

"No," he said, again, "but we'll pass that, now. Will you announce your engagement to me?"

"Why should I?"

"I'll tell you why," said Anthony Everett.

Mrs. Sanders was still crying against her husband's shoulder when Susan and Anthony Everett came together across the grass.

"Use the phone in the study, Tony," she told him, and sat down beside her parents.

"Eh?" said Mr. Sanders. "What's this?"

Susan laughed. "Our party was a success, Daddy—a much greater social success than we dared hope!"

Her mother drew in her breath tremulously, and Susan leaned over and kissed her wet cheek.

"I'm not fooling, Mother. They'll eat the sandwiches—every darn one of 'em—but a little later. There was a mix-up, you see. Tony's telephoning, now."

"Tony!" said Mrs. Sanders.

Susan nodded. "Anthony Everett Wayland," she said, calmly. "He's ringing up his fine-feathered friends now and asking them over to a cocktail party in honor of our engagement."

"What!" cried her mother. "Your what?"

Fred Sanders began to laugh.

"Tony is young Wayland?" he asked. "Tony?" He patted his wife's shoulder, soothingly. "If you aren't a sly one, Susan!"

"But, Susan—" Mrs. Sanders began.

"I'll tell you about it, later, darling," Susan said. "You go and wash your face and powder your nose like a good girl."

Her father was still chuckling. "How long has this been going on?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you later, too," Susan said. "There was a mistake in our plans, as you can see." She kissed the end of his nose. "I must go and dress, too."

Please turn to Page 54

## DO YOU KNOW?

**PRECIOUS MYRRH USED IN EARLIEST MOUTHWASH!**

LATIN POET, MARTIALIS, IN HIS EPIGRAMS, WROTE: "ESSE QUID HOC DICAM, QUID OLENT TUBASIA MYRRHAM?" "HOW IS IT THAT YOUR KISS SMELLS AS IF OF MYRRH?"

**PRECIOUS MYRRH** FROM DISTANT ASIA MINOR AND EGYPT WAS A FAVOURITE MOUTH PREPARATION WITH ROMAN LADIES. NOWADAYS WOMEN KNOW THAT BREATH IS KEPT SWEET—TEETH CLEAN AND SPARKLING WITH KOLYNOS!

**GENEVESE THOUGHT DENTISTRY WRECKED THE SOUL!**

THE ADVICE OF THE GREAT THEOLOGIAN JOHN CALVIN WAS SOUGHT BEFORE A DENTIST WAS PERMITTED TO PRACTICE HIS PROFESSION IN THE 16TH CENTURY IN GENEVA! AUTHORITIES BELIEVED DENTISTRY AN EVIL INFLUENCE ON THE SOULS AND BODIES OF THE PEOPLE!

**RAN FOR HIS LIFE! DENTIST WHO USED AMALGAM FILLINGS!**

IN 1820, A DENTIST, WHO FILLED TEETH WITH AMALGAM, HAD TO FLEE FOR HIS LIFE BECAUSE OF THE HUE AND CRY THAT HE WAS POISONING HIS PATIENTS WITH MERCURY!

**ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES PREVENT "BACTERIAL MOUTH!"**

DENTAL AUTHORITIES BELIEVE DECAY IS CAUSED BY FERMENTATION OF FOOD BETWEEN NEIGLED OF FOOD. KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM PURGES YOUR TEETH IN CREVICES. ANTISEPTIC FOAMS TINY BUBBLES. THESE SURGE INTO EVERY CRACK BETWEEN YOUR TEETH AND LEAVE KOLYNOS' LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAMS. ONLY 1/2 INCH OR A DRY BRUSH. KOLYNOS IS SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2'.**

K22



# Mandrake the Magician

## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, has gone to Teiba, a Caribbean seaport, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant. He has received an appeal for assistance from the beautiful **PRINCESS NARDA**, over whom a sinister influence is being exercised by **GENERAL MANUEL**, a powerful personage at Teiba. He has Narda's brother,

**SEGRID:** In his power, and threatens to expose him unless he signs trade concessions that would ruin his country. Meantime General Manuel uses

**LOLA:** With whom Segrid is infatuated, to induce him to gamble away his sister's valuable necklace. After this has been accomplished Mandrake locates Segrid, but learning that Narda has been kidnapped attempts to go to her rescue when he is intercepted by Manuel's soldiers. NOW READ ON.





## BRONCHIAL COUGH !!

**Just a Few Sips and—  
Like a Flash—Relief!**

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist or store for a bottle of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE (triple acting)—take a couple of sips and sleep sound all night long—your irritating cough or bronchitis is under control. Buckley's Canadiol, now available in Australia—is by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all blizzardy cold Canada—one little sip and the cough is quieted. Use 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

**Buckley's  
CANADIOL  
MIXTURE**

**A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT**



He needs a blood purifier regularly every week. Give him BARKO Condition Powders.

Whenever your dog's coat becomes dull, loose or ragged—when his nose is warm and he is moody, miserable, listless, loses his appetite and is constantly scratching himself—you should lose no time in starting him on a course of BARKO Condition Powders. This is the one sure way of keeping him healthy and fit. BARKO Condition Powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system.

**BARKO**

**CONDITION POWDERS**

Price, 1/6 per box 20 powders at all chemists

## Anything for a Laugh

Continued from Page 52

IN her room she stood rigid, her back to the door, her eyes shut tight. She would not cry, not yet, anyway. For her parents' sake, she was going to go through with this. The poor lamb, she thought, walking so innocently to the slaughter! Afterwards she'd see: it should not be difficult to persuade them to go somewhere else to live.

Anthony Everett rose from his chair between her mother and father and met her, half-way across the lawn. He was still wearing grey flannels and a pullover, and his face and bare ankles were bronze; his dark hair was rumpled. She should have known, thought Susan, but she had discounted that air of mastery as some Spanish inheritance.

"It's all right, Susan," he said. She smiled, caustically. "It must be wonderful to be Anthony Everett Wayland!"

He flushed, and they both turned, as a car came up the drive.

"Not already!" said Susan. "Why, it's like pointing a wand!"

"It's Thomas—my chauffeur," said Anthony Everett. "Will you wait for me?"

He had something in his hand when he returned. A small box.

"You might as well put it on, Susan."

She looked silently at the ring.

"It was my grandmother's."

"I don't suppose it has an upside-down," she murmured. "I'll keep my fingers crossed, Mr. Wayland."

"Tony, to you," he corrected her. "Oh, my dear—"

"I am not your dear," said Susan Sanders. "I dislike you intensely."

They came, all the people to whom Anthony Everett Wayland had telephoned. They were charming and gracious, as they knew so well how

to be, and Mrs. Sanders' cheeks grew more and more flushed with pleasure, and Mr. Sanders became more and more the genial host. Some of them stayed on, and there were lanterns and lights hidden in the trees, and the night remained warm.

"It's like fairyland!" Mrs. Sanders whispered to Susan, and Susan said:

"Yes, darling," huskily. Kit Isham came; she could not very well have stayed away.

"So you did forgive Wayland his joke!" she said to Susan. "You know, I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Haven't you always found him easy to forgive?" Susan asked her, and the ring which Kit had so often admired on old Mrs. Wayland's hand shone very bright in the light from the tree-tops.

Susan heard her father making an engagement to play golf; she heard her mother accepting an invitation to lunch. She moved about from group to group, sometimes with Anthony Everett, sometimes alone, and she heard their comments upon herself. "Lovely, isn't she?"

"Trust Anthony Wayland for that!"

"Charming girl!"

Anthony Everett's hand closed on her wrist. "The happy pair is now going to disappear for a moonlit stroll," he said.

Susan stiffened. "Don't be absurd."

"Sorry," he answered, grimly. "A scene means nothing to me, Susan—I belong to the ill-mannered rich."

"Please!" said Susan.

"Shall I carry you?" His right arm slipped along her back.

"I'll walk," agreed Susan, icily. The sound of voices and laughter receded, the lights of the house and garden blurred and were left behind.

"Will you sit down," asked Anthony Everett, politely, "or shall I make you sit down?"

Susan sat. "Charming spot, Mr. Wayland—you must know this part of the country well."

"I used to play here with the Carlington kids," he told her. "Susan—"

Susan Sanders led with her right. "Mr. Wayland, you began this impersonation of a gardener because you thought you'd find the Sanders family so funny, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Anthony Everett. "But—"

"You'd met Helen, of course," Susan stated, dispassionately. "And did you find us funny, Mr. Wayland?"

"Yes," said Anthony Everett.

"Yes!" cried Susan. She was both startled and indignant; it was the wrong answer, and it shattered her calm. "Oh, you did, did you?" she demanded, furiously.

"Yes," he said again. "Your mother is funny—funny and sweet and dear and charming. I'm in love with her. And your father's funny—so simple and unaffected and good. And—"

He broke off, looking at her wonderingly.

"And—I suppose I'm funny?" she demanded, her voice choked, yet too faint to sound angry.

"You!" said Anthony Everett. "Oh, Susan, you're the funniest of all! You're funny and witty and quick and intelligent! You're funny and adorable and fascinating! You're the funniest person I've ever met in

### Luncheon Hour

*From where the buildings rear  
their heads  
In shades and alleys dark,  
For one sweet hour of deep  
delight  
I wander in the park.  
A lovely green and golden  
hour,  
A warm and friendly space  
To feel the wind about my  
hair,  
The sun upon my face.  
And there are little colored  
birds  
To feed, and things to see,  
And in that hour I find and  
take  
Contentment back with me.*  
—Yvonne Webb.

my life—that's why I'm so mad about you!"

Susan looked down at old Mrs. Wayland's diamond.

"I know how you feel," Anthony Everett went on, "and I don't blame you. But if you'd just give me a chance—I do love you so much, Susan, and I'd like so awfully to marry you."

She looked up at him, her brown eyes glinting. "It is remarkable," she said, softly, "the lengths to which some people will go for a laugh!"

They were both laughing, when they strolled back, arm in arm, to the garden. "Though, really," Susan told him, "I think the joke is on you, Tony!"

Anthony Everett Wayland kissed his fiancée again, and went on laughing.

(Copyright)

## Mrs. Norleigh's Night Out

Continued from Page 46

"If any of us could ameliorate the lot of one child, one woman, one man, whose life is dominated and whose liberty is restricted and curtailed by another man, so that he or she is suffering slavery, whether economic or physical, that one among us would not have lived in vain."

And amid the tumult of the most enthusiastic applause ever heard in that hall, the lecturer sat down.

Mrs. Witheringwell-Betherby rose while yet the hand-clapping was at its height, stilled the tumult by raising an imperious hand, and said, somewhat more coldly than usual, what she was wont to say upon such occasions. Canon Dunkleby proposed a vote of thanks, and the members of the audience slowly, and as though reluctantly, dispersed.

Only as he left the platform did Mrs. Norleigh come back to earth and realise where and who and what she was.

But also she realised that she was something other than what she had been an hour or so ago; realised that he had not only cast a spell upon her but had broken another spell, an evil one which had bound her since he had gone out of her life and William had come into it.

She had come into the hall a coward, a weakling and a fool. She would go out of it a woman set free, a woman who henceforth would shape her destiny rather than suffer it. And her first bold step along the path to freedom would be to go to him, speak to him, claim him as her oldest and dearest friend.

Tiny had given her back her soul; he had saved her soul alive. She would possess it henceforth. Thanks to him she had found herself—and now she would find him and thank him.

As she stood near the private door, which gave access to the green room, ante-room, cloak-room, or whatever they called it, behind the platform, the bishop's wife and her brother came out.

Could he have gone? Her heart sank and her throat constricted at the thought that she had missed him. She had expected that he would come out with Mrs. Witheringwell-Betherby and Canon Dunkleby, and had screwed up her courage to the tremendous height of intending to speak to him, to claim acquaintanceship with him, even in their presence.

The door opened again and Colonel David Vivian-Jones came out.

"Rubbish! It is you."  
"Tiny! It is you!"  
He took both her hands.

"Rubbish! To think of finding you—I mean meeting you, at Storborough! What are you doing here?"

"I am a slave," she replied.

"Are you? Along with a barbarous Englishman?"

"Yes, He—"

"And I'm something of a professional saver of slaves nowadays, Rubbish! Are you unhappy?"

"Desperately."

"Does he love you?"

"He hates me."

"Rubbish, I have never actually saved a slave."

And Mrs. Norleigh, while his eyes held hers and seemed not only to gaze into them but through them, into her enslaved but struggling

soul, uttered shamefully incredible words, words which shocked and shamed her as she uttered them.

"Here's your opportunity, Tiny."

"Right," impulsively replied Colonel David Vivian-Jones, ever a man of action. "My car is round the corner, and I'm going straight to London. Coming, Rubbish? Out of the house of bondage and the state of slavery?"

"To London, Tiny?"

"To the world's end, Rubbish. For I love you with all my heart and soul and strength—as I have always done—"

Colonel Jones kissed Mrs. Norleigh on the lips. Then, taking her arm, led her to the car.

And she never saw William again.

(Copyright)

**FU MANCHU  
COMES TO YOUR  
LOUD SPEAKER**

Again - In a Thrilling  
NEW Serial

*The Shadow of*  
**FU MANCHU**

The first series made history in radio entertainment... The new series promises even greater thrills and spine-chilling adventures.

Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

**7.15 p.m.**

Presented by the Makers of Crispies

**2GB**

**IT  
ISN'T  
USE  
THAT AGES A BATH**

... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

When you see your nice new bath becoming scratched and damaged, blame harsh cleaning! A delicate porcelain surface was never meant to be harshly scoured. Vim's soap-coated grains clean smoothly and polish as they clean, keeping a lustrous, easy-to-clean surface.



**VIM REMOVES THE DIRT...  
BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!**

7-50-37



# THE HOMEMAKER

September 16, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## You can exercise the WRINKLES AWAY!

If you haven't any lines as yet facial gymnastics will keep you from getting them. . . . If you are worried with lines or wrinkles already, then facial exercise will help to get rid of them.

Just because you are a twentieth century woman don't let the high tension of modern living make a map of your face.



ABOVE: Taking handfuls of hair and gently pulling them is a stimulating exercise for the forehead and face. Mary Carlisle, Paramount player, shows you how it is done.



Above Right: For making her chin line firm, Ellen Drew, Paramount player, stretches her head back as far as possible and opens and closes her mouth several times as though yawning.



Right: Tapping the face gently as if playing the piano helps to promote good circulation and firmer contours.

THIS young lovely keeps her neck and chin free of lines and firm with this exercise. She rotates her head on her shoulders and chews in an imaginary way at the same time.

**W**ORRY, fatigue, late nights, over-eating and drinking, and the general rush and rattle of modern existence all help to etch lines on the face which, if neglected, soon become deep wrinkles.

Face creams and oils aid as precautionary measures. And even after lines have formed they will soften the skin and really effect some improvement.

It's a wiser move, however, to use a good cream or oil and take a few facial exercises at the same time.

Here's an easy exercise for those downward worry lines that show up from your nose to your mouth.

Fill your mouth with air, and puff hard against the inside of your cheeks and upper lip.

Keep your lips slightly open and release the air in enthusiastic little puffs, exactly as if you were playing a horn.

Try this one if you are afraid of losing those youthful contours around the throat, and if you are

By JANETTE

haunted with the dread of a double chin. Tilt your head back. Then open your mouth wide and slowly, with perfect control, like a slow motion movie, close your mouth by pulling up the lower jaw.

Another good exercise for your neck and chin is: Rotate your head on your shoulders, describing an imaginary circle in the air.

At the same time chew in an exaggerated way. You can actually feel the muscles toning up.

Some film stars find that taking handfuls of hair and gently pulling them is a stimulating exercise for forehead and face.

Another is tapping the face gently as if playing the piano. This stimulates the circulation and should be done night and morning.

And to firm the chin nothing is better than the yawning exercise. Stretch your head back as far as possible and open and close your mouth several times as though yawning. Repeat six times.

Of course these little routines won't

do a bit of good if they are done whenever you happen to think of it. Like all helpful exercises, they have to be done daily.

After your nightly face cleansing pat a good lubricating cream or oil into the parts of your face that have lines or wrinkles.

Massage your lubricant in with an upward, outward motion, taking care not to stretch the skin. If possible leave it on overnight, especially if your skin is dry.

Here's an idea that is pretty obvious when you think of it, but which is really desperately important if you want to avoid lines and wrinkles.

Try not to frown when you read or sew; don't squint in the sun, and most of all don't let your whole face get set in lines of solemnity or discontent when you are alone.

It's so easy when working alone to go around with your mouth sagging at the corners.

Take a few seconds off every once in a while. Look in the mirror. If that's what has happened, try whistling while you work—or singing—anything as long as it puts you in a cheerful frame of mind which in turn will give a big lift to your facial muscles.

LOUISE CAMPBELL  
Paramount  
Player

## WHY STARS SHAMPOO THEIR OWN HAIR . . . .

### Prejudice Against Burning Effect of "Soap Alkali"

NOT an economy fad—but because they wish to avoid anything on the hair which contains free alkali . . . For this chemical part of skin soaps and artificial shampoos can spoil and deaden delicate hair with its drying, "burning" action!

Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty wash" with this pure, natural, quick-rinsing, coconut foam Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

BLONDES—This new-style Colinated Shampoo preserves light gold glamour—prevents "alkali streaks."

BRUNETTES—Discover fascinating new highlights! For Colinated double-active lather instantly dissolves every trace of dust, oily-film, or dandruff . . . carries it off in one complete rinse . . . and gives any hair a magic, silky-clean, wavy lustre you've never noticed before!

Real Economy! A bottle lasts months. At any Chemist or Store.

Colinated Shampoo



## It's so lovely they call it GLORY OF THE SUN

HAVE you ever seen flowers of the blue *ixia*, known to botanists as *leucocoryne xixioides odorata*, and to the nursery trade as "Glory of the Sun"?

If not, you have missed one of the loveliest gems of the plant world and one that you should, next autumn, make sure of adding to your bulb collection.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

LET me say at once that it is practically useless to try to buy bulbs now, for the plants will be in flower during the next month or six weeks.

You should, however, be able to buy seed, and from this, if you are careful, you will be able to obtain bulbs that will flower in three or four years' time.

Do not scoff at that, for the flowers, lovely and sweetly fragrant, are well worth waiting for.

I can recommend this lovely and little-known flower to gardeners in cool parts of Australia, because it is in such a position that the plants

will probably do better than in hot inland or warm coastal areas.

The Glory of the Sun, to use its prettiest name, is a native of Chili, where it grows on the steep hills and paints the landscape with its lavender-blue, white, yellow, and red blooms in springtime.

The flowers, as the picture on this page shows, are a combination of the colors mentioned, but the blooms are slightly enlarged and rarely exceed 1½ inches in diameter.

The foliage is short and onion-like, but the flowers are borne on tough, wiry stems up to 15 inches long.

I found, after growing them for some years, that they rarely produced new bulbs in quantity. After



A PAINTING by our artist, Petrov, of the lovely blue *ixia*, known to botanists as *leucocoryne xixioides odorata*, and to the nursery trade as "Glory of the Sun."

four years I still had the original eight bulbs I had sown so expectantly.

Then, again, I found that the seed was very difficult to germinate, although each plant set two or more pods.

At last I hit on an old English method of raising difficult seeds, which consisted of sowing them in small pots filled with turfy loam, leaf mould, and clean sand.

The seed, being light and small, was scattered on the surface of the soil, very lightly sprinkled with leaf mould, and the pots were placed in a basin of water until saturated.

At no time was the water allowed to flow over the top, the moisture being permitted to percolate only through the aperture at the bottom of the pot.

The pots were then placed in a glass frame in which the temperature was never more than 65 degrees.

### Turned yellow

THE young plants took a long time to come through, but when they did appear the heat in the frame was gradually reduced until eventually I placed them in a bush-house on the sunny side.

In time they hardened up, and eventually the foliage turned yellow and they died off.

Those pots were stored away in a safe place, and the following autumn they were brought out again and carefully watered.

This went on for three years, and then, as they were crowding the pots, they were thinned out, again in pots, and allowed more elbow room.

The fourth year the first of them flowered and I found them variable as to color. Some of them were a distinct blue, and others were from true lavender fading almost to white.

The best colored plants were marked and the rest discarded.

For several years then the plants thrived wonderfully and produced spikes carrying six or seven flowers per spike.

Some were lavender-blue with white and yellow centres, with petals richly tipped and blotched with bright red spots.

Others were a pale blue with red tips, but most of them were a deep lavender-blue irregularly blotched with red.

The fragrance was extremely strong and resembled that of the popular English heliotrope or Cherry Pie.

Experience showed that they disliked being disturbed, even in the pots.

Bulbs that were lifted year after year refused to flower satisfactorily or not at all, therefore the Glory of the Sun must remain in the pot.

In order to assist them, I build up the fertility of the soil by carefully scraping some of the surface soil

**BILLBERGIA** is another quaint bulbous plant that can be sown now. The variety known as *nutans* is characterised by drooping flowers of bright cyclamen-pink, yellow, green, violet and blue, a combination rarely seen in nature.

The foliage is sharp and resembles that of the pine-apple, but the lovely flowers are well worth the space the plants occupy.

They grow best under a tree, but I have seen them flowering well in the open in a hollow log or in an old wooden trough.

away with a blunt knife, afterwards making it up with good leaf mould.

Last year I saw a lovely pot filled with blue *ixia* in a florist's shop, but the price would have scared most people, for the florist asked £1 for six flowering bulbs.

Talking of Chilean bulbs reminds me that Peru, which is also in South America, is the home of another lovely plant known as *alstroemeria*.

This, too, develops bulbs, and the best of all, *alstroemeria violacea*, has flowers of a lovely mauve.

### Some close relations

I HAVE never seen this plant in Australia, therefore I cannot tell you where to buy it, but its equally lovely close relations, the *alstroemeria aurea*, *aurantiaca*, and *psittacina* (parrot flower) can be obtained almost everywhere.

These plants grow rather tall and bulbs usually cost about 10d. each. As they bloom fairly well right through the summer months, the bulbs, if you can buy them now, can still be planted.

The brilliant day lily (*hemerocallis*) is another bulbous plant that can be set out in the garden now.

Six shades of yellow, orange, and bronze can be obtained, and as the big sheaths produce flower after flower the plant is rarely without some bloom for months of the year.

*Tigridias* are gorgeous-colored summer-flowering bulbous plants that may be sown in a sunny border this month.

They grow about 2ft. high in suitable soil, and their flowers carry three large petals and three smaller ones.

The variety *lutea* is yellow with dark centre spots and markings, and the variety *pavonia* has orange-tinted flowers with scarlet.

They are very easy to grow in sandy soil or any good loam, and like heat and sunshine.

Make some of these tempting  
**DIPPED CREAM WAFERS**  
with **COPHA**

**COPHA**  
COOKLESS  
DAINTIES  
No. 5

### RECIPE FOR COPHA DIPPED CREAM WAFERS

- 5 ozs. Fine Coconut (2 cups)
- 8 " Icing Sugar
- 2½ " Cocoa (3 tablespoonful)
- 8 " Copha (melted)
- 8 " Wafers

Melt the Copha and pour on to the mixed dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. While the mixture is still warm, dip or spread the cream wafers thinly, place on greaseproof paper and leave in cold place until set.

No cooking  
needed!

As toothsome and tempting as anything you ever saw on the tea table! Yet you can make Dipped Cream Wafers in ten minutes with Copha\*. They are easy to make, too, yet have a professional look about them; in fact, you will probably have a job to convince people you made them yourself! Use the recipe here and see how very attractive and delicious are these latest Copha Cookless Dainties. And ask your grocer for leaflet containing full list of Copha Cookless Recipes. It's FREE.

\* Copha is 100% pure, white shortening, Nourishing and economical.

### The New COPHA Recipe Book

How often have you asked yourself— "What shall I cook that will make a change?" Well, here's the answer to your problem. There are a hundred recipes to choose from—recipes for puddings, pastries, cakes, cookies, savouries, and instructions for cooking vegetables by the Copha method, in this big free booklet. No more cooking worries for months to come! Write to:

THE COPHA COMPANY, Dept. W.T., At your nearest address below:  
SYDNEY: Box 2625 EE, G.P.O. ADELAIDE: Box 1123G, G.P.O.  
MELBORNE: Box 2447V, G.P.O. FREMANTLE: Box 186, P.O.  
BRISBANE: Box 1879 W, G.P.O. HOBART: Box 95 D, G.P.O.  
TOWNSVILLE: Box 301, P.O.

FREE



**COPHA** 100% PURE WHITE  
SHORTENING

EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.



# LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON . . . THEY BOTH LIKE

# VITA-BRITS

## FOR BREAKFAST



### FAMOUS "MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT CEREAL" MAKES BIG HIT WITH THE MEN-FOLK . . . . .

Men have at least one taste in common — the crunchy, delicious taste of Vita-Brits! These crisp, golden-toasted, flaky "biscuits" of whole wheat are the most welcome breakfast cereal you can serve. And taste isn't their only virtue — for they're the breakfast which gives those men of yours the energy for a busy day.

Minerals, vitamins, proteins, bran — in the whole wheat of Vita-Brits is stored the biggest supply of nourishment and food-energy that ever went on a breakfast plate! And Vita-Brits are time-savers. They're ready to serve, straight from the packet, in any way you please . . . with hot or cold milk . . . stewed or fresh fruit . . . butter or honey . . . cream and jam . . . golden syrup or maple syrup. Vita-Brits are money-savers, too — they cost no more than bread, and stay fresh.

#### SERVE VITA-BRITS IN A DIFFERENT WAY EVERY DAY

Vita-Brits are called the "Morning, Noon and Night" cereal. The reason is that, for breakfast, morning tea, luncheon, afternoon-tea, dinner and supper, there are scores of ways of using Vita-Brits. Recipes are advertised regularly in this paper.





# BACHELOR ABODE

[HOMELY IDEAS FOR THE MAN  
OR WOMAN WHO LIVES ALONE]

If you are one of the "live-alones"—because you prefer it or because of circumstances—your bed-sitting-room, your tiny flat, or your little house should be a home—a comfortable haven from the outside world.

A HOME isn't just a place where you sleep and eat. It isn't just a place that provides you with material comforts. It's a place that should provide mental and spiritual comfort as well.

If you live alone and you can't manage much more than a tiny room, you can do quite a lot towards making it the homely place you need.

A bedroom that is a sitting-

room by day, where books, pictures, comfortable chairs, and flowers give a friendly atmosphere will prove a happy place to come home to.

The pictures on this page show two bachelor abodes—one a bed-sitting-room and the other a tiny house.

In the bed-sitting-room the walls have been covered with a paper in an imitation wood grain in natural tone, and the windows, which, fortunately in



MODERN BED-SITTING-ROOM in which the furniture and fittings are arranged to leave a maximum of space. The divan becomes a bed at night, while built-in cupboards (not shown in picture) provide storage for clothes.



LIVING-ROOM in an attractive bachelor domain. Walls, ceiling and furniture are painted off-white, carpet is green, while settee and chairs are covered in floral chintz. Large unframed mirrors are used on the walls instead of pictures.



ANOTHER VIEW of the living-room on the left—this time showing the dining alcove with its raised floor and cottage-type furnishings. Windows are curtained in floral muslin tied back at sides.

**Dynamel is better than enamel—dries twice as fast**

Dynamel just one piece of furniture for a start. It's easy to use! Fascinating! It will make you eager to bring cheerful color to all your kitchen furniture. Dynamel gives a hard mirror-smooth finish that can be scrubbed with soap and water. Choose from thirty-four lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart available at paint shops everywhere.

**Dynamel that dresser!**

**NO BRUSHMARKS**  
Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

**FREE** Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney. Please send me your NEW BOOK ON KITCHENS—packed with color schemes for everything from kitchen walls and doors to cabinets and chairs. I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ A5

this case, run the whole length of one side, are curtained in coarse weave to match the walls.

The opposite wall is taken up with built-in fittings which give plenty of storage space but take little room. Polished linoleum on the floor is supplemented with bright rugs, and the two chairs in curved wood frames are upholstered, one in primrose and the other in red-and-white check.

The bed, which takes the form of a divan by day, is fitted with three loose spring-filled cushions instead of a mattress.

Notice the way the electric radiator is arranged, and the indirect wall lights.

## Living-room

THE other pictures, showing two aspects of a living-room with tiny dining alcove off one end, show charming informal furnishings which could be successfully adapted to a flat.

Walls and ceilings are painted very light cream. Natural wood floor has a plain green carpet in the centre.

The furniture, desk, table, built-in corner bookcase, and cottage chairs are painted to match the walls, while the two lounge chairs are upholstered in a pretty chintz which contrasts with the lacquered chintz in a large floral design used for the settee.

Instead of pictures, large unframed mirrors are used on the walls, one being flanked on either side by a tiny pot in which ivy is growing.

The dining-alcove is reached by two brick steps. It is prettily furnished and decorated in cottage style—floral voile curtains, sprigged wallpaper, old-style corner dresser and table and chairs in harmonising style.

## POND'S CREAMS bring active "SKIN-VITAMIN A" direct to skin!



Lady Grenfell

"The 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Creams has made an astonishing improvement in my skin."

YOUR skin—every woman's skin—needs the "skin-vitamin." Vitamin A, to aid in keeping it healthy and beautiful. Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. Has your skin been looking like that lately?

Well, now you can apply the precious "skin-vitamin" direct to your skin, with Pond's two Creams . . . Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. Every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin."

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- jars for your dressing table, 1/- tubes for your handbag, and economical 2/6 jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much.

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS—the active "skin-vitamin"



**FREE!** Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage and packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ( ) LIGHT CREAM ( )  
(Brunette) ( ) NATURAL ( )  
SUNTAN ( ) (Rose Cream)  
(Dark Brunette) ( ) LIGHT NATURAL ( )  
ROSE BRUNETTE ( ) (Mauve)  
POND'S DEPT. X(5), Box 11111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



## AUSTRALIAN HOME ... in modern design

COOL and lovely on the crest of a hill carpeted in green lawns rises this house in ivory-white finish.

Inside it is just as attractive, the severity of the modern architecture softened with the clever use of color.

THE first thing you notice about this house is the front door, which is a sheer panel lacquered cream and finished with a large chromium knocker, quaint and twisted.

Then when the door opens you are greeted by a wall vase filled with blooms on an opposite wall.

It is details like these that serve to soften the purity of line and sense of space conveyed in the modern architecture of this home.

The hall is fitted to the walls with a fawn carpet showing a curving red line. This carpet spreads into the lounge-room and smoke-room annexe, and harmonises with yellow light globes finished with a thin line of red and with cream wall paper which is picked out in gold.

### Ruby curtains

SHALLOW stairs take you up higher past a long window of amber glass framed in ruby velvet curtains. Here the halls and landings, owing to the absence of corners, for all walls are rounded off instead of being brought to right angles, have an unusually spacious appearance. The staircase itself is finished with a low balustrading of polished wood rounded off and a newel post.

Spacious landings minus corners give the interior decorator a new problem, for every doorway is visible from the front entrance hall down stairs and from the top of stairs in the upper hall.

This means that floors of rooms must not jar with those of the hall.



MODERN ARCHITECTURE is proving popular for domestic design in this country. The home above is an excellent example—rectangles, wide windows, white exterior and general simplicity of line being outstanding features. Inside, the severity of the architecture is softened with the use of color in the decorations.

In this case, too, the hall, as it is not a long narrow passage, requires different floor treatment from the hall "runner" of former fashion. So it is fitted to the wall with a deep blue plain carpet, and from this the soft mulberry of the first bedroom and the mottled green of another room spread in complementary harmony.

A blue and fawn square patterned carpet in a boy's room is out of the line of vision and so are the daffodil tiles of the bathroom. All doors are of Queensland maple plywood, flush with the walls.

In the mulberry-carpeted bedroom, a suite in Italian walnut stands out in beautiful relief.

Curtains are a deep Wedgwood printed linen, blue and off-white with off-white silk nixon over the window. Bedspreads are creamy needlerun lace fitted to the beds with elliptical frilly pillows, and the dressing-table set is cut crystal.

### Ivory furniture

CONTRASTING with the luxurious appearance of this room is the daintiness of a little girl's room. Here, upon the meadow-like ground of the mottled green carpet is ivory lacquer furniture. There's a little play table with the cow jumping over the moon, and a golden teddy bear in a chair. A dressing-table is low and convenient for baby girl, yet has the necessary qualities about it to suit a growing schoolgirl. The frilly draped curtains in this room show a pink rosebud in the marquise and the frilly bed muslin shows a green leaf motif.

The young man of the house has in his bedroom curtains of horizontal striped cottage weave and a bedspread of the same material. Except for an absence of frillies, and with dark furniture instead of light lacquer, the room remains as essentially a place for sleeping as do the other bedrooms.

The kitchen of this house is provided with a dining annexe. This is useful for children and nurse when youngsters are tines or for maids when the children reach the school age. It is fitted with table and wall benches, lacquered green, and has light frilly curtains at the windows.

### Kitchen equipment improves

ADVANCES in kitchen efficiency and equipment continue.

In current exhibitions in New York kitchens bloom in chromium splendor with tubular-legged chairs covered with leatherette. Matching stools to lighten the process of peeling potatoes at the sink have metal form-fitting seats and backs.

To avoid the ache that comes from stooping, all working surfaces are just the right height. These include a table for preparing raw food, another near the dining-room that can be used for the hot dish at the beginning of the meal and can be used for the dishes that are later cleared away.

The general arrangement suggested for kitchen equipment is: Refrigerator, food cupboards or cabinet, stove, serving table, sink, drainboard, and dish cabinet.

FREE... a new, easier way to better starching



Reckitt's have just published an interesting little booklet telling you how easy and economical starching can be. You ought to have it. Send for your free copy now.

#### COUPON

RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LIMITED  
Dept. A 145 Bourke St., Redfern, Sydney  
Please send me a free copy of  
"A Little Bird Told Me."

Name .....

Address .....

**ROBIN**  
*Starch*  
GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

"Every woman has a right to

Romance—



... be lovely with  
Lux Toilet Soap"

says

*Joan Bennett*  
A Walter Wanger Star in  
"The Man in the Iron Mask"



WHY dream of being as glamorous as the film stars . . . of finding romance as thrilling as theirs? Lovely skin is a charm no man can resist. So take Joan Bennett's advice—use Lux Toilet Soap! It's her favourite beauty soap. You can feel the cream that's blended into every tablet of Lux Toilet Soap. You cream as you wash. And oh, the luxury of supercreamed lather. How soft and smooth it keeps your skin . . . how young. Try it and you'll discover why sophisticated Hollywood chooses such a simple way to loveliness.

*Lux Toilet Soap is Supercreamed*

A LUX PRODUCT

K. 104/12

### Clean your FALSE TEETH THIS WAY say Dentists



'Steradent' cleans false teeth without brushing. Dentists have subjected it to severe clinical tests. They say that it's by far the best way to clean and purify false teeth and dental plates. Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Scrub well. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or overnight. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach. 'Steradent' cleans away all stains and film. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them fresh, cool and comfortable. 'Steradent' is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sheiwick, authority on oral hygiene. "I am recommending 'Steradent' strongly to all my patients," writes a dentist. Price 2/6. Double size 5/6. Sold by all chemists. IMPORTANT! Be sure you get 'Steradent'. Dentists recommend it.

RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LIMITED  
(Pharmaceutical Dept.), SYDNEY  
**Steradent**  
cleans and sterilizes false teeth

### CORNS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frosol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—corn and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frosol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frosol-Ice for 1/6.



## Acid Stomach Is Dangerous

Sufferers from Indigestion READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates, and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepsin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist or store. It is safe, reliable, easy, and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.\*

The Australian Women's Weekly

### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

### WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By a doctor

## Do you suffer from INSOMNIA?

DOCTOR, I haven't been able to sleep well for weeks. Is there anything I can do about it?

Well, it all depends—

I only hope you can. Sometimes I feel that I will go off my head if I don't get more rest.

There is no need to worry about that, Miss Peterson. Very few people ever lose their reason that way. But tell me, how long has this insomnia been troubling you?

On and off for months, doctor. But it has been especially bad recently. I've hardly slept a wink these last few nights.

Are you sure, Miss Peterson? I'm not doubting your word, you understand, but it is a well-known fact that many insomnia patients really sleep much more than they think they do.

It is the quality rather than the quantity of sleep which is lacking. And that is why they wake up next morning without feeling at all rested.

Is that so, doctor? Well, whether it's the quantity or the quality that's missing, the fact remains that I never feel as if I'd had any sleep.

Is there anything I could take?

There are several things you could take—some of them quite harmless,

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

## How to behave Series . . .

POSED BY THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep. What other way could there be? First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart. But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep. If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't. Well, doctor, what should I do? Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night. If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares. That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy! Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia. Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep. And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep. How do you mean, doctor? Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

Take it for granted, Miss Peterson, that you will sleep, and then dismiss the matter from your mind. Have a quiet half-hour before going to bed, and make your bedtime a regular hour every night.

If you really find sleep eludes you, don't toss and turn, but switch on your reading-lamp and read for a while. Not a blood-curdling, lurid thriller, mind you, but something light and soothing. I have proved myself that if you ignore sleep in this way it will often take you unawares.

That sounds very easy, doctor—almost too easy!

Try it, just the same, Miss Peterson. But before you do that, just make sure that there isn't an even simpler reason at the back of your insomnia.

Too much light or noise in your room, not enough fresh air, or an uncomfortable bed is quite enough to chase away sleep.

And then there is the matter of the way you set about going to sleep.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, if you lie in bed with all your muscles stiff and tense, and your mind working busily, you don't give sleep a chance. One of the best

yet beneficial. The dangerous ones, of course, must be used only on a doctor's prescription. But I'm hoping

that we can find some other way of inducing sleep.

What other way could there be?

First of all, Miss Peterson, I want you to get rid of that idea that you MUST get sleep. The more desperately you go after it, the further it will depart.

But, on the other hand, I don't want you to go to bed obsessed with the idea that you will not sleep.

If you do, there is nothing surer than that you won't.

Well, doctor, what should I do?

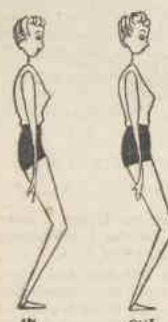


# PRUNELLA STACK shows you How To STAND

CONTINUING the series of articles giving exercises for figure and health improvement by Prunella Stack (Lady Douglas Hamilton), head of the world-wide Women's League of Health and Beauty, London.



BEND knees and then pull lower back into position.



WITH knees bent draw "tummy" in and up; then relax.



HOLDING lower back in position, straighten the knees.

EXERCISES for attaining a correct standing position:

(If possible do these to slow foxtrot music. Your radio or gramophone might oblige.)

Bend knees as shown at left. Hollow back, tilting pelvis up into wrong position, then drop pelvis down, pulling lower back underneath you into right position. Keep movement smooth and trunk steady. Repeat eight times.

Keeping "dropped" position behind, draw tummy in and obliquely up. Then relax. Say "in-out" to prevent holding your breath. Eight times.

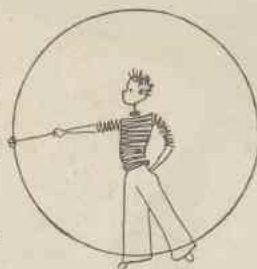
Still keeping "dropped" position behind, draw tummy in, and straighten and bend knees smoothly, gaining a "slim-through" silhouette, eight times, finishing in correct standing position with knees straight.

Exercise for keeping "central control."

ALL swinging movements in League exercises radiate from a steady centre. See pictures on right. The small boy swings his weighted string from a steady hand. You gain your "central control"—then you swing your body from this steady point.

The control of the abdominal muscles thus practised keeps the internal organs in position and provides a "natural" corset where there is no bony structure, as there is everywhere else in the body.

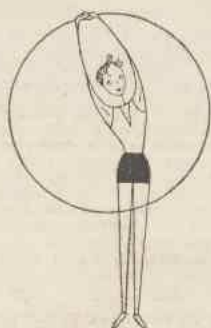
Such "central control" must be remembered and practised during all the exercises which will be given from week to week in this series of articles on this page.



ABOVE: The small boy shows you how to swing from a steady centre.



LEFT: You gain your "central control" before starting on your exercises, and then remember to keep it.



BELOW: This shows you how to exercise while maintaining "central control"—that is, control of abdominal muscles.

She's on the job again . . . Little

## MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

Let Little Miss Precious Minutes help you in your daily round. She knows short cuts and useful hints that will save you lots of time every day.



**Every Child needs this pure tonic food**

★

For loss of weight or energy you can give your children no finer revitalizing food than Cornwell's Extract of Malt . . . rich in vitamins A and B. Cornwell's Extract of Malt, with Cod Liver Oil and pure Orange Juice, incorporates vitamins A, B, C and D, so essential for sound health and for resistance against sickness.

**CORNWELL'S Extract of MALT**

NATURE'S OWN TONIC FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Children love the delicious ribb, malt flavoured of Cornwell's Extract of Malt, with Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice. Obtainable at all Stores and Chemists.

IF you put a piece of lemon peel in your washing-up water, it will remove all odor of fish, onions, and other foods from dishes.

TO prevent fat splashing in an open frying-pan, put in a small square of bread.

HOT vinegar will remove paint splashes from glass.

GLUE a small cork to the inside of your machine drawer and slip your thumb over it when not in use. Then there will be no hunting for it among other articles.

TO keep suet indefinitely, melt in the oven and then place in jars. It will also prove easier to chop.

TO give cauliflower a nice white appearance, add a teaspoon of vinegar to the water in which it is boiled.

IF you are making loose covers for your chairs, make extra arm-pieces and attach press studs. When soiled, these can be removed easily and laundered.

WASH doekin or chamois gloves in warm soapy water and let them dry thoroughly. Pull out each finger, and press each one with a fairly cool iron. Then press the palm of the glove and finish off with the back of the hand. The gloves will look like new.

**"BUT I'VE TRIED REMEDY AFTER REMEDY! HOW CAN A FOOD RELIEVE CONSTIPATION?"**

IT'S A MEDICALLY PROVED FACT THAT IT DOES—WHAT'S MORE, IT'S A SAFE NATURAL WAY!

By eating this crisp breakfast cereal regularly you can get relief from constipation without harsh purges or medicines.

ARE YOU CONSTIPATED? Do you have to take strong cathartics and purges to keep yourself regular? If so, it's more than likely the trouble is your food. You see, to keep regular, we must have what doctors call "bulk". But most of our daily staples—white bread, potatoes, milk, eggs and fish—contain practically no bulk at all. They get almost entirely absorbed into the system without leaving enough residue for the bowel muscles to "take hold of". And so you can't help getting constipated. It's no use trying to correct this condition with harsh purgatives. The one sure way to obtain permanent relief is to eat food that provides "bulk". That's why doctors recommend fruit and vegetables. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran, the crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal. All-Bran is a natural "bulk" food that acts on your bowels in exactly the same way as fruit and vegetables—but much

more surely, much more thoroughly. It forms a soft, bulky mass that these muscles find easy to "take hold of". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively aids elimination. When you eat All-Bran regularly you need no harsh medicines!

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal! Do this daily, drink plenty of fluids and you will no longer be troubled with irregularity. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



**SOLD AT ALL GROCERS**

Eat it every day and "never miss a day."

**IN YOUR MANICURE...**

include Hinds Cream to put back the softeners that housework and weathering take away; smooth the skin and soften the cuticle. Hinds Cream soaks deeply in without trace of stickiness. It acts quicker and lasts longer because it is extra rich and creamy. And what a powder base it is!

1/- & 2/- everywhere. The 2/- size contains four times the quantity of 1/- size.

HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD., Agents.

**HINDS**

HONEY & ALMOND Cream



## More prizewinners

## In Our Weekly Best RECIPE Competition

FAVORITE recipes sent in by our readers are selected by our cookery expert for publication on this page and worthy of cash prizes.

**T**HIS week, first prize of £1 is awarded to a reader for her recipe for a Red Devil Cake. Other readers win consolation prizes for interesting recipes that you will surely want to try. There's a varied range this week from cakes to meat dishes.

Now what about your favorite recipe? Write it out and send it in to us.

Remember that every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and that 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

## RED DEVIL CAKE

One and half cups flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 1 level teaspoon carb. soda, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup boiling water, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate, vanilla essence.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt three times. Grate chocolate and mix the carb. soda with it. Pour on this the boiling water, stir well until thick and allow to cool.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, and beat well together.

Now add sifted flour alternately with the sour milk until all is mixed in.

Lastly add the chocolate mixture and a few drops of vanilla essence.

Put into two prepared greased sandwich tins, and bake in a moderate to hot oven about 20 minutes.

When cool, join together with vanilla icing and ice the cake all over with same icing, and sprinkle with chopped nuts and small pieces of crystallised cherries.

**Vanilla Icing:** 12oz. icing sugar, 4oz. butter 2 tablespoons vanilla essence, a little hot water.

Blend icing sugar and butter together, add vanilla, and enough hot water to make right consistency for a filling and icing.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Elizabeth Wagstaff, Flat 5, The Atlantic, 95 Barkley St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.**

## APRICOT AND RAISIN TART

Four ounces dried apricots, 4oz. seeded raisins, 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 pint water, short-crust pastry.

Wash apricots and soak in pint of water for six hours. Stew gently till soft, add sugar and raisins. Stir in cornflour blended with a little cold water, and cook until mixture thickens. Line two shallow plates with pastry and pour in the mixture. Put twisted strips of pastry over and bake in hot oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Cherry, 113 Darling St., East Balmain, N.S.W.**

## THRIFT LOAF

Mix 1lb. chopped beef and 2 tablespoons melted fat with 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon sage, 1 onion, minced. Add 1 tin cooked spaghetti, chopped fine, and 1 egg, slightly beaten, mixing well.

Shape into loaf and bake in a greased baking tin in a moderate oven for 50 minutes.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Thomas, 39 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.**

## SAUSAGE CAKES WITH WILTSHIRE CAPS

One pound pork sausage meat, 1½oz. cream cheese, 2 eggs, 4 rashers bacon, pinch crushed herbs, 4 rounds lightly buttered toast, 3 tablespoons rich milk, salt and pepper to taste, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, 4 small tomatoes, fat for frying.

Divide sausage meat into four equal parts, season only if required. With floured hands, shape into four thick cakes. Fry till golden-brown. Place each on a round of hot freshly-made toast, lightly buttered. Break up the cheese and place with milk in a

saucepan. Stir till creamy, add beaten egg, parsley, herbs, and salt and pepper to taste. Stir over slow heat until scrambled. Divide mixture evenly over the cakes. Garnish each with half a grilled tomato and a roll of bacon, and arrange four halves of tomatoes round dish. Enough for four persons.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to G. Wilksch, 28 Dutton Tce., Medindie, S.A.**

## GRAPEFRUIT IN SYRUP

Boil 3oz. sugar, 1oz. butter, 1 cup of cold water to a syrup. Add a pinch of nutmeg if liked. Cut a grapefruit in slices and add to syrup. Simmer gently until rind is soft, a few minutes only.

Serve with scalded cream.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. T. Fisher, 33 Finniss St., North Adelaide.**

## DATE AND NUT SHORTCAKE

Beat ½lb. butter and ½lb. brown sugar till creamy; add essence of vanilla to taste; add 1 beaten egg, and then mix in ½lb. self-raising wholemeal flour.

Place half mixture in a sandwich tin, spread with date filling (hot), cover with remainder of mixture, sprinkle with chopped nuts, and bake for 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

**Date Filling:** Put ½lb. dates (seeded), 5 tablespoons milk, and 1 teaspoon butter into a double boiler and boil till smooth—like a jam.

This shortcake is delicious if whipped cream is piled on top when cold. This recipe can be made with white sugar and white flour, but it then loses much of its nutritive value.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. M. Allen, Montville, N.C. Line, Qld.**

## OYSTERED LEG OF MUTTON

Take a well-hung leg of mutton, 12 oysters, 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon each of parsley and onion, salt and pepper.

Blanch oysters in their own liquid, strain, and chop coarsely, then add the breadcrumbs, egg-yolks, parsley, and seasoning, and moisten with a little oyster liquid.

Remove bone from leg of mutton, press oyster stuffing lightly into cavity, cover opening with a piece of cruet and tie securely with string. Boil gently in water flavored with vegetables or herbs for 2½ to 3 hours, and serve with oyster sauce.

**To make this sauce:** 1 doz. oysters, ½oz. butter, ½oz. flour, 1 tablespoon cream, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne to taste.

Put oysters into a saucepan with their liquid, and bring to boil; strain liquid into a basin, remove beards and hard parts of oysters, and cut soft parts in two.

Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, then oyster liquid, and boil gently for 5 minutes, then add salt,

cayenne, lemon juice, and pieces of oysters.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. C. McLeod, Condado, Vic.**

## FROSTED APPLE PIE

Six large apples, ½ cup butter, 1 cup milk, yolks 2 eggs, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Peel and quarter apples and stew in very little water and sugar till cooked but not broken. Make batter of the rest of ingredients, saving egg-whites for frosting. Put hot cooked apples in fireproof dish, pour batter over, and bake till sponge is done. Then turn the pie out on a dish, cover with frosting (which is made with 2 egg-whites beaten very stiffly, with one tablespoon sugar) on the apple side, and brown lightly in the oven. Serve with cream.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Dawn Wood, 32 Mulgrave St., Launceston, Tas.**

## CURRY PUFFS

Curry: ½lb. lean meat (shin pre-

ferred), dripping for frying, 1 large onion, 1 large potato, 1 tablespoon curry powder, pinch of salt.

Fry onion in dripping, and when brown lift out; place meat which has been cut into dice in pan and fry slightly; sprinkle over curry powder and mix well, frying for a minute longer. Put in the onion and cover with water. Peel potato, cut up, and place in pan with other ingredients. Simmer all gently for about an hour. By this time the curry should have a thick gravy and not too much of it.

**Puff Pastry:** ½lb. flour, ½lb. dripping, pinch salt, and water to mix.

Roll out about one-eighth of an inch thick and cut into 4-inch squares. Place spoonful of curry in centre of each, wet edges and fold into triangular pieces. Glaze with milk and bake in hot oven till delicate brown.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ethel Hay, Hoxton Park, via Liverpool, N.S.W.**



RED DEVIL CAKE which wins first prize this week of £1 as being the most interesting entry for the week. This cake, which is iced on top with white icing, is a dark red color—hence its name. See recipe on this page.

## The last rinse in BLUE

is the only way to stop clothes from turning YELLOW

You cannot wash the greyish-yellow tinge from white clothes. Washing is to get the dirt out, but it is the last rinse in Blue water that makes clothes a lovely white. Therefore, have Reckitt's Blue in the last rinsing water every wash-day to keep your linens from turning a bad colour. . . . Never neglect the last BLUE rinse.



Reckitt's BLUE

Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!

TO-DAY you can end all doubts about washing results—

Make a point of seeing the wonderful new

ACME 55  
CLEANSER  
PORTABLE ^ WRINGER



14 INCH ROLLS 72/6  
10 YEARS' GUARANTEE  
New Twin Boards to guide clothes in and out. New Two-Way Drain catches all water. New Pressure and Lifting Gears. New Beauty of Finish in gleaming chromium and lustrous blue enamel.  
Wringers made by ACME—  
Factory Representatives: J. CHALEY & CO. PTY. LTD.  
Pioneer House, 353, Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE.

No matter what other methods you've used, the new Acme 55 will make your wash cleaner and whiter. Because it removes the deeply embedded dirt along with the rinsing water. Besides wringing, it cleanses the clothes!

The moment this new Acme 55 comes into your home, you'll be finished with the drudgery of old-fashioned wringing methods. What's more you'll get a cleaner, sweeter wash than you've ever known. Why does the new Acme make such an amazing difference? The answer is simple. It not only wrings the clothes more easily—it cleanses them as well. By means of controlled pressure, it forces out all clinging particles of soap-scum and embedded dirt—which you can't remove by any amount of rinsing. Whatever clothes you are putting through, you can get the pressure just right to give the best results. A turn or two of the single screw-handle does it. And the Acme rubber rollers are so resilient that you can cleanse-wring a flimsy camisole as safely as a 6-lb. blanket. Now! Go to your Hardware Dealer—this morning—and see the sensational new Acme Cleanser-Wringer.



# CHICKEN for DINNER!

CRISP, succulent, full of fine flavor and melting in the mouth. Could anything be more appetising?

How do you like your chicken? Any way, as long as it's chicken? Well, here's a choice of recipes for cooking chicken in delicious new ways.

FOR all-round popularity chicken is hard to beat. Not only is the flesh of chicken generally considered to be more digestible than that of any other bird or animal food, but it has a rare flavor that appeals to practically all tastes.

The best eating are chickens which have small bones, short legs, and clean, white flesh.

Chickens with white legs should be boiled. Those with black legs are most suitable for roasting.

## CHICKEN SUPREME

One chicken, 1 small onion, 1½oz. butter, 1½oz. flour, 1½ pints white stock, 1 clove, 3 bay leaves, few peppercorns, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 egg-yolk, juice 1 lemon, 2oz. bacon rashers, ½lb. potatoes cut into large cubes.

Divide chicken into joints, stew in the stock with onion and seasoning until tender. Lift out, pile on a hot dish and keep hot. Strain stock. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and cook well without browning. Add strained stock very gradually, stir until it boils and thickens. Beat egg-yolk and cream together, pour sauce slowly over them, stirring well. Return to saucepan, cook without boiling, add lemon juice and any seasoning necessary; pour over chicken. Garnish with rolls of grilled bacon and potato cubes fried until a golden brown in deep fat.

## MOUSSE OF CHICKEN

Half-pound cooked chicken, 2oz. ham, 1 pint cream, 1 cup chicken stock, pinch celery salt, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 egg-whites, 1 tablespoon chopped olives, 1 tablespoon chopped gherkins, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Garnish: Lettuce leaves, cooked peas, cooked diced carrots, and small new potatoes, 1 teaspoon chopped mint. French dressing.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Heat stock in saucepan. Stir in gelatine. When dissolved season to taste and leave till cool, then beat till frothy. Add chicken and ham cut up finely, olives and gherkins. Beat cream till stiff and fold into mixture. Turn into a plain mould rinsed with cold water. Leave till set and chilled. When required, turn out onto a flat dish and garnish with small lettuce leaves, carrots and peas in heaps, and potatoes sprinkled with mint. French dressing served separately.

By MARY FORBES

• Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



AUSTRIAN fried chicken, an appetising way to prepare a young bird. See recipe for preparing on this page.

## CHICKEN DORMERS

Six hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped ham, 1 teaspoon cooked onion, a little chopped parsley, salt and cayenne.

Cut eggs in halves lengthwise, and remove yolks. Mix chicken, ham, onion and parsley with the yolks. If necessary, add a little cream or milk to bind all together. Fill whites of eggs with the mixture. Press two halves firmly together. Roll in flour, cover with egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown in deep fat. These may be served hot or cold with suitable sauce or salads.

## BACKHENDL

(Austrian Fried Chicken)

Clean a young chicken, remove skin carefully, cut legs and wings off. Cut breast into two portions. Wash and dry. Dip each portion into flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Dip in egg-glazing and then in fine white breadcrumbs. Fry in butter until golden brown, not longer than 15 minutes. Serve with lettuce and orange salad and french dressing.



CHICKEN SALAD with aspic jelly and chaudiroid sauce, a delicious luncheon or dinner dish.

## CHICKEN SALAD

Portions of steamed chicken, aspic jelly, white chaudiroid sauce, gherkins, lettuce, cucumber.

White Chaudiroid Sauce: 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 large teaspoon gelatine, herbs and seasonings.

If chicken stock is not well seasoned with herbs, put it with the milk into a double saucepan with a small piece of chopped onion, strip lemon rind, few herbs, and heat for half an hour. Strain and use for

sauce. Melt butter, add flour, mix well, gradually add the strained liquid, and cook for three minutes. Add soaked gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Strain sauce and allow to cool. Mask portions of chicken, when sauce is beginning to set, and decorate with slices of gherkin.

Chop aspic jelly. Slice cucumber. Arrange chicken and lettuce leaves in the centre of a flat glass dish. Place chopped aspic jelly and cucumber slices around the edge. Serve with salad dressing.

## TYPIST agrees with £100 PRIZE-WINNING COOK!

Champion cooks, leading chefs, expert wine tasters and tea tasters, and hundreds of Australian families have tested Kellogg's Corn Flakes against other breakfast cereals. Every one of them voted Kellogg's Corn Flakes first for flavour! Nothing else can touch that full, rich flavour . . . no other flakes can match those crisp, golden Kellogg's flakes for size and crunchiness. So to-morrow, give your whole family an exciting breakfast—serve delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes—the 30 second breakfast! No cooking—you save time, trouble, and money on fuel.

**KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES ARE THE TASTIEST OF THEM ALL!**



THEY'RE MILES AHEAD OF THE OTHERS FOR FLAVOUR!

Mrs. D. Floote, £100 Prize-Winner in recent Australian Women's Weekly Cooking Competition.



Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. "Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunch time."

Listen to "Howie Wing," A SAGA OF AVIATION, every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night at 7.30 p.m., over Stations 2CH, 2KO, 4BK-AK; at 6.45 p.m., over Stations 2GZ, 2LM, 2TM, 3DB-LK, 3SR, 1TR, 5AD-MU-PL-SE, 6IX-WB; at 7.45 p.m., over Station 7HT—also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 8 a.m., over Station 7HT.



**KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES**

The **TASTIEST** Breakfast of all!



PREPARING YOUNG CHICKEN for frying. Skin is carefully removed first; then the bird is cut into portions.

I RECOMMEND STRONG-LITE BOTH FOR SAFEGUARDING HEALTH AND SUCCESSFUL COOKING

**STRONG-LITE COOKING UTENSILS**



Say: Miss M. Shepherd, Director of Cookery, N.S.W. Hospitals





## ***There is only one ELECTROLUX***

It gives you perfect refrigeration with absolute silence . . . it has no moving parts to make noise and wear out . . . it is absolutely unique in its operation (a tiny flame does all the work) . . . it is easy to purchase and economical to run . . . You can have a model giving perfect service in your home, irrespective of where you live, whether country or city. In the cities your Electrolux is operated by gas; in the country it is operated by kerosene.

### **AUSTRALIA'S MOST POPULAR REFRIGERATOR**

Electrolux air-cooled Refrigerators are to-day being purchased in greater numbers than any other refrigerator in Australia. This is due entirely to the more scientific principle of motorless refrigeration and what better proof than the outstanding performance of Electrolux during the record heat wave last summer!

# **ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR**

*.. It is world famous*





# *The* Game Darrells



Australian Women's  
Weekly NOVEL,  
September 16, 1939

SUPPLEMENT — MUST  
NOT BE SOLD  
SEPARATELY.

• By LESLIE HAYLEN



# THE GAME DARRELLS

By Leslie Haylen



ONARO!

They called it wild Monaro in the "earlies" when the broad-floored bullock drays—the galleons and land-ships of the discoverers—came slowly over the undulating country seeking safe anchorage and a decent bit of land.

In those days it was a slow trip, for a man took with him his wife, his children, his servants, his goods and chattels and his commissariat.

Darcy Darrell, first of his line in the Colony of New South Wales, took six weeks to do the trip. He left the Haymarket at Sydney for Monaro with five drays, six assigned servants, a supply waggon and spare bullocks. Yesterday Jack Darrell, his great-grandson, did the trip in a few hours in his roadster.

They called it cold Monaro in the "earlies," and its nature has not changed.

THE wild winds swept across the country, biting like a whip-lash. The sleet chased the scurrying leaves along the level country in wanton sport, and wrote its message in hoar frost on every wire fence from Cooma to Goulburn, while it sealed every door with a film of ice. The hump-backed ranger, like a black mystery, hid their heads in a spin-drift of cloud.

It was serene autumn, when the morning shouts of winter, the noon winey with sunshine, sings of high summer, and the evening shrouds the day in the indecisions of spring.

It was early morning—but House on the Hill was an early riser, too.

A wisp of silver-blue smoke, tenuous as a mist, was whipped by the winds as it emerged from the chimney, and a little light, like a benison, threw a tiny gleam from the square-paned window of Little White House perched on a hill, with the squat white chimneys built on the outside, as if there by an afterthought.

In the wind tall poplars swept the roof with their funeral plumes; down where the crazy wide gate swung to the length of a broken trace chain, an English brier bush and a hawthorn consorted with a stringy-bark and a spotted gum.

A battered tin on the gatepost is the letter box, the nondescript argosy in which later on will repose the local paper and a letter from Milly—schoolteaching in some little bush township—a circular from a Tractor Company, and some patterns from a Sydney merchandising house. The battered kerosene tin driven onto a post with two 2-inch nails is the civilised smoke signal of the newer natives.

Mail day in the bush is not an incident, it is an occasion, and Jack the mailman was a born showman.

When his audience was in the throes of merriment, when the bare-legged youngsters were rocking with laughter, with their legs

entwined in the battens of the gate, Jack would wave his whip in salutation, flick the old bay mare affectionately on the rump and rumble off on his leisurely round.

The tempo of the pre-war era . . . hasten slowly.

To-day a slim green service-car slips past the old gate like a smooth monster racing to the grey ranges, and the residents ring each other up on the party-telephone lines. The farmer sitting by his wireless, hears the price his steers brought, before the barking dogs have wheeled them into the slaughter yards.

Mrs. Beeton's cookery book lies on the top of the dresser, ravished by moth and silver-fish, while the radio sings a symphony of salad and savory.

Progress and change—

Inside the little white house Grace Darrell was preparing breakfast. She bent to the fire and the light burnished the warm chestnut of her hair. Smooth capable hands, which carried the scare of housekeeping, like the Legion of Honor, lifted warm Delft plates to the table. Daughter of pioneers, she was small and quick, and slim-waisted. The bloom of pleasant good looks clung to a face which was a contradiction; the mouth was strong, firm—almost severe—and the honey-brown eyes were full and wistful, where a smile and a sigh struggled for mastery.

There was a little crinkled puzzle on her brow, which reminded one, comically, of a child struggling with a big sum, and the shoulders drooped a little with the resignation of the peasant.

It was lighter now and the lamp was turned down and extinguished. The aroma of cooking hung on the frosty air and permeated the room; a subtly baited snare which brought the children, mice-like, sneaking to the fire after furtive ablutions which had yet to pass scrutiny.

Outside, the wind, weary of night's long carousal, was swooning to gusty slumber and the rising sun was drowsing the broken mists, like scattered sheep, to the hollows in the hills.

Breakfast was ready, and the children with their shining morning faces were clustered around the table. Something of the surly morning was reflected in their faces, as yet untouched by the newer brightness without.

Tony Darrell came in and all was changed. "The worshipful Tony," one of his friends had dubbed him—likeable, tawny-haired Tony; a comethier Cell.

One made allowances for Tony. He conformed to no set rule of conduct; a black sheep who herded not on the hard pastures, but on the lush slopes of his own contrivings.

Tony was late. Last night he had come back from town at midnight, hilariously drunk, bibulously eloquent, his pockets bulging with trinkets "for the kids." It was an old trick of his and saved explanation,

The kiddies, like round-eyed robins, were awakened to the ecstasy of wished-for presents. All but Tom—twenty-year-old Tom; one couldn't tell with Tom. He wore that little quizzing questioning look of his mother. He looked past the surface. He saw things; Tony didn't quite know where he stood with Tom, but a packet of cigarettes under his pillow—"man to man sort of business"—couldn't do any harm.

Breakfast finished, Tony went to the door and looked back into the kitchen. Tom came in, two buckets of milk brimming to the rim. Tony, abstracted, watched a drop of the fluid which had fallen on the floor.

"Good boy, Tom. Darn hard worker—plodder though. No fire like the Darrells. The Game Darrells."

Tony saw Grace set herself a cup and saucer alongside Tom and, grave-faced, discuss the daily round.

The wood-pile alongside the stove had been neglected.

It was Tom who spoke to his younger brother about this neglect, and it was Tom who, later, piled the short sawn logs around the stove.

Tony left the doorway and ensconced himself in contentment on the couch, where he read suitable extracts to those who cared to listen from a farm journal. Tony loved to talk.

The children marched through the pansy-faced clover and over the red road to school.

Tom whistled the dogs and went over the hill, the rhythmic ring of his axe breaking the silence with the regularity of a metronome.

Tony twisted to the light and ran a bronzed finger down the local and general items.

Grace Darrell had done a strange thing the night before. She had forgotten her butter. That devil of a Tony and his jaunts into town were a gnawing anxiety.

The wrinkle in her forehead was very prominent as she prepared the children's school lunches. Each lunch was carefully cut and daintily packed in a clean, white serviette, but the eagle-eyed Jack had seen that it was dripping, not butter, that was spread on the bread. Here was a pretty problem which agitated his mind on the way to school.

Yes, it was dripping—there was no getting away from that—and to-day the game at school was to change lunches. The thrill of opening someone else's lunch for your own—but dripping . . . This was the lowest degradation. It would put them at once in a class with the Govers and the Peacocks.

Jack had thought of the expedient of losing the lunches, tossing them into a hollow log, but compunction seized him at the sight of little brothers ploughing through the dust to a dinnerless recess.

The problem was still unsolved as he marched into school . . .



Dinner-time came with Jack laggard in bringing forth the lunches. Mary, quick-eyed, saw the little tinge of color mounting to the cheeks. Bread and dripping! And then came inspiration, and a few whispered words with Jack.

He looked very much like Tony, as radiant-faced, he propounded the scheme. Why not have their dinners in the trees? This lunch changing was an old game, anyway. The scheme was greeted with cheers. The nearby saplings swayed to the onslaught of the boys, and, to avoid observation, Jack climbed a gum-tree and lunched in solitary grandeur.

Mary and her playmates herded in the brambles of a clump of young wattles which grew close to the ground, and like scrub turkeys, scuttered and scrambled in the delights of a new game.

Mary saw the envious eyes of Dora Peacock watching her as she undid her lunch and for the sake of the Darrells she shouted out an imaginary menu for the delectation of the others.

Jack, in his eyrie ate the ambrosia of the gods. Never had dripping tasted like this.

Miss Sowerby, peering bat-like into the playground, saw the children "gone bush," slammed the door in exasperation, and sat down and wrote a heart-broken letter to her mother in Mosman concerning the vagaries of bush children, and sighed in her heart for the rumble and rattle of a Pitt Street tram.

Trudging home, Jack was evolving schemes to cope with "dripping days," whilst Mary took turns at pick-a-backing her little brothers on the weary five miles which meant nothing when at last one came in sound of the ring of the axe, which proclaimed that Tom was clearing in the 80 acres.

Then came a mad scamper with the dogs until it was too dark to see the rabbits crouched under the thistles.

Tea finished, the kiddies sat near the door calling the mopeke to the doors: "M-o-poke, M-o-poke," they cried. The mimicry brought the little lost voices nearer and nearer. Then in the gathering gloom awoke the voice of the curlews and the wheeling plovers with their challenging shout.

Inside, the lamp lit, Tony had "the floor." "The trouble with a lot of these fellows who go farming is that they're not practical. Too much theory. A cocky's got to be a practical man."

Tom, binding a split axe-handle with deft fingers, grunted assent.

The rattle of the wooden butter churn was sweet music to Grace—"To-morrow's lunches," ran her thought.

"Mopoke! Mopoke!" came from the open door.

The wind awoke like a giant refreshed and drove the children to the fire.

The funeral plumes of the poplars swept the roof, and the hump-backed ranges, like a black mystery, hid their heads in a spindrift of clouds.

To-day Milly was to come home from her bush school. Milly was on leave, recovering from a break-down after too much study. Ambition was driving her hard. The Darrells were all going somewhere, except Tony. The circumscribed life on the farm was not for them. Rural fledgelings, they must all leave the nest which could not support them all.

Tom, in the paddocks, dreamed of a real place. A man could save and buy a few

thousand acres for sheep. That's the idea. Sheep were worth something—what could a man do on a little mixed farm? Neither one thing nor the other. Jack and Mary knew they had to learn things. Didn't Mum always say: "Education is no load to carry," and had not Tony concurred? They, too, were busy buckling on their armor. Tony sat and dreamed.

The "Game Darrells" were the last of the mad squatters. Tony was the last of the "Game Darrells": barons of beef, maharajahs of mutton; the earth had been theirs and the fullness thereof.

Old Darcy Darrell was the original "Game Darrell." Irish, Orangeman and impetuous, he was the imported sprig which transplanted and flourished in the new soil of his adopted homeland. The Darrells all had an eye for a bit of good country, and Old Monaro was his choice. He rode easily to success on the back of a nicely-upholstered merino. Let Peter Fay, an old stockman, epitomise him: "Reckless he was, a law unto himself. Worked hard—drank hard, loved hard, hated hard, and drove a hard bargain."

They talk of the day he drove his four-in-hand into the flooded Murrumbidgee—Old Man Darrell and Old Man River—the two unconquerable met—and Old Man Darrell lost. His carriage overturned and he rode the turgid stream—white face grinning out past Old Monaro, where they found him hanging in the fork of one of his own willow trees, his whip in his hand, flogging the restless spirit home.

If Old Man Darrell was King, Denby Darrell, his son and successor, was Emperor. He took what he wanted and loved where he listed.

Old Man River drowned his sire, and old man finance drowned Denby from the little grey bank with the wide, cool verandahs sleeping behind the kurrajongs. If Old Man Darrell had been extravagant as befits a king, Denby had been lavish as befits an emperor. Darcy had a streak of native caution with it all, Denby had none. Metaphorically, the red carpet was down if Old Darcy came abhorrowing, but times were different.

The chubby-faced and bespectacled manager, Carthorne, who dangled Denby on his knee, and who had done most of his business in the parlor of the White Hart, had gone with the spacious days when a squatter was loaned money on his face. An urbane, bald, young-old man, with the cold blue eyes of a soulless accountant, had taken his place. Drought touched the pastures with its scorching finger and Denby sold when he should have bought and bought when he should have sold.

One day he sat at the manager's table and heard his sentence with head held high. The bald-headed, young-old man was not even apologetic. He thought Denby was responsible for his own disaster. The Emperor rode out of town with his crown left behind him, safely tucked away in the Chubb safe, while the bald-headed man and his assistant added up debit and credit figures high as Everest. Debit and credit to Denby Darrell.

Denby rode from this interview with shoulders squared and a tight smile on his lips as his horse stretched out over the smooth plain and into the dusk.

They found him next morning with a broken skull near the five-barred gate to Old Monaro. Black Allan, his stallion, who had cleared it like a bird on scores

of occasions, was dropping nearby, his off-leg swinging like a broken bough, and that was how ten-year-old Tony lost his kingdom.

Old Monaro is gone. The five-barred gate has been replaced by an ornate wrought iron gate. The property is now the southern headquarters of Broadacres (Australia) Ltd. The manager, an Englishman with a little ginger moustache and an impeccable shirt, rides the run, assisted by several young gentlemen with cameras and diaries and innocent blue eyes, seeking Colonial experience. A plebeian Australian or two is retained to milk and kill. Allen herds nibble the lush grass on the rim of the murky Murrumbidgee, while, for those who remember, the ghost of Old Darcy Darrell grins from the tresses of the penitent willows.

Marie Darrell took her son, Tony, to Sydney when the bank took over. And her going was in keeping with the position of a departing Empress.

But Tony was bush bred and Tony came back. Gone was the glamor of the Darrells. Tony fenced a bit—did a bit of shearing—and eventually took up a selection on Old Monaro; crept like a mouse into the toe of the boot worn so proudly by Old Darcy. Tony was bush bred and the bush brought Tony back as the hart pan-teeth after water.

Tony, at the railway station waiting for Milly, had been amusing "the boys" at young Mulvaney's, and Tony was drunk. Tony was not "beastly drunk." He was merely "full," but at this stage, still in control of his venture. The little cobby mare in the sulky was quite capable of taking charge of herself and Tony. Mary's the time she has had to take the initiative and get both of them home.

Tony began by telling the boys a story. It was great fun getting Tony drunk. The more drink he had the funnier he became. There is something wonderfully soothing to the common mind in the spectacle of a prince in tatters, or a pundit turned pierrot.

The train was late so they bawled Tony back again. Even Young Mulvaney admitted that Tony was a "tease" as he climbed shakily into the sulky as the train whistled over the bridge and clattered into the station.

Milly, fresh-frocked and dainty, came through the entrance of the dingy old station. Soft brown eyes under a perky little hat took in the situation.

Tony's erstwhile pals were dumbfounded.

That fool Tony. Why didn't he say that Milly was coming home—drunken old fool? He wasn't fit to drive.

Those cool, brown appraising eyes seemed to have plumbed the subtlety of the joke—it didn't seem a bit funny now.

Milly came forward, lightly swinging her small valise. Andy Flannagan rushed forward to take her luggage. He mumbled something about Tony not being fit to drive. "Would he drive her home?"—his brand-new sulky was at the kerb. She glimpsed the flicker of a blind across the road and the predatory nose of small-town gossip already sniffing the air, and saying of her father: "Drunk as a lord, he was—drunk as a lord!" "The broken down toff!"

No, that wasn't the way the Darrells did things. She made gracious acknowledgment of Andy's offer by a covert little smile which seemed to let him in on the joke. She stepped lightly into the sulky.



## THE GAME DARRELLS

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Hello, Daddy," she said. The warm sturdiness of the kiss wafted Tony back to sensibility for a second. He seized her hand.

"Good girl, Milly"—and then with a glance at her, added shrewdly, "Smart girl."

He waved an all-embracing hand, taking in the little knot of loungers, and then relapsed into oblivion. Milly took the reins of the cobby little mare, which, before it fully realised that it had been shaken out of its somnolence, was trotting down the dusty street and headed for home.

"Just like that," mused Andy Flannagan. "No side; no mock-heroics. Just took in the situation. Great girl, Milly. Smart one, too. There was something about her, something about the whole Darrell family, dashed if there wasn't."

Milly thought things out as the wheels revolved along the well-rutted road. The same old ruts—that was the trouble, Tom chafing at his bonds on the little 120-acre farm, cut like a wedge into the woolshed paddock of Old Monaro. There was something wrong, somewhere. Why couldn't they remain contented?

"Too big for their boots," said Mrs. Flannagan, not unkindly. Perhaps that was the trouble. No, that wasn't it. They weren't their boots. Mum hated it all, too. Tony lurched towards her with the swaying of the sulky. The brisk drive in the cool air was bringing him round. Milly swung the mare onto a side track and slackened the pace. Graduate of Teachers' College was gone. Little bush kiddie had taken her place. Had not she done this before?

Milly was a slow coach. They wouldn't expect her home at once. Straggly old red-gum was cool and shady. She drew the sulky under the welcome refuge and Tony slept.

He awoke to find cool hands bathing his face and temples with water from the water-bag which had been swinging crazily from underneath the axle of the sulky. Solitude looked from the cool brown eyes looking into his. Tony lifted the miasma from his brain. Milly! How his kids were forever shaming him.

Brother Tom had something on his mind. At 11 o'clock he said to Milly: "Come for a ride?" Milly knew this was more in the nature of an order than an invitation. Tom always took this method of getting her by herself when he wanted to talk to her about something. They rode off together through the autumn morning.

Tom broke the silence:

"What kept you late yesterday?"

Milly moved forward in the saddle, looked straight at Tom, but did not reply.

"I thought so," said Tom. "He can't be trusted. Made a fool of you, I suppose."

Milly, with a quick movement, placed her hand on Tom's arm.

"I didn't mind a bit, but Andy Flannagan was there, and he seemed sorry for me."

"It's like his damned cheek," broke in Tom hotly. "We don't want his sympathy. We don't want anybody's sympathy. We are grown up now, you and I; things are going to be better."

They jogged along on the way back home. So that was it, mused Milly. Dear, dumb, secretive Tom. He had his plans, too.

"Things are going to be better." Wasn't it great to feel like that. Tom always meant what he said.

"Do you like this fellow?" said Tom, suddenly.

Milly was surprised. "Why, Andy? Yes.

He's a nice boy. He's like another brother."

"Huh! Looks to me as though he wants to be a little closer than that" . . .

"Why, Tom," began Milly, but was cut short by Tom waving his whip in the direction of the house. "If he doesn't, what is she doing here?" Milly followed his outstretched hand and saw a big black buggy climbing the hill.

When they arrived home, Mrs. Flannagan was descending from the buggy. A big, black mountain of a woman, she had a strong masculine face, and a very definite line of hair on the upper lip which had caused Tony to dub her "The Bearded Lady."

She was ample, and wide, and full-bodied, like the mother of Creation, and now that she had "buried Flannagan" she lived the remainder of her life in a general though no longer particular atmosphere of births, marriages and deaths. Very close to the fundamental dust was Mrs. Flannagan. She had hustled and hustled poor wiry, whipcord Flannagan to his disintegration with the best intentions in the world. She was a born manager and embarrassingly generous in the manner in which she dowered Flannagan with "childer."

From the slab shanty and 40 acres she had worked like a man with Flannagan. Her superabundant energy had increased the "childer" and the land every year until she buried Flannagan—when his whipcord vitality gave out; he was the possessor of 5000 acres and ten red-headed and freckled youngsters. Tralee was typical of Mrs. Flannagan. It was big and wide and rich-bodied, the best bit of land in the district. And Mrs. Flannagan was a born manager and Andy wanted Milly.

Mrs. Flannagan darkened the doorway like a giant black menace as Milly and Tom rode to the door.

She gathered slim Milly into her voluptuous folds and welcomed Tom with the camaraderie of one farmer to another.

"Gallyvanting, eh! There's a bit o' fence I noticed coming in could do with a splice."

Flannagan had been very careful with his fences.

Mrs. Flannagan lacked finesse, but she gained much by direct attack.

"Andy will call to take me home," she said.

"We will be very glad to see him," said Grace. Mrs. Flannagan swung round towards Milly and her glance was a question.

"Of course," said Milly.

Hadn't she been seeing Andy all her life from the time he was a ginger-haired schoolboy? In a place like this didn't one marry the son of the next-door neighbor or the next-door neighbor but one, if one were adventurous? Andy was quite a catch with his own farm and his father's money.

Mrs. Flannagan didn't like this cool aloofness but she had promised Andy. Andy had told his mother of Milly.

"A black Prodigal," said Mrs. Flannagan aghast. "Would you be bringing a Prodigal into the family?"

"It's that or nothing," replied Andy with a quiet determination which surprised his mother.

Mrs. Flannagan had a universal method of establishing contact on a more intimate basis. She turned to Grace: "There's a hundredweight o' new potatoes in the back of the buggy fresh dug this mornin'."

Besides the potatoes were honey and fruit from the orchard. Tom humped the "hundredweight" to a nearby shed and Milly

went with him to supervise the transfer of the honey and fruit.

Tom threw the sack down in the shed and, perching on the corner of it, lit a cigarette. He looked at Milly whimsically.

"She and her spuds, or should it be her and her apuds?" he bowed ironically. "I forgot I was talking to a schoolteacher."

Milly laughed. "She means well, but even an African native offers a dozen cows for his wife. More if she's a good one."

"I don't know how it is," said Tom. "There's some people can grow spuds and there are others who can't."

"What happened to ours?"

Tom looked at the tip of his cigarette.

"Dad was to plant them—I dug up the patch for them—but somehow we never got the seed potatoes—"

Milly laughed. "Aren't we hopeless," she said. "It is like the art union he was going to win. He planned out the proceeds to the last penny and forgot to buy the ticket."

Tom smoked reflectively and then they returned to the house, where Mrs. Flannagan, with an elephantine sob which shook her superstructure like an earth tremor would agitate a skyscraper, was diving for her handkerchief.

"She's burying Flannagan," said Tom solemnly into Milly's ear. Grace discreetly rattled cups and saucers and poured tea.

Mrs. Flannagan was soon herself again.

"—Opened him up, they did, and then closed him up again, and divil a bit o' good they done him. I saw the doctor myself. I don't hold with the knife. I sez to him, curt like, it's a sin—flying in the face of Providence. If yer to be took, yer to be took."

Mrs. Flannagan reached for her teacup.

"Yes, when yer time comes. No knife for me, I sez, when me time comes."

The youngsters—Tom and Milly—slipped from the room, out to the live sunshine without . . .

"Hidatis; that's what it was, Mrs. Darrell. Hidatis . . . but it doesn't matter what it was. If yer to be took, yer took . . ."

Just as she spoke, Tony came in. Tony was a perfect host. He swept the conversation past the tearful shoals where lurked the much-lamented Flannagan (in sure and certain hope of an early resurrection), and took Mrs. Flannagan for a tour of the farm—where she saw here and there signs of neglect, which shocked her instincts of good husbandry.

Then in the gathering dusk, Mary was called from her games to play the violin. Grace took the instrument down from the shelf and dusted it with deft devotion. It was Mary's passport to better things. The crudities of her bush teaching could not dim the beauty of Mary's playing. The first tremulous notes gripped the garrulous Mrs. Flannagan by the throat and drowned her simple soul in melody.

That night, Milly sat late over the fire with her mother. They talked of Mary's playing. She would soon be requiring another teacher. Miss Alicia French, A.L.C.M., had her limitations.

"She wants a first-class teacher," said Milly.

Grace poked the fire thoughtfully.

"We will have to manage it, somehow," she replied.

Mary's music lessons came from the proceeds of the sale of turkeys. There were no better turkeys in Monaro than those reared by Mrs. Darrell.



Milly stole a glance at her mother. It wasn't fair, this double burden—playing both mother and father. Why didn't Grace let them all run wild and grow up like the other "shy, selector children." Everything for the children, nothing for herself.

She looked at her mother's toll-worn hands and the sad lines of her face in response. "If the kids could only understand," she thought.

The fire burnt down to whitening embers and the face of fair, freckled Andy came dancing into the dying flames.

Tony was reading the newspaper.

"I see they have murdered an Archduke and his Duchess at Sarajevo," he said. To Grace, busy in the kitchen, it meant no more than the man in the moon spraining his ankle. Of course, she deprecated assassination. To Tom, doing a bit of scrub-cutting, it meant nothing at all. Hot-tempered foreigners and their quarrels.

Grace did not even hear the flitter of the wings of the dark messenger which touched her door. Tom did not know that his axe must rust forever in House on the Hill; the ring, ring of his labors in the eighty acres must change to the blare of bugle and the weeping of women. Andy's freckled face must come no more to Darrells; a light in his eye for Milly—and a bunch of flowers hanging from his saddle horn. Who was this Archduke, that his passing should grave lines into Grace's face as deep as the furrows of time and dam the placid river of their existence and flood them like drift-wood over strange lands and alien country-ides?

A bomb in Sarajevo.

It was all a bit bewildering, but Tony knew all about it. He made periodical arrays into the township for information, got exhilarated by this new excitement to see more than moderately drunk. He pronounced the whys and wherefores of the situation with lucidity and clarity at Mulvaney's.

There was no question about it, Tony had a head.

Dick Princeton, who had fought in South Africa, became a centre of interest again. He mapped out a campaign on the bar counter. "Here's a couple; this 'ere's the field"—(two glass beer mugs were the enemy)—"We laid over here"—(the spot marked with a pipe and a tobacco tin)—and across the swimming beer drags Dick brought intricacies of high command to Mulvaney's.

"A course this war may not be fought that way," said Dick, generously. "They might use more infantry and more big guns." It was really an intriguing prospect.

Things moved with startling suddenness. Russia was mobilising. Britain recalled her fleet from manoeuvres.

Tony came home late one night: "They're all at it. England and everyone. Now we will soon see what's what."

Nobody could talk of anything else but the war. Tony brought a map from the town showing Europe as a battlefield, with little pins carrying the flags of the combatants. Eastern Front—Western Front. With these the family followed the fluctuating fortunes of war.

Miss Sowerby in the school-house taught the children the Russian Anthem:

"God, the all-terrible mighty Defender Thunder Thy clarion—lightning Thy sword," sang the children.

"Ye Sons of France Arise to Glory" and "Rule Britannia" and "Advance, Australia Fair" were already on the curriculum. She didn't know the Anthem of the Belgians, so they sang the "Marseillaise" twice so that a noble ally might not be affronted.

Tom had been very quiet lately. He had something on his mind.

One Saturday morning Tom told Jack to saddle up the horses. They were going for a ride.

Jack, elated at this rare favor, had the horses, hollow-backed Bess and spavined Sibbie, ready at the door. He took special care with his toilet even to giving an extra scrub to his brown knees, and slicking back his straw-like hair with a comb. Tom was particular.

Tom was preoccupied and did not notice these festal signs. The Darrell men rode forth.

"Where are we going, Tom?" queried Jack, to make conversation. Anywhere with Tom was all right.

"Down to the waterhole," said Tom.

Bess and Sibbie jog-trotted to the long line of the willow-fringed river; turned along the low banks and down to where the river widened like a big round pond. This was the swimming hole; dark, cool, delicious, with the bole of a willow, smooth and round, jutting off the bank like a natural diving-board.

"I'm going to the war," said Tom suddenly out of the silence, and skidded a pebble across the bosom of the old swimming hole, which was at once a salutation and farewell. Jack looked at him with a face dumfounded, amazed, proud and bewildered. Tom, a soldier? Going to fight the Kaiser? He was unable to speak. Tom ceased to throw. Now that he had broken the ice it would be easier. He sat down on his haunches and reached for a blade of grass which he chewed reflectively. Jack watched him tremblingly.

"Everybody ought to go who can," said Tom. "The quicker it's over the better."

Jack faced Tom. "What about Mum," he said, almost fiercely. "Won't she be worried—who's going to look after her—and us?" Jack never thought of Tony.

"You are," said Tom. "You will have to be the man now. You're nearly fifteen, anyway. You'd better leave school. You know as much about the farm as I do. Mum can help you with the milking."

"Mum won't like that; my leaving school," said Jack.

"Never mind. Do what she says. Dad will help you get that oats off for hay. Needn't do that for a couple of months yet. I mightn't be away long." Tom got to his feet. He looked at Jack with a smile and grabbed his shoulder in a comradely hold. "Poor old kid" . . . There was a pause . . . "You will look after her and see she doesn't worry, won't you? You know Dad's not . . ."

Jack shook his acraggy head and said slowly: "She won't worry if I can help it" . . . There was a long silence. Tom dribbled a handful of river sand slowly through his fingers. It ran like the grains in an hour glass, but swift, and trickled into a tiny heap on his boot. He blew it off, contemplatively.

"It will be pretty lonely without you," said Jack, huskily.

"You don't want to forget the wood heap," said Tom. "Mum hates being without wood. There's enough chopped for six months. It might be all over by then."

Tom saw a pair of bright eyes fixed on him—brown, brave eyes glistening to a tear.

"Come on, brother. Let us have a little swim and get home."

They swam and dived in the river pool. They ducked each other and splashed their gleaming young bodies, laughing and romping in old Murrumbidgee, each hiding his heart from the other. The dumb and the inarticulate.

Tom had his way. Grace heard the news quietly. Tony at once was all enthusiasm. He began early to bathe in the reflected glory of Tom's action. Tom went to town to enlist, mounted on Sidar, Tony's own horse. He passed the school-house as Miss Sowerby was leading the assault on the German hordes, with the massed voices of her pupils. Miss Sowerby was a flaming patriot. She ravaged the enemy with martial song; slew him with three-four time and the tinkling crash of the school piano.

Mary and Jack saw Tom ride past on Sidar. They glimpsed him ever and anon through the tarnished gold of the late spring wattle. Young hearts missed a beat and young eyes flooded until the hobbling horseman, curiously blurred, poised a moment on the crest of the hill and was gone.

The tinkling crescendo of the piano saw Miss Sowerby renew the attack.

"God, the all-terrible mighty Avenger"—sang the children.

Tom's enlistment threw the district into a ferment. Tom Darrell was going to the war. He set the district on fire. Staid farmers' sons, who had never dreamed of it before, toyed with the idea.

Tony literally radiated encouragement.

Miss Sowerby cast off her suburban reserve and maidenly rectitude. She threw her arms around Tom in the main street of the township and sought unashamedly the honor of kissing the first man to enlist from the district. She courted the company of eligibles with such embarrassing assiduity that even the other patriotic females began to fear that her fierce enthusiasm would entail her in personal sacrifice. Still, they were stirring times and no one worried much.

Andy Flannagan decided to follow Tom, and Mrs. Flannagan said a novena that he would fall to pass the doctor. One by one the young men went off, leaving the district denuded. Miss Sowerby went back to Sydney with a trainload of soldiers on their way to camp, and there were grave doubts in the township that the woman was a hussy after all.

Andy was in the Light Horse and when he came home on final leave, it was a new sort of Andy, a more spruce, alert and not-so-diffident Andy. Mrs. Flannagan was secretly proud of his smart uniform, his slouch hat, and his emu feather. What was done was done, and she determined to make the best of it. Besides, Andy had thrown a big responsibility upon her. She again took an active part in the management of the farm, and ceased to "keen" for Flannagan.

Andy had a new possessive way with Milly. He was a man who reacted quickly to environment and who swam with the current. There was more assurance in his voice and a swagger in his walk. Andy had changed. He talked a lot. Against Tom's reticences he was a conversational river in spate. In the Darrell kitchen before a rap



audience he told apocryphal stories of military life. They all believed him.

"It's funny," said Andy, "the way the women run after us. Especially the boys from the country. I never saw anything like it. Why, at Central Station they crowd on to the platforms waiting for troop trains to come in. Well-dressed girls, too." Andy's measure of social status was crepe-de-chine and silk stockings.

"Of course, some of them are there to meet their boys, and others are there to see what boys they can meet." Andy was developing.

"I suppose you have plenty of girls," said Grace, who had not plumbed the significance of it all.

Andy leered at Tony, and replied:

"Me! Not me!" in self-satisfied apology.

One night Andy and Tom went to the city on leave together. Andy had been into town the night before!

"I want you to meet some friends of mine. Terrible good sports." So Tom went with him.

The "terrible good sports" were at the station arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. There was a tall girl in a pink dress with a big white hat. She had high cheekbones and hard blue eyes. The other one was a little wisp of humanity with inscrutable eyes.

Tom shook hands with them solemnly and awkwardly, and Sadie of the inscrutable eyes made a little covert move to Mavis of the high cheekbones. Not a bit like the debonaire Andy—a real country bumpkin.

They ate in a nearby restaurant—all heat, bustle and clatter. Andy ordered beer. Tom made a furtive dive for his pocket to pay for it.

"This is mine," laughed Andy. "You'll want all yours before the night's out."

Mavis led the shous of laughter which followed this sally.

Tom drank his first beer and pretended he liked it.

The cheap little hash-house was unbearably hot. Tom felt strangely exhilarated. More beer was ordered, but Tom, with native caution, at first drank sparingly. The meal was finished at last and they made their way out to the cooler night air. Tom felt heady and a little strange. Somehow, without his noticing it, Sadie had hold of his arm, and he drew her towards him, protectively.

"Wanner go La Perouse," said Andy, on whom the cooler night air was having a strange effect. They sat on the back of a tram, discreetly left alone by the conductor.

They sat out on a jutting rock with the high stars for company, and the slow Pacific drowsing at their feet.

Tom told Sadie of his life in camp.

Something of the peace of the evening stole over them. Sadie was softer, more appealing. Tom could not see the hard little line of her mouth. She was a woman and sympathetic.

He told her of Tony, and Jack, Milly, Mary and her music, and of Grace.

Grace, the soldier, who fought on—hating it all—for the sake of the kids. Lazy, laughing Tony, and the wail of the winds. He felt homesick and lonely, and Sadie cried softly on his shoulder.

Things resumed the even tenor of their way on the farm.

The war brought a change to Tony. Tony could talk; didn't they know that at the Shire Council? He was most persuasive—hadn't the local paper commented on him

more than once? The local authorities prevailed on Tony to forget the backbone of the farmer in the jawbone of the politician. Scratch a cocky and you find a politician, but all of them were not so articulate as Tony. Tony was the mouth-piece of the district.

With the war, his former oratory had taken on a new expansiveness. He spoke as the father of a soldier. He was a unit in the greatness of the Empire. Flesh of his flesh, limb of his limb, was represented in the fighting forces. In transcendental moments he thought of his magnificent patriotism in giving this boy of his to the world and the Empire.

Tony was a personage now. The Mayor waited on him, and as president of the local recruiting unit, asked that Tony add his voice to those raising the call for men for the trenches. The Mayor gave a neat little speech. He referred with emotion to the "brave boys out there," and waved his arm in the direction of Mount Kosciuszko, and paid a glowing tribute to the self-sacrificing parents who let them go "out there." This time his outstretched digits punctured the air in the general direction of the local slaughter-yards.

Tony was touched. He told the deputation that he had been paid a signal honor! He overshadowed the mayoral speech in a crisp and heartfelt address, which included a reference to "God, King and Country" on three separate occasions, and the danger foreigners were in attempting to tweak the lion's tail now that the lion cubs have passed the stage of adolescence. Later, the Mayor discreetly told Tony of expenses and other payments he would receive.

Tony was fortunate. By one of those remarkably appropriate circumstances for which the war years were famous, Tony, while possessing a silver tongue, undoubtedly had a "wonky" heart. "Nothing very serious, old man," said the M.O., as he snapped his stethoscope back in its case, "but wonky, certainly wonky." Tony was just over forty and a fine figure of a man.

That night, before a crowded hall, Tony appealed for recruits. He wore the silver badge of rejection in his lapel.

He poured impassioned and persuasive invitation over the heads of the eligibles. One by one they came on to the platform to salutes of cheering; looking sheepish and unheroic, while Tony, like an inspired "holy roller," swept on by his emotional ecstasy, and the hypnotism of his own mellifluous phrases, sweated and toiled for bodies rather than souls.

One by one he got them—shy clodhoppers, youths with gawky voices and gangling gait, shrewd, keen, little townies and plain men with blank faces.

Old "Pepper" Marsden, over sixty and wizened as a prune, whom the whole town knew was "rotten with asthma," wheezed up to the sacrificial stairs which led to the stage. Cries of "shame" from the audience brought him back to his seat and hand-clapping and cheers acknowledged the magnificent "gesture," which forced a few more blank-faced men on to the stage. "Pepper" played his little farce right through the recruiting years as a long-run success, and voted anti-conscription because he felt such a move was an unwarranted interference with his fun.

Towering over his recruits, Tony threw his arms wide in a gesture of appeal. There were few men left, but Tony was thorough. "What's keeping you back, men? What's keeping you back?"

"A couple of inches round the chest," yelled a wag on one of the back seats.

"Sandow, my boy," said Tony, "Sandow," and Tony puffed out his massive chest and moved his arms vigorously. He stopped suddenly.

"Nothing to worry about, old man, but wonky, decidedly wonky."

The actor forgetful of his cue.

A DAY of white and gold; the white fleecy cloudings playing hide and seek with the gold of the sun, with the mellow background of a rain-washed sky, soft as the pastel slippers in a lady's boudoir. Dun-colored sheep, irked by their load of fleece grazed lazily on the green uplands. The golden, black-eyed daisies made a princely carpet for the feet. The hard gods were laughing this morning. The stage was set for pastorate, but they had altered the players. The wind, soft as thistledown, was waiting in the wings to play its symphony as Princess came upon her golden carpet.

The princess came—poor, broken Grace—in a soiled print dress and heavy boots. Hither she had flown on receipt of the news.

So Tom was dead. It echoed in the thumping of her heart; keeping pace with her footsteps. Hands that bore the scars of housekeeping like the Legion of Honour clasped and unclasped as she walked. Like a black sin it walked beside her. So Tom was dead. . . . She remembered it all—long ago it seemed. She was alone, but with her housework when he came. The vicar himself. She saw him get down from his bright new buggy. And the hard ground laughed, having a cynical sense of humor. An emissary of the Prince of Peace, bringing with him a casualty list.

Grace looked at him with hard eyes. Why did he not weep? Why did not he rend his garments in despair? She looked at him, shiny waistcoat with the clerical cloth wadded off the lower button, his podgy "embroidered" point.

"Shall we pray, Mrs. Darrell?" And he carefully lifted his trousers at the knees as he was about to sink to the floor. Grace's low laugh arrested him, and he stared at her.

Grace laughed again, a brittle little laugh. "I just thought of something funny," she stammered.

Grace walked over the hills where the daisies spangled the grass, plodding along like a humbled and wounded animal. She had no armor for this. God! God! Tony!

When her thoughts came too thick upon her she ran like the wind—brier bushes and brambles brushed her face and hair, and drew little red beads of blood, while she did not notice. Once she stumbled and fell with her face in the soft, moist earth and the burgeoning clover.

Grace went back to the house and her children. She swept and garnered in the floors, made her butter and piled the logs high in the stove to cook the cakes and pasties for the visitors who would file to her door, each one reopening the wound thirsty for detail. Mrs. Flannagan came soon. The news of Andy's death came quickly upon the news of Tom. She came mumbling her beads and weeping with a wrath-like Milly, who, youthful, shrank from death in terror. Mrs. Flannagan wore her sorrow on her shoulder like a witch's cat, while Grace hid her face in the clover.



Tony reacted to the dramatic in the circumstances of Tom's death. He was shocked, saddened, subdued for a time. He and Tom had few points of contact, but he admired in his son what he lacked in himself. After a time Tony wore his sorrow like a rosette.

Stricken by the change in Grace, he sat on the verandah with her and talked:

"You see it isn't as if he were lost or drowned, or anything like that. He is famous for all time. Everybody is proud you will be proud later."

They talked in the soft voices of lovers who had found each other after having been lost.

Grace said: "Do you remember how he would place his hand on the doorstep and laugh back at us sitting at the table? I always felt safe when Tom did that. The day we lost him picnicking in the mountains—he was the only one then."

Tony went outside and sat on a log. Tom and Grace. These quiet people. How they hurt one.

Jack was talking earnestly to Mary. They were seated on the top rail of the piggy-back fence which enclosed the cultivation patch. They were speaking of Tom.

"Things don't go so well without Tom," said Jack with the gravity of youth up against a problem. "Dad's not very interested in the farm."

"We all got used to Tom running everything," said Mary.

"We're not prepared for a dry spell. Tom would have had fodder put by," he replied.

Slowly over the hill came the cattle, straggling out in a straggly line, lean kine with their ribs showing under the crumpled skin of their hides. They were a ghastly travesty of Tom's sleek herd.

And so Tony had decided to sell out.

"It's a rotten shame," said Jack hotly. "Tom's cattle." Tony had not taken them into consideration at all. They were just spare stock.

Jack looked over Old Monaro, where they experimented with all sorts of drought-resisting grasses. It was a green speck on the desert, thanks to the efforts of the students.

Jack jumped off the fence with the force of a sudden resolve. His head and Mary's were close together in conversation as they followed the cows to the shed.

Thus it was that the watery moon peeped infrequently through the murk of the dark clouds that night saw the great grandson of Darcy Darrell re-enter Old Monaro. Furtive and silent, Mary was at Jack's side with a rabbit lantern. They did not arrive by means of the ornate carriage, but scrambling over the barbed wire and netting they tumbled into the shed they coveted.

While Mary held the lantern Jack laid the lush grass low with a sickle and forced it into the chaff bags he carried. The gullible cattle in the paddocks milled and milled while they worked. Now and then Mary would take the lantern and wave it in their faces to frighten them off. The locus was long under the willows and another they went. Darcy Darrell's willows. Tony complained of the "laid kids" these evenings, but Jack and Mary cheerfully made up their belated tasks.

They always held the sales of farms at the commercial room of Hogan's Hotel, that white-walled structure near the stock yards run by two Irishmen, Hogan and Hennessy.

On the day of the Darrell sale there was

a happy crowd in the commercial room, but happy only in their own sections. Hogan moved sulkily among his friends, replenishing their pint pots and lamenting the dry spell, while Hennessy had his crowd in a high good humor with his funny stories. Tony, there to see the sale go off, by that subtle alchemy of the good fellow, was acceptable to both sections, and he drank beer under the dark frown of Hogan, or the rich beam of Hennessy's wide-mouthed smile.

The sale was a success. It was a tradition that it should be under such circumstances. Earlier in the day the cattle had been sold.

Mary and Jack had risen at daybreak, and groomed the old milkers, teased their tails and polished their gnarled old horns until they grew restive under these unusual ministrations.

Jack almost swooned at the auctioneer's praises of the stock and the figure at which the bidding started. "I didn't know you went in for show cattle," shouted a dealer to Tony, chagrined that his hand was being forced by unexpected competition.

Tony waved airily to him, but was mystified.

Up and up the bidding went. The auctioneer was urging them on. Splendid herd in fine condition, couldn't be bettered in the district—a credit to the owner—just indicates what sort of property they came off. Another fortn here, a shilling there, still the staccato bids came.

Jack, with his legs twined in the fence, smiled delightedly. Tom's cattle. He was glad that they went that way.

Grace was satisfied to go to town for the children's sake. It would be better for them there.

At night when the winds shouted round the house and rattled the windows, she thought of Tom and regretted her going, but morning and the glimpse of the dying farm, would laugh at her fears of the night.

Jack and Mary bade good-bye to everything on the farm that had interested them since childhood.

On the day of their departure they went down to the little gutter of a creek which ran through the farm near the road. On the night of Tom's leaving for the front they had followed him to this creek. He had bade them a laughing good-bye and with pack on his back had leapt the creek from one side to the other, from where he had turned to smile at them.

His feet had left an impression in the soft earth—the hob-nailed boots of the private soldier. Mary had discovered the footmarks the next morning on the way to school. She had covered them with brambles and later as the creek dried had procured a piece of tin. Through the summer the marks crumbled to dust, leaving a shadowy imprint. By looking intently one could still discern the imprint of the hob-nailed boots.

Mary stooped and kissed her treasure for the last time. The dry earth flicked her young lips, dusting them with the sorrow of the years.

Jack followed her action, simply and naturally, and his lank hair fell over his forehead as he bowed to the dust.

Mary carefully adjusted the tin and together they went up the hill to the little white house, wrapping the mists of evening around it like a shroud.

When the Darrells moved into Penguin the "Echo," the local newspaper, which rolled lackadaisically off a flat-bed press three times a week, with a magnificent dis-

regard for make-up and typography, carried the following interesting item of news:

#### PIONEER FAMILY PREFERS PENGUIN

The ranks of the residents of Hillview Crescent are to be strengthened by the arrival of another pioneer family. This section of the town has gone ahead by leaps and bounds since being subdivided and sold by the progressive auctioneering firm of McGaskey & Griffith (whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this issue).

The new residents are Councillor Anthony D'Arcy (Tony) Darrell and his wife and children.

Councillor Darrell was for some years president of the Yarramundra Shire and the fine stone culvert over Sandy Creek on the main road will stand forever as his monument.

Coming of an old pioneer family and being a man who understands the needs of the country he must be a great asset to Penguin.

His grandfather held Old Monaro and raced that good mare Invidious, who won big races in Melbourne and Sydney.

Mrs. Darrell was a Miss Fortescue, and her grandfather was the first white man to drive a waggon and team overland from Sydney to this town. He took 40 days to do the trip and delivered his goods intact, a cargo of general merchandise for Howell and Sinclair's Busy Mart.

#### TAKE POMAN'S PILLS FOR all your ills.

Penguin had not always been Penguin. Once it bore the aboriginal name of Pannamoo. So the blacks had called it, meaning "deep water," in tribute to the river which ran dark, deep and wide over the range through the countryside like the ocean.

In the evolution of Penguin a curious thing had happened. The old hands had little education, but they remedied that defect in their children. What circumstances proscribed for themselves, they lavished on their children, until they were separated from them by a barrier of dropped sitches, split infinitives and double negatives, which only the sturdiest of the youngsters was prepared to surmount.

The advent of the Darrells had set a pretty problem for the Mayor, Mrs. Dipper. Just where was she to place them? The nicety of bush town etiquette is a brass-bound thing, and the herding of the sheep from the goats is simple enough, but then one must keep the pure merinos from the cross-breds, the long wools from the fine, the purely pastoral from the rudely rural.

Mrs. Dipper had brains. She wasn't going to make any mistakes. Mr. Dipper, the Mayor, was the town hardware merchant.

"If you think hardware, think Dippers." This admonition met you on the road miles from Penguin and winked at you from the electric lights over the main entrance to Dipper's store and bade you God-speed from the town in a 12-foot poster artistically disposed at the rear of the butter and bacon factory.

Mrs. Dipper decided that the Darrells must be placed, so she called for the carriage in which she paid formal calls. She had a brand-new motor car, thanks to the gift her husband had of making the district



think hardware and pay hard cash, but this certainly was the occasion for the mayoral carriage. Her coachman was spick and span, and the carriage glistening with mud as it turned off the main street and bumped over the stony ruts of Hillview Street.

The squat little cross-legged Darrell gate opened by the coachman had a broken hinge, and after the passage of the Mayoress it had sprawled inelegantly on the flower-bed, too inert to function and with its mouth open like a clown at a joke too subtle for interpretation.

Grace Darrell had been an "over the range Fortescue" in the days when the Hinwoods, father or son, held most of the decent property in that district. She had gone to school with Mary Dale—the Mrs. Hinwood who was now her neighbor. Grace came to Penguin when Mrs. Hinwood needed a friend. Grace agreed with Mrs. Hinwood that her daughter had been "a bit flighty," but not the bad girl people tried to make out. Grace thought a bold front the best way out of it, and Mrs. Hinwood acted accordingly.

Milly, still brooding for Andy, would bring the baby over and tend it for hours.

It was cooling and gurgling in her arms when Mrs. Dipper came out on the back verandah to admire Grace's pot-plant. Mrs. Dipper was famous for her diplomacy. Yes, she remembered now. Something about this girl and her soldier husband—wasn't he killed or missing or something?

She would be very tactful.

She took the baby from Milly. She cooed to it and bounced it up and down and felt its little soft, fat legs. She carried it to the gate with her when she was going. Hillview Crescent was thunderstruck. The Hinwood baby and Mrs. Dipper.

She returned the baby to Milly at the gate and returned to tickle it on the chest, to pinch its cheek to be yearning and maternal. She searched in her purse for sixpence. It was lucky to give silver to a baby. Her hand closed on a florin—almost withdrew it and then thought better of it, snapped the bag shut with a final determination, pecked the baby on the forehead and moved off to the waiting carriage. Tomkins did not look a bit sad, and as he picked up the reins his eyes were dancing.

"Have you been drinking, Tomkins?" said Mrs. Dipper.

"No, ma'am, not drinking." With a final wave and a flourish Mrs. Dipper was gone, thoroughly pleased with herself for having liked the Darrells and that delightful baby.

Grace holstered the little cross-legged gate into position, and Mrs. Hinwood, who saw the funny side of things, laughed until every inch of her ample frame was sore. She did more than that. Behind the screen of the hedge she fell on the lawn and indulged in a fit of gargantuan mirth until her mouth dropped open leaving her looking very much like the Darrell gate, overcome and inert.

Down at Biddy Mac's the bell jingled and cuckoo-like, projected Mary into the shop and the bead curtains sheltering Biddy moved to and fro in a tempest of talk.

The Darrells had been definitely tagged and fitted into their little social compartment to the satisfaction of all.

After the Mayoress, came the doctors' wives, and after them the other pure merinos, bleating like sheep through a race. The Darrells were asked to join the golf club and the musical society, and Tony was

spoken of in the "Echo" as our townsmen soon to seek political honors.

Things settled down in Hillview Crescent. Milly, still a girl, slipped into a sort of heroic spinsterhood and patient hand-maiden to the rest of the family. The two youngsters, Frank and Allen, went to school and got "blooded," came home with cut lips and swollen eyes, which Grace in her wisdom tended carefully and chided them softly. Mary concentrated on her music. Jack got a job. Tony knew the manager of the "Echo," and Jack always wanted to write things. This talent was thrust upon the family suddenly.

Rummaging under a settee cover one day, Tony came upon Jack's guilty secret.

Little scraps of stories—composition-like comment and brief poems—fluttered from an exercise book and on to the floor.

Jack, red-faced and confused, was rough-voiced as he said:

"Leave them alone. They are mine."

Tony laughingly fended him off with his hand, while he read extracts to the delighted family, while Jack twisted and turned in exquisite joy and terror.

Criticism is a lost art, except in the family. Here no concessions are made to drown the stark laughter of disdainful contempt. The family has one slogan, "Don't make a fool of us if you want to make a fool of yourself."

Before the family one must deliver the goods. Jack's "Poem to a Buttercup" brought tears to the eyes of everyone present, but they were tears of laughter. "Stops," said Mary succinctly, and the family concurred. Jack sat eyeing Tony like a cornered rabbit.

At this stage Grace came in. She was furious. Grace in anger was like a fluttering dove, beating its pinions against the hard bars of rigid self-control. She was not explosive and conversational like Tony when in a rage. She didn't even grow red in the face. Jack and his poems. Of course they would be bailing him.

She knew of his writings and had encouraged him in them. She saw the flicker of the flame too delicate to seek the wind of publicity and had nursed it. The surreptitious purchase of exercise books and the sight of Jack chewing a pencil and looking raptly at the ceiling while searching for a word were not lost on Grace. Once he read her a little triquet. Shyly and awkwardly he had brought it to her. He told her he had read it in a book and liked it, so wrote it out for her.

Grace flounced to Tony.

"Isn't it a pity you couldn't do something better than make fun of him?"

She collected the scattered poems and very, very carefully placed them back in Jack's hand. Her smile healed his torn feelings.

Tony sat down rather glumly and the family was very quiet.

Grace had a way of discovering things like that. Just a kid's scribbling. However, there might be something in him. Tony knew his kids were smart—why shouldn't they be? Acting on a sudden resolve he went about getting Jack a position, and before the first blush of enthusiasm were off spoke to the proprietor-editor-composer of the "Echo."

Jack was delirious with excitement when told that he was to have "a yarn about things" with that august personage.

Grace pressed his second-best suit and after donning the garments he felt quite

festive. The addition of a colored handkerchief, just peeping from his top pocket and an extra pat of brilliantine to his hair made him feel capable and efficient. A half-crown from Grace—"in case you want anything"—just completed the job.

This aura of self-sufficiency lasted until he had passed the sentinel Pennyplatina, knitting on their verandahs, nodded to Mason among his cabbages, and down the sloping streets of Penguin to where the asthmatical rumblings of the printing office could be heard.

Like a shot the outlook changed. Jack felt queer, overdressed, inefficient. He had left his stomach somewhere on the slopes of Hillview and in its place was an unpleasant void. Nearing the door of the office he slid past as if business within was the last thing he thought of.

He was almost a block away before he took hold of himself and retraced his footsteps and took up his position under a tree on the other side of the road, where he watched the doorway like a sleek cat ready to pounce on a mouse. Jack peered at the worn brickwork of the office with its grimy windows and the extra mural decoration of the village canines, like Joshua viewing the promised land.

The trickle of people in and out of the door caused him some concern. Just as he had decided to rush across the road and demand of Crackenthorp an interview and a job, some person would lane along look meditatively in the door, and then as if making a decision, pop in. Some were only there a few minutes—others lingered until the sun told Jack that it was nearly noon and something must be done.

After several attempts—frustrated by these peregrinating people, who seemed to have concentrated on visiting the place together, Jack darted across the road and inside the door before allowing himself time to think. He arrived breathless and hopeless.

Inside all was quiet except for the pecking of a typewriter which sounded as if a woodpecker had been imprisoned in the grimy old rafters and was seeking a way out. Jack's timid knock was unanswered, so he thumped the wooden counter rather violently. The tick-tacking stopped and a little grey girl, surprisingly like a woodpecker, came tripping from indoors. Jack would always remember her as Woodpecker, and so he dubbed her mentally as she came to the counter, a cool little miss of twenty with calm grey eyes and mousey-grey hair. She wore a blue dress of some crinkled woolly material which completed the illusion of ruffled feathers.

She came forward briskly: "Were you wanting something?" and smiled her business college smile.

"I wanted to see Mister Crackenthorp," "But what about?" replied the girl. She was firmer, her attitude hinting that she knew his guilty secret.

Jack felt defeated—shorn of all pretence before this pert little person.

"It's about a position," said Jack.

Woodpecker surveyed his contemplative and then said: "You'd be the Darrell boy."

Jack gulped hard: "Yes, that's about it. This was a different matter. She had business college etiquette for this, so she fell back on her own resources.

"Wait there," she said. Then going to the doorway she called: "Mister Crackenthorp—Mister Crackenthorp," in a high-pitched voice.



"The Darrell boys here looking for work." Jack at that moment achieved a certain dislike for women in business as the little grey girl retired to her cubicle and her woodpecking.

Old Crackenthorp came shambling in. He was middle-aged, dispirited and watery-eyed from years of hand-setting before the blessed days of the linotype. Even at his busiest he wore an old grey coat with broken mouthed and drooping pockets, like corn-sacks opened hastily, and he smelt of Yankee Doodle and stale whisky. He was old, prosaic and indefinite to young Jack.

Old Crackenthorp mumbled the gist of Jack's school reference to himself in a disjointed, hurried, get-it-over manner: "Seems all right." He moved some waste, with which he had cleaned his hands, into his pocket and said abruptly: "Just a minute," and ambled off into the adjoining room. He returned in a few seconds with a plain white envelope.

"Address this," he said, handing the envelope to Jack. Jack took the envelope and addressed it in a round, clear schoolboy's hand, and handed it back to Crackenthorp. Crackenthorp giggled, which threw Jack into consternation.

He handed the envelope back to Jack. "You've addressed it upside down." Somewhere down in the subterranean vaults of his anatomy Crackenthorp was experiencing a disturbance. His body shook and his eyes twinkled merrily. These young fellows who think they know it all with the High School references and their settled air of knowledge. It was great to take a rise out of them. Crackenthorp was in a high good humor now.

"Painstaking," said old Crackenthorp, quoting from the references, and still giggling led the way into his office.

Martin let them think they knew it all too soon. Too hard to work with. Old Crackenthorp sat in his crazy old office chair and talked of everything but the job until Jack's patience was sorely tried.

"Ever written anything?" said the old man suddenly. "Poetry or anything like that?" Jack saw that he was about to have another fit of the giggles. Tony might have saved him that.

"A little," said Jack vaguely.

"Truthful," said Crackenthorp suddenly in a way which startled Jack. "Your father told me about that. Do you think you would be able to manage any little job I would give you for a start?"

"I could try," said Jack.

"Diligent," shouted old Crackenthorp in a frenzy of giggles.

Crackenthorp dived his hand into his pocket and brought out a bunch of mildewed papers. "Read this," he said. "It's the leader. That's the way to insult them. Get under their skin and irritate them. Pay 'em back for some of this," he said, waving his arm about to take in the grimy composing room with its cobwebbed beams and broken windows, grimed with the dirt and dust of years. "That's where I make some of the forthright citizens squirm—Old Dipper for instance, pretentious old humbug. Tin dipper, that's what he is. Tin Dipper," and Crackenthorp giggled whilst he dived into his pocket for the cotton waste to clean hands that always seemed to need it.

Jack read the article and thought it lacked "pep," and handed it back to Crackenthorp. "That'll take a rise out of some of them," he said.

"That's the idea," said Crackenthorp, "shine things up a bit."

Bright-eyed youth and crabbed old age sat together talking of what they should do. Then Jack was out of the door at last to where Crackenthorp had followed him. Jack had shyly broached the question of wages, and the old man had said, "I'll do a fair thing by you," and glanced fearfully over his shoulder at the worn day book and ledger, as if seeking a protest from them.

Jack on the way home felt he had reached the high ground after being a long time in the valley. Grace saw him coming and read the news in his walk. She flew to some obscure errand in the innermost recesses of the house. She must not let him see she was so glad. It was only the beginning. Jack was equally casual.

Later, Charlie Mason came quietly to the gate as Jack was taking the air, bathing himself in his new importance. He heard the news with delight. "It's a great start," he said in his soft voice. Then wistfully, "The boys are coming over to-night. Will you come in for a while?"

Charlie Mason's boys. Mason was a man of nearly seventy, but his boys were still his children. The boys out on Bomalina, farming the remnants of the property which used to take a horseman a good half day to get across. Bomalina, where the red-faced steers could gallop in their mad stampeding over miles and miles of home country. Bomalina, where Mason was king in the days when a man's kingdom was his horse and his saddle, and his stockwhip and the good land the Lord had given to his hand.

Jack came in later to see the boys. Hard lean old Angus, nearing fifty, shrewd old farmer. Plump, jolly-faced Johnny, always laughing, with a flat bottle of rum in the capacious hip pocket of his corduroys, and the baby, Martin, slow, taciturn, and nearly forty. They were all tall and of the earthy smelling of the cattle camp and the shearer's hut, horny-handed and slow-voiced.

In the morning, the Crescent would know that the Mason boys were in. There was always a scene of bustling activity.

Martin did the chores, while his father flattered around him, imploring him not to bother—an admonition which he failed to hear, or hearing, failed to heed. Martin whistled as he tightened a tyre rim on the crazy old buggy in the shed, or sought a new pin for the cow ball.

Later Martin gathered large white arum lilies with dew still swimming in their cups; farmer like, he cut them with a sickle. He then broke boughs from the rioting heliotrope of the lilac tree, twined them with fragrant honeysuckle, and walked calmly out the gate and down to the Darrells'.

Ruth and Pearl Pennypin, knitting in the early morning sun, almost dropped a stitch each, so simultaneous was their surprise and consternation, as they saw Martin swing inside the Darrell gate.

Fancy this thing going on in front of their very eyes, and not being noticed before. Surely they were losing their "punch." "Why, Martin must be forty if he's a day, and Milly Darrell, what would she be?" queried Pearl.

"She's still in her twenties," replied Ruth. "It's a case of May and November."

"It's disgraceful," rejoined her sister and, laying down her knitting, took her gardening gloves and her scissors to the back garden, the better to watch developments next door.

Milly and Martin, surely not!

Martin was timid and almost incoherent when he arrived at the Darrell door.

Grace greeted him with a smile. She liked the good strong steady-going Martin. Here was a haven for her Milly. It wasn't good for a girl to be going along like Milly was.

"Who are these for, Martin?"

"Oh, Milly—anyone," he said lamely. "They're just going to waste in the garden. It's better for someone to have them." Grace smiled and called Milly to see them. She came softly and Grace piled the lilies in her arms and went indoors on some pretext or other.

Milly, behind the flowers, flushed a little, which lightened the pallor in her cheeks.

"They are beautiful," she said softly, and buried her face in the lilac.

"Yes, beautiful," said Martin, drinking in the sight. There was a long pause.

"You mustn't break the branches like that," chided Milly. "It will ruin the tree."

"You had better come over yourself and pick them. I don't know much about flowers—some morning," he said.

"Yes, I must, if only to save the garden."

"To-morrow, perhaps."

"Oh, no, not to-morrow."

"Then the day after, Milly."

"Yes, the day after, Martin."

Poor Martin, it would always be the day after for him. In the days that followed, when Martin found Milly alone he was tongue-tied and dumb. He would sit outside the open door of the kitchen watching Milly indoors, marking the play of the sun on her hair from the open window, the sifted flour caressing her dimpled arms, the sweet, grave line of her lips.

"Come in and sit down," Milly would say, but Martin would stick to his seat by the door.

Martin had been to the war in the Light Horse with Andy, and it was here that they found common contact. Martin had known Andy. He remembered the younger man and his diablerie, and sighed at the bleakness of his own prospects.

Andy had a light, flirtatious way which women seemed to like. He remembered Andy in hospital at Lemnos, and the fuss the nurses made of him because of his unconquerable good spirit and vitality. Andy was a born soldier, too, who slipped into the light loves of the campaigner with admirable detachment. A man who would spend the night in the half-tipsy company of some little camp follower and yet take his place on parade in the morning clear-eyed and efficient. Martin remembered these things and being a soldier himself did not arraign them for judgment by the Penguin standards, but sighed for some of Andy's technique.

But Martin unconsciously helped Milly dramatise her life and came closer to her in consequence. His tales of Andy and Tom were told with no other object than to make Milly happy, but Milly, watching this troubadour in moleskins sing the saga of his mates in his simple, slow, halting way—which would add nothing and take nothing away—would sometimes find her heartstrings twanging in sympathy with the beauty which is sometimes in low places, the sweetness which is close to the ground.

"I'm nearly forty, Milly," he would say. "It seems a lot to you, I suppose, but we could keep each other young."

"Not yet," Milly would reply swiftly, placing her hand suddenly on his arm.

"No, not yet," he would reply. "It's like



building our house on a grave . . . But I can wait. If you will let me."

"It might be a long time, Martin." Martin would rise, and, in his slow way, knock the ashes from his pipe and put the pipe in his pocket. "You belong to the land, Milly. It wants you back, and so do I. We can both wait. The bush teaches you that."

It looked like being a very dry summer after the copious rains of early winter. The "Echo" interviewed the oldest inhabitant, who said it was the driest spring he remembered "for 40 years." This aroused another ancient, who called at the office to say that his patriarchal colleague must have forgotten the dry spring of 1899, when only two points of rain were registered over three months.

This aroused a storm among the aged Ananases of Penguin. The battle of "I remember" raged fiercely until Jack, installed in his new job, spoilt the fun by publishing the official record of the spring rainfall over the last forty years and earned for himself the loathing and contempt of every nonagenarian in the district.

Spring merged into summer, which brought fierce, relentless heat, and the sudden dry storms which are a prelude to drought. Penguin lay panting in the sun, its long length stretched along the side of the glassy river, the willows with their feet in the water making the only splash of green in the hard flat sunlight.

With summer at its height, Penguin took off its waistcoat and had a municipal election. Tony was elected for C Ward, which included Hillview Crescent, and the left wing was delirious with excitement. There were to be noticed the first flutterings of a country conscience and people were surprised to discover that the country man could run his own town without the help of city men who had come to shed their light on Penguin.

Mr. Dipper was defeated and when Tony was unanimously elected Mayor, he restored something of the grandeur of the old days in the shortest mayoral speech ever heard in Penguin. The late Mayor had been parsimonious in small things. Tony was lavish in word and deed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "The late Mayor was Scotch. I am half Scotch and half soda. If my colleagues are of the same mind we will adjourn to the mayoral rooms and open the mayoral cupboard." They one and all jammed elbows following Tony's lead into his sanctum. The worshipful Tony, they clinked glasses and spilt beer on ordinances and by-laws which cluttered the room.

"For he's a jolly good fellow!" piped up Alderman Jennings, the village tailor, in the same contralto voice in which he three years before had welcomed the advent of Mr. Dipper.

On that occasion he had said to his companion: "It's a great idea having a city-bred man at the top. They've got the experience."

To-day he said: "A country man for the country. It's only logic, ain't it?"

His companion nodded over his glass. "Yes, of course, it's logic," he snorted, "and good logic at that."

There was a sudden grave hush as Tony said: "Gentlemen, we will drink to the garbage destructor." This was the high-light of the election upon which the fate of the parties hung.

They then fell to drinking happily, while

outside the heat wave staked every living thing.

Old hands gazed at the sky and forecast a dry time, with many fires in the wild bush country which surrounded Penguin.

Day followed day with the sun burning a fiery path across the sky. Morning broke with a metallic brightness, and sunset saw the angry sun sink behind the gaunt ranges in a lake of molten flame. The hot air shimmered and danced like a dervish, and flittered mockingly into dry dam and billabong. Penguin was like a deserted village. The long and tortuous main street lay palpitating in the heat, while behind the curtained sun-blinds the shop assistants waited for customers with a sort of sad resignation.

A stockman rode along the street, the clip-clop of the horse's hoofs reverberating through the noiseless town. His chestnut horse was lathered with the red rime of the roadway right to the flanks and his tired cattle dog picked one paw up after the other, gingerly running after his master on the raw pads which the hot dust had eaten into.

The man was dappled with dust. It had gathered on his face, to be broken into crevasses by the rivulets of sweat from his forehead. It had crusted round his hard dry lips save for a little moist track left by the constant passage of his tongue, and surrounded his eyes until they looked like living coals in an ash heap. The clatter of his horse outside the Farmers' Own hotel brought a few loungers to the door. Martin Mason was in. He ought to know how things were out farther, Martin clattered to the bar, showering dust as he came.

"Hot?" said his neighbor at the bar, ingratiatingly.

"Warmish," amended Martin and turned a dusty shoulder towards the would-be conversationalist. The drowsy hum of the voices in the bar seemed like the contented lowing of the cattle which half an hour ago had turned into the resting pad-dock.

What a trip! Martin's thoughts were brought back to the present by a voice at his elbow.

"How are things at Bomalina?"

"Not bad at all," said Martin. "Not bad at all."

"I suppose you are watching the fires."

"Keeping an eye on 'em," said Martin quietly.

Just a day's work in the bush. Not even the sleepy town bothered about it.

As Martin rode home that night he knew that the fires were likely to give trouble, but there was Milly and the cattle cheque to think of, which meant some furniture from Sydney, considered necessary in the rejuvenation of Bomalina.

The fires were raging. There was no doubt about it. Penguin was surrounded by a blazing inferno, whose hot breath hovered over the township. The Sydney papers were screaming in streamer headlines: "Penguin menaced by all-devouring flames." "Heroic settlers fight red marauder," and a lot more of the same thing.

An enterprising journal chartered an aeroplane and got a series of special pictures of columns of smoke and burning countryside.

The flash of the spectacular had the

journalists on the jump. Penguin read of its desperate plight at breakfast time with quite remarkable equanimity.

The "city menaced by a forest of flame" washed its face and slicked its hair back in case it ran into a press photographer. A settler obligingly burnt down the dump of a haystack which was full of mice, anyway, and was photographed with "the wife and kids" gathered around him with the rapt look of rural Casablanças.

When the picture was duly published in the Sydney papers bearing the inscription, "Indomitable spirit of pioneer," the settler sent the paper, heavily marked in ink, to his people in Redfern as a pretty good joke.

Penguin was not foolish enough to fight the fires in the ranges. They would burn themselves out without danger to the township; but the grass fires were a different matter. These sporadic outbursts were the real trouble. An acre or two of grass here, a wheat crop there, and a field of stubble somewhere else, were too insignificant for the sensational Press, which wanted a column of flame as high as the pillar of fire which accompanied the Children of Israel out of Egypt, but Penguin knew and waited.

One must always wait on nature. Penguin, which watched the river anxiously every spring after the rains and the snow waters came down, was not easily stampeded. She might go up or she might not—that was all there was to it. The river was an open book to them. If she reached 36 feet at Merrylyona, 18 miles down, one could safely brick up the entrances to the shops in the main street and get the old flat-bottomed boats out from behind the swimming baths.

It was the same with the bushfires. If they got "a go on" at the back of Bomalina, things might be serious. In that event Penguin would shake itself from its lethargic calm and move unhurriedly into action. Even then one didn't butt in until asked. Penguin said to its neighbor that things must be getting pretty tough farther out. Of course, there were plenty of scares. People with the telephone on had sent messages which alarmed the more timid. The Penny-plains had tucked up their dresses in most unmaidenly style and burnt off the long grass at the back of their property, and Charlie Mason went about his gardening in an anxious flutter, but that was all.

The general body of citizens went about their daily task unperturbed.

When the Bomalina boys sent out the call the time for action would be ripe, and there would be no waiting.

One day of flame and smoke chased another across the calendar until a little woman with a little brown horse and a trio of brown bare-legged kiddies, who spilled over the ramshackle sulky, pulled up outside Charlie Mason's place.

Mrs. Clark from Farther Out.

Her stentorian "Hallo there!" had brought Charlie to the gate, but already Ruth and Pearl Pennyplain had risen as one. Ruth sought the pantry and, unhurried, was preparing some rations. Pearl was busy tearing an old sheet up for bandages and rummaging for ointments and unguents to ease the smart of sears of burns.

The old blood will out; Charlie Mason was still fumbling with the harness with nervous fingers, when joined by Pearl and Ruth. Pearl was unhurried and stopped long enough to lock her front gate, after one long meaning look at the Clark kiddies. Fruit and small boys have a habit of meeting in a crisis which engrosses the attention of the adult.

"Are the boys all right?" queried Charlie.



"Right as pie," said Mrs. Clark, "but having a rotten time."

She gathered up the reins: "We ain't beat yet, you know," she said consolingly as she flipped the tired brown horse into a smart trot on the way to town to rouse the others.

"It'd be comin' in from Sandy Creek," said Charlie, "from that scrub at the back."

Pearl, engaged in the delicate task of putting the crupper on the old fat horse, which had been hurried in from the nearby paddock, grunted assent.

"Not that way, you fool," she called to Ruth as she was doing up the harness straps. "Once round the shaft and then through the buckle."

"I nearly forgot," giggled Ruth. "It's so long ago."

They were out on the dusty road, headed for the five-mile post on the way to Bomalina, before they were overtaken by the others. Cars, lorries, sultries, buggies, bikes—all joined in the headlong rush to aid the boys at Bomalina.

His Worship the Mayor, smiling Tony, waved to them as he sped past, followed by the Municipal Councillors. Tony wore a sort of glumly resolute look, as much as to infer that, Canute-like, he would put a stop to the nonsense at Bomalina. Old Charlie jogged along in the wake of their dust, while the Pennypines, seated on either side of him, were busy with their knitting, like brown moths spinning their everlasting cocoons.

The car of the former mayor, Mr. Dipper, blared through the landscape, but that august person was missing from the wheel. Instead there were a half-dozen suburban men—fire-fighters, stripped for the fray. Mr. Dipper and his lady came later—much later—in a lorry, laden with crockery pots and the hundred and one et ceteras necessary to feed the fire-fighters. He had ravished the shelves of his shop of the shining tinware and aluminium and now sat happily on the floor of the jolting lorry with his lady, who, with a snout on her nose, was laughing at the bumps in the roads.

Mrs. Hinwood was there and in the stress of the moment had called Mrs. Dipper "dear." Mrs. Dipper rose to the occasion like a Briton and "deared" her back at the appropriate moment and hoped the baby was well.

It took two jolts and as many bumps and a hundred yards of level going before Mrs. Hinwood was able to assure her that the baby was "splendid."

And Biddy Mac was there from the corner shop. By some miracle she had been hoisted into a seat on the lorry near the driver. It was left to Mary to run the shop.

However, Mary was the lone sentinel at Hillview Crescent. Milly, Grace and Jack were the last to leave. A sort of mopping up party, bringing things that the others had forgotten in their haste.

They arrived at Bomalina as the night was falling. The main fire had swept on, taking acres of grass and miles of fence in its hungry maw. The fight was concentrated on the saving of the homestead and its outbuilding.

"It'd go up like matchwood," said Tony, eyeing the roomy old weatherboard structure.

In the darkness, lit sombrely by the glow of the fires, the black figures of the men whirled like marionettes in some mad dance. There was none of the pageantry of high courage, just a group of men in dirty dungarees with blistered hands and slanted eyebrows beating a rhythmic tattoo on the flames with wet bags or green bushes. Back and forth they moved, subduing, crushing, stamping out the fiery little tongues eating their way into the brittle grass. Here and there in the sibilant darkness a young sapling would take fire, showing a thousand flame points like a kiddies' Christmas tree, only to splutter out again, drowned by green leaves and the smash of sack and bramble.

Here a patch of dry thistle would ignite with the booming sound of a toy pistol fired in the distance, irradiating the landscape, but the dark figures would be upon it, beating—beating—stamping it down.

Behind the fighters came the clatter of the women, gathered in the wool-shed, the second line of defence. Above the hum of their conversation came the rattle of crockery and the smell of cooking. Over the rise came Mrs. Dipper and Mrs. Hinwood carrying a kerosene tin of water each, with the unengaged hand swinging wide as a balance, in the style in which the old women of the land carried it before there were such things as mayoral dignity and unwanted babies.

Pearl Pennypine threaded her way through the army of her helpers revelling in her undisputed authority. Ruth was bandaging a nasty burn on Laughing Johnny's knee. It was hurting, but Johnny suffered a different anguish. He was afraid of this deaf little woman. "It's nothing really; I could fix it up myself," he said in the height of his embarrassment.

Ruth said nothing, but the snap of her scissors and the click of her needle as she finished the bandaging seemed to convey that men were fools. Who cared about their hairy legs anyway?

"Now where's the other one; higher up, isn't it?" said Ruth in the businesslike manner of a nurse, but Johnny, horrified, had gone, hobbling off to join the fighters once again.

Milly found Angus ploughing a fire-break, plodding along after his tired horses, plunging through the darkness. Milly watched him go down the line, turn and come slowly back. She sensed somehow that the furrow would be as straight as if made at high noon.

He turned to smile at her soft touch on his arm. He drank the tea she brought him in the billy thirstily.

"I'm sorry this has happened," said Milly, pointing to the desolation around her.

"We'll never hold her if the wind changes," said Angus.

She sat on the plough while he talked to her in the few rushed seconds he allowed himself. Angus told her of his precautions, in case the wind veered, to keep the fires from the homestead.

"We must save that, Angus," she said resolutely, "for your father's sake."

Angus returned the billycan to Milly and patted her shoulder in the darkness.

"And for Martin and you," he said softly.

At midnight the wind dropped for a while and wavered and then blew steadily towards the homestead.

One by one the tired men rushed back. It was going to be a near thing. Milly found Martin black and blistered, with lips swollen and muttering soft curses. He was

all in. Charlie Mason was alongside him beating his life out in defence of the gaunt old homestead massed behind them in the darkness.

The fire was in the orchard now and Charlie was beating the long grass down to save the trees. How many years ago had he planted them? He and his wife—the plum trees, they were the easiest to grow, only young Martin used to toddle from the wide verandah and pull the tender seedlings out by the roots, until his gentle mother would come down and lead him away.

The smoke was making him cough and the exertion was causing his heart to flutter strangely.

"Watch the big pear tree, Martin," he called. "The old wood would burn quickly. Wonderful tree for fruit, loaded every year. Good season or bad. Always did like the orchard."

How he loved to sit under the leafy branches on the hot days, until she came to bring him into tea.

Here she was now coming smiling through the smoke—always smiling—she spoke, only it was the voice of Milly. He leaned gently on her arm and allowed himself to be led away. The sack fell from his nervous fingers and the nibbling tongues of fire licked round it and over it and retreated from its sudden defiance.

"You mustn't overdo it," said Milly firmly as she led him away.

But the tough old pioneer would not be denied. Back in the orchard unnoticed by the others he matched his puny strength against the enemy he had always fought. The hot brambles seared and scorched and the licking flames stung like adders. He remembered how they fought the flames—Martha, his wife, and he years ago. How she came out with him and how they beat the fires shoulder to shoulder. A great woman Martha. The blackened bough of a tree branch fell across his path. He stumbled on it and lay still, until found by the others and taken to safety, where they dressed his burns.

"Where's Milly?" he asked later.

"Out with the men," said Ruth Pennypine, slightly scandalised.

The old man closed his eyes. Martha and Milly. The bush women still lived and the fight still went on.

When Milly rejoined Martin she had the sack in her hands. Side by side they fought without a word. He sensed she was beside him in the darkness. He knew that she should be in safety back with the other women, but he wanted her there with him—and Angus and Johnny fighting for their own. The black line of men had surrounded the homestead, yielding not an inch. Martin was out on his feet, but the swish of his labor never ceased as he kept pace with Angus and Johnny.

Looking at the set face strained in the darkness, Milly felt a swift softening towards this quiet man who was never beaten—who would never let go. A woman felt safe with a man like that. The prickle of the heat came through her strong-soled shoes, and the hot brambles seared her legs through the thick puttees she had donned. She brought them water from the well in buckets which they drank in gulps and she bathed their faces during the hurried armistices which were called every now and then.

With the first faint streak of dawn pointing like a finger of light in the heavens, Milly saw with it a well-won victory.



"We've beaten it," she laughed unsteadily, her hand on Martin's shoulder.

"We've beaten it, darling," Martin replied, "together," and took her in his arms.

Angus and Johnny slumped away into the gloom of the morning, but Johnny's soft chuckle came back to their ears.

The bright rays of the rising sun touched the rusty old iron on the hip roof of Bomalina and turned it to a silver helmet, and the little square window panes glinted like the armor of a knight unconquered on a field of desolation.

When the long, straggling line of helpers was moving back to town, Milly told her mother of Martin and the decision she had arrived at.

Grace softly squeezed her hand. It was best for Milly's sake, but she whispered to herself: "One for the Empire, one for the land—Lord, let me hold to the others."

Charlie Mason was propped up in bed awaiting the news when the others arrived home.

The strain of the last few days had told, and he had developed a hot and aching illness which seared him like the flames he battled with in the orchard. Milly and Grace had installed themselves as his nurses.

"I couldn't last it out," he told Milly simply, "but I saw you take my place," he said.

Milly was busy with his pillow and the old man got possession of her hand. "You and Martin," he said, "I've been waiting for you to tell me. Is it all right?"

"Yes, it is all right," said Milly.

"A safe man, Martin," said Charlie, and turned his face to the wall to hide the sudden smart of his eyes.

Young Doctor Nelson—whom Tony had nicknamed the "Local Anesthetic"—was grave. He did not like the way things were going. He confided his fears to Grace. "He seems like a man wanting to let go"—the tired old man with his face to the wall.

Milly was an assiduous nurse, sharing the labor with Grace, and the boys came in from Bomalina. The old man had a long talk with Angus—grave-faced Angus, who returned to his stolid digging in the garden a little shaken, but turning a dour back on the world.

The boys at Charlie's urgent request went back to the tasks awaiting them on the station.

"I'd like to see you married," he said wistfully to Milly. "We'd have a big dance afterwards in the woolshed. Bomalina always wanted a mistress."

Autumn came, with its saffron mantle, with Charlie growing weaker.

"I don't want to linger on," he told her. "I am ready to let go. Very soon now." Grace caught her breath suddenly. There was something infinitely sad in this gentle old man dying, as he lived, without protest. He seemed already something of the past, facing disintegration with the quiet calm which comes only to philosophers and the placid children of nature.

One afternoon with the heavens aflame with the glory of the autumn sunset, Charlie's old sprawl-legged magsie ceased its chattering suddenly and flew to the ground as if aware of something that had passed by on the scented breeze.

Grace gently drew the blinds. To her, after weeks of nursing, there was a strange hush as if the heart of the world had stopped beating. A dog howled once and was silent.

To Jack, who helped with the formalities, there was something beautiful in the old man's quiet exit, and his preparations for his funeral made beforehand. He was to go to Bomalina—out under the trees and the stars.

Grey-eyed morning came peeping over the Penguin ranges and the fog wreaths were rolling away from the line of the river as the Bomalina boys came to get their father. "I want to leave as I came," Charlie had told Angus, the elder, simply, "back to Bomalina."

They came slowly through the town for him as he had insisted. The old bullock waggon and a pine coffin with his song riding behind it, pageant and palanquin for the old King of Bomalina.

Milly and Martin were married in the following spring and she went with her shy husband to live at Bomalina. Angus and Johnny built a humpy on their section of the property and left them in possession of the homestead.

"I reckon it ought to be yours," said Angus when the division of the property became necessary. "You fought for it that night." That was a long speech for Angus so they left it at that.

Grace, with Milly happily settled, turned her attention to Mary and her violin.

Just about this time Constad Kremlin descended on Penguin. Constad was a revelation to the country town. Constad had atmosphere. There was no doubt about it. He wore his unruly crinkled hair in a sort of long bob, affected Russian wide-sleeved silk shirts and cravats slipped through a gold ring. In the street Constad wore austere garments and a wide, sombrero-like hat, and an air of abstraction as if communing with the muse, and had a habit of raising his hat, accompanied by a stage bow, which quite swept the Penguin ladies off their feet.

Like all Russians since the war, who were not avowed Communists, Constad was an aristocrat. "You only had to look at his hands to see that," said Mrs. Dipper.

The facts were that Constad was playing the fiddle in a little cafe in Vladivostok when the revolution broke out. He, like a good Russian, hailed the revolution, drank a bottle or two of cheap French wine and, in his new-found exuberance, pulled the cafe proprietor's nose in the row that followed.

When the revolution didn't turn out as expected, Constad, disgruntled, went with a concert party on a tour which included the British ports of China. Later Singapore was to follow and then Australia. At Hongkong the party went broke, and then in the struggle for existence began the metamorphosis of Constad. At Shanghai he was a refugee—of middle-class family; at Manila he was a Cossack captain turned to music, and in Sydney he was a nobleman of old Russia who was forced to fiddle for a crust. If the bright cities missed the showman in Constad, Penguin could not be blamed for taking him to its heart.

Mrs. Dipper decided that Constad should teach her to play the balalaika, and Constad called her his little pigeon, which she decided was quite all right and thrillingly Russian, because she had read the same phrase in one of Tolstol's novels.

Constad was not all showman, however. The pith of him was musician, but one must live. He had been well trained before the days of his wanderings, but had discovered in the circles in which his life was

cast that pose meant more than performance, and "kidding" paid better dividends than counter-point.

Thus it was that Grace, bringing Mary with her, one day climbed the stairs to his studio and knocked on the door bearing the simple inscription:

CONSTAD KREMLIN—Piano and Violin. Constad had one method of attack with mothers and new pupils. He would stand beside the curtains of the room with his arms folded like Napoleon and would gaze out of the window. Fond parents, glimpsing the changes in his face, would construe them as reflecting his reactions to the music. An often as not Constad was thinking of his dinner, or the financial status of his new pupil and would set his fee accordingly.

The flitting smile which crossed his face occasionally was due to the presence of the barmaid of the Commercial across the road at her window, and not to the rapture engendered in his breast by the pupil saving the middle out of the violin.

Constad scarcely looked at the slim little figure of Mary as she coolly prepared to play. Instead, he looked rapily out of the window and thought of his dinner.

"Play something you know," he said. Mary smiled as she always did before playing; a contented little smile.

She pleased him, first in her choice—a simple minuet. It seemed to suit the player and the bright spring morning. It was a trifle which he disliked usually because it had become banal to him through much use. Mary brought back its pristine freshness. Poet and poseur had a fierce struggle in Constad standing by the window, and poet won. He made her play till she was tired—sometimes he accompanied her, at other times she played alone.

Constad wasn't altogether a fool. This little bush girl had the gift. It shone through the crudities of her playing like a diamond in its pocket of clay. In a town like this, thought Constad, in this barbarous country, it was impossible. Whom did she remind him of—a string of names of famous violinists sprang to his mind. Ridiculous, yet she had something of them all, this funny little child smiling at him over her fiddle.

Constad knew he must renounce a lot, and he came to a swift decision. He would have to work like a demon with this girl—his easy life a thing of the past—she would learn a little from him in six months or twelve. Her insatiable genius would sap him like a sponge and then she would be only beginning while he would be finished.

Constad spoke from where his thoughts had carried him. "There will be a lot of work," he said, "for both of us."

"Then you will take her," said Grace.

Constad saw Mary quietly putting her violin in its case, as if completing a victory she never believed to be in doubt.

"To-morrow, early," he replied. "There is a lot to do. There is so much," he told Grace at the door. "She is raw—very—but should play if she is ambitious, can work hard and keep her head." He smiled at Grace, glimpsing her secret anxiety. "Yes," he said simply, "some day, I think so. In fact, I am sure." Grace followed her cool little daughter down the stairs and into the street, and found her legs quaking as if her bones had suddenly turned to water.

Close on their heels Mrs. Dipper came to the studio with her balalaika. "Oh, Mr. Kremlin, I've been reading such a wonderful book about music. It says that one can never play unless one has suffered and



round her soul. Some big emotional moment is necessary. Do you think that is so?"

Constad ground his teeth. Here was another of them. "No, I think that applies to the teacher," he said quietly.

Mrs. Dipper did not enjoy her lesson at all. Constad was distrustful, almost terse, and although she left her hand in the way he never patted it once, or called her "little pigeon." It was a most disappointing morning.

After she had gone Constad sat down and wrote a letter to a snuffy little man in Sydney, who lived in a high-fronted, two-story house overlooking the harbor. Newspapers called this little old man the "Divine Ferbur," and he was so important and sought after that he insulted conservatorium professors and wealthy dowagers who raved around him with artistic impartiality.

Constad called him "Dear Maestro," and said: "I have discovered a player. She is only a child. In six months I will bring her to you."

The "Divine Ferbur" read the letter at the conclusion of a pleasant morning. He had reduced the pretensions of a rising young virtuoso to a pulp, and had sworn sagaciously and with decision at the playing of a high-born pupil. He replied at once to Constad:

"If this child is all you say send her to me at once. Six months with you may finish her."

When Constad received the letter he chuckled, but kept to his original plan. Such is the manner of musicians.

Then began for Mary the hardest work she had ever done. Constad was a hard master. He worked her like a galley slave. After an exhausting afternoon, she would just be able to muster up a smile in reply to his urgent request to be on time the following afternoon.

In moments of elation at something done well, he would say to Mary in extenuation: "You know there is such a lot to be undone. These bush teachers. They should be prosecuted for false pretences."

Mary would flare at this. "They did their best. They were always kind to me." He would watch the little erect figure tripping down the stairs with a smile. He liked that bit of fire. It was exhilarating. She made up for so much that he had to put up with from some of his other dough-fingered pupils.

He could hear the heavy tread of one of them ascending the stairs. This would be the one studying three set pieces for theistedford. She giggled every time he lifted her elbow to correct her bowing. She was fat and florid and always in a liquid state of a butter-pat left in the sun.

Constad had swift moments of remorse. Should he send Mary at once to Ferbur? Perhaps he was only one turn better than the others whom he abused and scandalized. The mood would pass. He knew he would do something with Mary. She had recruited the artist in him and her victory would be his.

He presented Mary to Penguin at a classical concert given when some Sydney artists visited the town. The local vocalist had hurled "La Donna e Mobile" into every nook and cranny of the barn-like hall which was given over to efforts of this kind. Two high school girls in blue tunics and pig-tails and legs like soda water bottles, which literally shouted of hockey and basketball, had delivered excerpts from "King John" with set faces and clenched teeth and the rolling of r's and the hissing of

esses. They translated their strained attitudes to the audiences, with the result that everybody in the hall finished up the item with backache; the mothers of the girls, being more directly concerned, were completely paralysed with a mixture of fear, pride and heart-aching concern for the success of the item and the repercussion of blank verse on equally blank faces.

After the girls had bobbed stiffly to the applause and leapt like kangaroos over the last few steps which led off the stage, and the Sydney artists had strolled languidly on and smote the hall piano contemptuously once or twice before demonstrating how far gymnastics and digital dexterity had superseded melody in this list of modern compositions, and had gone off bewailing the acoustic properties of the hall and the stupidity of provincial audiences, Mary came on to play to them.

There was a stirring and a rustling as if the audience had regained its fluidity. Grace was the only one to remain stiff and immobile, as if jerked forward on her seat on an inflexible cord. Jack, in the front row, in a little railed-off enclosure marked "Press," nonchalantly turned his programme over and marked the item with an X, although his half a column of carefully written comment was already reposting on the galley at the office, his lanky face ready to do its duty, crosshead, indentation and the rest.

Mary smiled over her fiddle in a way which seemed to say, "What shall I play you?" This was different from the others who had played and sung at them. She played them a minuet arranged by Kreutzer, a seductive thing of chuckling cadences, and lilting rhythm, a nature song of kiddies dancing with peach blossoms in their hair—a little brook running over smooth cobbly stones and singing as it went.

It was one of those pieces of which the Panjandrums of music would say "Poof." But the audience didn't say poof. Here was something with a tune in it. Something that you would expect a girl like Mary to play. Their Mary—Mary Darrell of Penguin. And she played better than that supercilious cove from Sydney, who came forward earlier in the piece and with an air of "you won't understand this, but here goes," had played them a "lake that" sort of melody. Of course, it was a classical concert and the audience said it served them right.

She played better than Constad even, with his long tails and his white frilled shirt front like a snow field the driller had been over. Constad had played them something Russian and melancholy on a furtive theme and did unexpected things with the fiddle bow and his fingers.

They clamored for Mary to play more. She played them a more difficult piece and they were amazed at her dexterity. She played them rondinas, gavottes and folk songs, and old gentlemen who should have known better stamped their feet for more, while Ruth Pennyplain wept into her handkerchief and Pearly blew a counterblast on hers as a protest against such sentimental nonsense.

Constad, in the wings, seized her by the arms.

"Mary, Mary—my little Mary."

She smiled at his enthusiasm.

"Why, you are cool—cool as an iceberg," he said.

"Why should this excite me?" she said laughingly. "There is so much to be undone, so much to be forgotten." She waved her

hand grandly after his manner. "So much work ahead." Constad bowed before the artist. "Yes! don't get carried off your feet by anything like this. To-morrow I will write to Ferbur," he said sadly.

Mary took his arm and led him to the applause which was beating round the stage like thunder on the air and the sharp crackle of rain.

Grace experienced a period of quiet happiness after this. Mary had her feet placed firmly on the high-road, and Jack, in the intervals of his work at the "Echo," could be glimpsed chewing a pencil and writing on little bits of paper.

"It's pretty tough when you want to say these things and you don't know how," he confided to Grace. "It's perfectly all right as I have it inside me, but when I put it on paper it's awful."

Grace thought it was practice he wanted and told him so. Look at the way Mary had to work.

Jack sent a poem to a magazine and waited in a fever for the reply in the answers to correspondents column. It came without preamble:

"Your muse hops about like a stringhalt kangaroo with a can on its tail. Moreover, no one is allowed to methinks in this paper."

Jack read the depressing news sadly and hid the paper from the rest of the family, until Tony's angry trumpeting made it necessary to produce it.

Jack then sat down and wrote a short story for a weekly newspaper. "Kelly's Atonement" was the title, and Jack wrote it carefully, taking care to write on only one side of the paper and to write his name and address on the back page.

There were only a few lines in that paper that Jack read, but it was enough and to spare.

"J.D. (Penguin): 'Kelly's Atonement' does not get him into the heaven of print. Anyway, nobody goes to heaven who mixes his truses like you do."

Yet, Jack still chewed his pencil and looked rapidly into the distance, wrote little poems on scraps of paper and crumpled them up and put them in his pocket, where Grace found them and smoothed them out and hid them away with her treasures. She felt strangely confident about Jack, but sighed with him in his misery of the sad apprenticeship of letters.

The advent of Mrs. Blictrton Preece, however, set her a major problem in which the children were temporarily forgotten.

It was just like Tony to make an ass of himself and set the whole town laughing, but the matter went deeper than that.

It happened this way.

Mrs. Blictrton Preece was a widow. She taught elocution for a living and, the profession being overcrowded in Sydney, had one day sat down and studied a railway directory in search of fresh pastures. She liked the name of Penguin. It was not so definitely aboriginal as its immediate neighbors—Gollabudgera and Bullatall, nor so depressing as the adjacent towns of Coffin Box or Kemp Common, so she packed up her trunks and came to Penguin. There is always room for another elocutionist in a country town.

Mrs. Blictrton Preece was soon established. She had a spare room decorated in the unpleasant modern manner of blobby colored chints and harsh-looking batik. This she called her salon. Modernistic nudes, with quite surprising bulges and declivities, adorned the walls along with



portraits of amateur actors and gigolos bearing such inscriptions as "Ever yours, Lionel" or "Lovingly Cliveden," which gave an air to the place. The deft use of lacquer paint had changed the second-hand furniture from its nondescript autumnal drabness into a sort of Indian summer madness of reds and blues and saffrons.

"Quite bazaar," said Mrs. Dipper, and she did not know how near she was to the truth.

Mrs. Biccirtion Preece—Preece to her friends—was plump and hennaed and vivacious. She loaded herself to the plimsol line with beads and geegaws of which she had a unique collection, and when she walked they played a sort of tinkling accompaniment on her ears, neck and chest.

She had a rich, deep and beautiful voice, yet when she was amused she threw back her little fat white neck and laughed in a tinkling sort of way, which reminded Tony of the Japanese glass ornaments which swung in the winds under the gas bracket in every entrance hall in Penguin.

Preece was a novelty to Penguin and when she threw her first soiree she had a notable array of guests.

Young Dr. Nelson, who was not invited and was annoyed in consequence, had told Mrs. Dipper that he thought Preece was a "deep" woman. Mrs. Dipper simpered at this and then went home and decided if Dipper was going to the soiree, her place was by his side.

Tony had been roped in early and was present with several of the aldermen and a sprinkling of women and young boys.

Preece was worshipped by these adolescents. She was so "big sisterish" and kind to them and they feasted their eyes on their goddess with puppy-like devotion.

The middle-aged men in their wisdom thought her a different kind of proposition altogether and admired her technique immensely.

So they all sat down in the little salon. Some men brought their wives, and others did not—they wouldn't have thought of it in any case. Grace had declined an invitation. They sat bunched on the chairs like kiddies at a party waiting to be amused.

Preece had distributed little suede-covered booklets of poems to them. Tony had a small thin book entitled "Poems of Passion," and when he saw that Dipper had "The Wise Thoughts of Great Men" he was pleased at this, and looked upon it as a special favor on Preece's part. What would Dipper know about passion anyway. Mrs. Dipper was immersed in "The Quality of Mercy." Tony chuckled at this and wondered if Preece wasn't pulling their legs.

"Do you like Schumann, Mr. Darrell?" said Preece, who had gone to the piano and was running her fingers along the keyboard.

"Only as much as will go on a sixpence," said Tony. He wasn't to be caught that way. This arty business wasn't difficult to negotiate if you kept your head. Preece's tinkling laugh led the rest and Tony beamed. Later they would gather round the piano and sing the well-known songs. Thawed by the imminent prospect of supper, the men would clear their throats and join awkwardly in the singing and Preece at the piano would smile her approval.

"Sing us 'Van Tromp was an admiral bold,'" pleaded Preece with Tony. "It suits your voice."

Tony, being a politician, could not resist the opportunity to say a few words set to music. His masculine roar caused the gigolos to curl up in their frames and the bric-a-brac and nudes to dance and caper on the shelves in consternation.

When he had finished, Preece would say in a small hushed voice, "That was lovely," as if awakened from a dream.

Tony would be equal to another song, but supper would turn the attention of the others to something more substantial.

Later on, a pale and slender gentleman, one of Preece's young admirers, would recite in a prim and repressed manner and would go red with delight at the bounteous applause. He would also prove equal to another effort, but Preece would smile him down. Preece knew "the little more and O what worlds away."

She overwhelmed Tony with her flattery. Should he deliver a speech anywhere, on seeing it in the newspaper, she would telephone him and say, "I just telephoned to say I loved your speech. I read every line of it."

"You liked it then?" Tony would reply, gratified.

"I thought it was marvellous."

Tony thought Preece a sensible and clever little woman with a shrewd knowledge of world affairs. When Tony went home that evening he said to Grace: "Did you read my speech in the paper? They gave it a column and a half."

"No, dear," replied Grace absently, "but I must do so. Was it about the water-works?"

Tony snorted in his soup. "Waterworks! It was not a municipal question. I dealt with our national policy in relation to the primary producer."

"Oh," said Grace, and removed his plate.

"You wouldn't like some more, would you?"

"No," said Tony decisively, "I would not."

"I say, dad," broke in Jack from the other end of the table, "why don't you ask the 'Express' to break those long speeches down?"

"How do you mean, break them down?"

"Get the main bits," said Jack, waving his spoon. "Too much of a splurge as it is; the average person—the er—man in the street won't read all that."

"Did you read it?"

"No, but I'll break it down when I do. Make it snappy. It goes over better. I suppose we'll have to publish it. That's the worst of a weekly—using stale news."

And that was the worst of his family, mused Tony. Too casual. The rest of the town was ringing with his name. He thought of Preece and her message. Now there was a woman who had brains—

Grace had been waiting to edge herself into the conversation. "I received a letter from Milly to-day. She's going to have a baby."

"What's that?" said Jack from his end of the table.

Grace repeated her statement.

"Gee," said Jack with a whimsical look at his father. "Dad will be a grandpop then!"

Grace laughed in soft delight at the idea. Tony, who had been thinking of the soiree, felt aggrieved.

He thought his family was getting a little crude. He had noticed the same thing once or twice lately. And Jack was becoming a cheeky little beggar.

The trouble is they don't understand me, he thought. The more he thought of the matter the more his grievance grew. He

read his speech through again, but couldn't see anything "splurgy" in it. Just cold facts. He felt a strange yearning to discuss it with somebody, so he put on his hat and went out.

Sitting with his teacup balanced on his knee a few hours later, he said to Preece, "I don't think people really understand me at home."

"That's rather a tragedy," said Preece very softly.

"It is a tragedy," said Tony gloomily, and watched Preece's plump little arm reach out and place two lumps of sugar in his tea. She dropped the tongs and in recovering it Tony got possession of her hand and squeezed it hard!

It was the Pennypines who, without moving from their verandah, sensed that everything was not well with the Darrells. Grace was as nice and neighborly as ever, but she wore a little puzzled look and gave absentminded replies to their questions.

Tony stopped out late at night and appeared to be drinking more than usual. They were not long in finding out things.

"I never liked that woman," said Ruth, "Never," driving her steel needles through her knitting as if she were sticking them good and hard through plump Mrs. Biccirtion Preece.

"I don't think that's her real name at all," said Pearl.

"Probably an Ananias," said her sister—"or a nom de plume."

"Where's her husband," queried Pearl, "if she's got one?"

"She's got plenty of other people's husbands then," giggled Ruth, but Pearl, with her nose to the scent, was in no mood for flippancy.

"Nice goings on—and him the Mayor; he ought to be setting us an example."

"They say she's very nice," said Ruth, a little wistfully. Sometimes the romantics in her subdued the old maid. "Very nice indeed."

"Forbidden fruit," admonished Pearl. "Forbidden fruit. That's what makes it attractive."

"How do you know?" giggled Ruth.

Tony took to missing the soirees, but would drop in to see Preece alone on some pretext or other. They would have afternoon tea a deux in the salon. Preece liked to talk about life in a yearning way—but she was careful when Tony wanted to talk, to listen to him in rapt attention.

The conviction grew upon Tony that Preece was a most attractive, accomplished and brainy woman to whom it was a pleasure to talk.

"I do love these talks with you," said Preece one night as they sat in the hot little room at the back of the salon. "I'm an ignorant person really, but I have a few ideas and I like to hear competent views."

Tony assured her that she was far from being a fool and she was welcome to the competent views.

"It's so hard in a town like this," she said. "People talk so. They don't understand platonic friendship."

"Of course they don't," boomed Tony. They drifted into conversation on various subjects and it was quite late when they had supper in the salon with the nudes and gigolos. Preece then played him a tune. Tony wanted to sing, but she dissuaded him in view of the lateness of the hour. On leaving her at the door Tony kissed her on the little fat neck.

"Oh, Tony," she said softly, in the



checked voice of a maiden affronted by an over-ardent swain.

Tony sat at the window of the hotel and across the road glimpsed the light in Preecy's studio. He felt lonely. He ought to call and see her. She would take it as a compliment. She had a way of making a man feel at home.

He walked to the door as the unctuous Jennings, his campaign director, passed by chatting happily with one of the trustees. He saw Tony, but did not speak.

Tony caught the edge of their conversation.

"Strong party man—vigorous debater," Jennings was on the job, adding the voters up in his little black book.

Tony felt the surge of rebellion. What right had they all to be running his life—Grace—Jack—Mary—and now Jennings. He felt a sudden feeling of nostalgia and sighed for the days of the sulky and the trap and the nights at Mulvaney's before he was a public man.

"You'd think a man was a vestal virgin," he thought to himself. He turned his back resolutely on the rainy street and went back to the private bar and the commercials. He eclipsed the softgoodsman's yarn with one of his own and bought drinks for the company. He chortled like a kid in his newly-discovered freedom, which he knew wasn't freedom at all, and gave them imitations of the Anglican Archdeacon who stuttered, and he prefaced his remarks with the polite and tolerant, "I don't know if there are any Catholics among you," before he told them the one about the monsignor and the washerwoman.

They drank whisky until midnight and tilted at politics, life, religion, and morals in the most abandoned and blasphemous manner. The softgoodsman slapped Tony on the shoulder. "Wish we had you on the road with us—a regular man's man."

Tony was groggy as he bade them all an hilarious farewell, and the light in Preecy's window was still burning as he stumbled out into the rain.

He still felt aggrieved with life, but not nearly so much as before.

As he made his precarious tracks homeward a new sense of exhilaration seized him.

He felt elated and self-righteous. He addressed himself to a rotund and vermilion pillar-box placed at the outer confines of Hillview for the convenience of the residents.

"Scarlet woman—that's what you are, Preecy. Scarlet woman—wreck a man's home. Decent public man." The lack of response aroused his alcoholic ire. He then experienced a sudden change of mood! "Wanner sing—wanner sing—decent baritone. Wanner sing."

Pearl Pennyplain, some time later fleeing home from a most satisfactory gossip with a sick friend and deeply shocked at the lateness of the hour, was almost paralysed with fear to find Tony there. He seized her arm, and, willy nilly, she escorted him up the perilous slopes. He shouted anathemas and maledictions and awful threats against womenfolk in general and Preecy in particular, which made her maidenly soul shrink in exquisite terror. Once he lurched from her and fell into a waterhole in the roadway, from whence he sang "Van Tromp" in a maudlin voice.

"I've a whip at the mast," cried he. "Oh," echoed Pearl in anguish, for he still had hold of her hand.

Eventually she escaped and brought the others.

They rescued him from the pool of rain and mud in which he had been floundering like a stranded whale.

"Nice goings on for the Mayor," said Pearl from the background.

"Silence," shouted Tony. "Goings sing. Everybody's going to sing."

They got him home at last. Jack bathed him and put him to bed in the sleep-out. In the morning Tony was pink and repentant and after a little coolness on the part of the family he felt he was forgiven.

"He's dropped that woman, anyway," said Ruth Pennyplain, and that remark tipped the scales in his favor.

Grace made him beef tea and hoped he wasn't going to take a chill.

In the intervals of these ministrations he told Grace about Preecy and how he intended to stop her bad influence in the town. Grace decided to let bygones be bygones and wondered how men could be such fools.

Mary came in and was dutiful and solicitous. Tony leaned back on his pillows and said to himself, in imitation of the Archdeacon, which had so amused the commercials: "There is—ah, ehem—more joy in heaven, ah, for one sinner—who, ah, repenteth." Well perhaps it was better that way.

Tony opened his election campaign from the verandah of the Farmers' Rest Hotel one Saturday night.

You travellers who have loitered in the Under Den Linden, strolled in the Strand, or watched the milling crowd from the many points of vantage provided for such sport in all parts of the world have not glimpsed anything at all if you have not seen a Saturday night in Penguin.

You, as a stranger to Penguin, might wonder why the man who you are told has resided at the bottom of the street for forty years should peer with every show of interest into every garden that he passes and note with lively concern that your wife has taken down the ecur blinds from the window and put up the Nottingham lace curtains instead. If you are too insular to grasp the true inwardness of these things, Penguin's Saturday night will leave you cold.

On Saturday night the straggly main street is ablaze with electric light and the air bescon on the newly-erected picture-show theatre winks and glimmers higher than the tallest poplars. At dusk the residents pour down from the slopes, across from the flats, and up from the hollows of Penguin's most despicable and undesirable residential quarters. They pour themselves in the glitter and glamor of the late shopping night until every sidewalk is packed with humanity. Only the halt, the blind, and the badly disgruntled remain at home when Penguin is en fete for its weekly shopping foray.

The side streets are crowded with parked cars, while the farmers with their wives and sons and daughters join in the swirling current.

The younger ones, with giggles and nudgings, leave the bank corner at a smart walk and continue at that pace up to the station, then back to the bank, then up again on the other side and down again, drinking in the spirit of carnival. Later they may make a more leisurely trip, peering into the shop windows and delectable displays of ribbons and laces, or have a quiet ice-cream soda with some kindred spirits in the Amber Ashbowl, Penguin's marble-tiled and silver-mounted cafe de luxe, while their parents

have something solid down at Sanderson's Family Refreshment Rooms.

Tony was prepared for his address like a debutante for her first ball. He was shaved and singed and pomaded and dressed in a clerical-grey suit, the epitome of the sober and thoughtful citizen ready to immolate himself on the altar of public duty as member of the district at £700 a year.

He was also surrounded by an imposing array of citizens. Seated on the balcony with him were the late Mayor, Mr. Dipper, several aldermen, a trio of business men, and half a dozen important citizens, including the manager of the gasworks, the acting coroner and the inspector of stock and brands.

Bright lights festooned the verandah and microphones and amplifiers carried his words to the outer confines of the crowd.

The other responsible citizens who were not on the balcony were situated at strategic points in the crowd, rejoicing in the euphonious name of the applause committee, and ready to "hear, hear," or hand-clap delicately at the appropriate moment.

Tony was not long in setting into his stride. As the high priest of the new gospel of the country for the country, he swept them along with him in glittering symbolism and apt metaphor.

He spoke broadly and vaguely, for it was a mixed crowd and he a fellow-citizen who loved them. He then attacked the cities, being on safe ground. He cursed them for being cities and robbing the primary producer, for eating the wheat and buying the corn and congregating in such numbers and demanding such wages as to be able to buy these things and to belong to unions and other questionable organisations. He painted such a lurid picture that Pearl Pennyplain, on going home, took a candle and looked with fear and trembling under the bed in case it might be harboring an "Industrialist."

After Tony's speech, employees who were secretly a little "red" were at great pains to imply that they did not hold with that sort of thing at all.

In the closer work of the campaign Tony was at his best.

When he addressed the men at the railway construction camp, at the other end of the town, he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. He stood on a pile of sleepers and spoke to them as men and brothers. His party believed in railways; it was the only way to open up the country. If returned to power his party would push on with construction and that would mean work for them all.

The railwaymen listened glumly to him—he wasn't their man and they were quietly distrustful, but Tony worked on them—the secret ballot was a wonderful thing, and a few votes must come his way.

"Why don't you build a railway to hades for the politicians?" shouted a big red-headed bull of a man from the back of the crowd.

"We wouldn't do that," said Tony. "You'd be too close to home for a camping allowance."

They liked him better after that. He made them laugh with his witty sallies and on leaving heard a deputation which complained of a ganger. He heard the tale told quietly and surreptitiously and was white hot with anger.

"Any man who uses his authority in a tyrannical way will answer for it no matter what party is returned to power," said Tony.



The deputation went delightedly back to the others. "He's going to get the ganger sacked," they said. "Just as soon as he gets an opportunity."

Tony had a "spot" with the engineer in his tent and dinner with the men. He swung his billy with the best of them and after dinner joined in the hop-step-and-jump contest, which was the big event of the moment at the camp. He did well enough to prove that he knew something about it, but not well enough to disgruntle any free and enlightened elector who fancied himself at the game or was in the running for the championship.

There was a salvo of cheers for Tony as he sped away in his car to address the electors of Coffin Box about 15 miles away.

There was, thanks to careful organising, a little group of farmers waiting under a tree at the cross-roads to hear him speak. They looked very glum and sombre. Coffin Box was aggrieved; the railway spur was running in the other direction and they were not pleased at this. Tony took in the little crowd gathered under the tree.

"It only needs a rope, gentlemen, and you have me where you want me," said Tony, pointing to the overhanging limb of the tree.

There was a ripple of laughter at this and Tony pressed his advantage home while he was busy shaking hands. "I think I'd rather take that chance than be responsible for sending that line out into the wilderness like they are going to do," he said.

"Gentlemen," he went on, "if you had just seen, as I have, the awful exhibition of the government stroke in the building of this line you would be pleased that it isn't coming to Coffin Box."

"It's good wages and good tucker murdered for the little work done and you are taxed to provide another district with an unnecessary extravagance." By the time Tony reached the wheat lumpers' ward he had them. "You," he said, fixing his eye on a prosperous-looking farmer, "you work 18 hours a day and longer—many's the day is not long enough." The farmer nodded vigorously. His three sons at present were working the place while he pottered in and out of town or dozed on the big wide verandah of the homestead, but he saw what Tony meant.

"Is it fair then," urged Tony, "that you should be bled like this?" his eyes still on the farmer.

"By heck, it isn't," replied the farmer, choking with rage.

Tony's opponent had no chance from the start.

Marius Maldon was spectacled, intense and round-shouldered. He had a high-pitched, piping voice and in moments of dramatic abandon allowed himself the single gesture of a long pointing finger with which he sought to transfix his audience. He opened his campaign from a lorry, lit by four spluttering acetylene jets which winked and wavered in the breeze. His chairman was a weary old man with a long white beard, and when he rose to open the campaign the juveniles shouted "Beaver," which drowned the sonorous beauty of his opening sentence.

Marius was equally a failure. He spoke in his high-pitched drone of Geneva, disarmament, world conditions and Marxism, collective bargaining and inter-imperial relations. His barrage was set too high for Penguin and his verbal artillery went over their heads.

On one corner Marius said: "On page 26 of the Economic Commission Report we find that . . ." and his audience stirred wearily. From the hotel verandah Tony said: "Which means at the very lowest estimate an extra 1/3 a bushel."

An aged gentleman rose to ask would that be free on rail, and Tony, cheered to the echo, assured him that it jolly well would be if he had anything to do with it.

It all turned out as anticipated. Tony secured a substantial majority over his opponent and his party was swept to office.

Almost before the last numbers had gone up there were whispers. A strong country man was wanted in the Cabinet. The country would be affronted if it wasn't properly represented. Tony, like a good husbandman, sawed wood. He had an inward feeling that the party leaders would be grateful for his crusade and his majority was one of the largest in the country.

At the declaration of the poll, Tony was modest in victory. He thanked everybody but himself for the success and he shook hands warmly with Marius, who wilyly accepted his defeat in the spirit in which it was given.

A few weeks later the "Echo" carried the following personal item:

"Miss Mary Darrell, youngest daughter of Mr. Anthony (Tony) Darrell, M.L.A., left by the mail train last night to continue her violin studies under M. Anton Ferbur, the famous teacher, in Sydney. Just as her father is a brilliant constellation in the political firmament it is the pious hope of her many friends that she will soon enjoy stellar roles in her own artistic sphere, thus demonstrating that there are artists in the country equal to those in the city."

That night in the studio a funny little Russian, half charlatan, half artist, ruled out the music books for his pupils—the lady learning expression, the three butter pupils and the girl with the elided pieces. He ruled them in straight lines, until the rattle of the express caused them to twist and waver as he laid his head on his hands.

Mary, gazing from the window of the railway carriage, glimpsed the cryptic message of "Inkard we Ink Ippers" from Dipper's hardware sign with a catch in her throat, and blinked defiant tears from her eyes as the mad winds of Penguin rushing round the speeding train kissed her a bolsterous good-bye.

WHEN the Darrells came to Sydney the Press duly chronicled the fact somewhere near the foot of a column of social items—broken off in the centre by a neat rule marking the point where the Vice-Regal activities and intelligence concluded and the struggle of the social hot-potloi began. "Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Darrell have taken a house in Sydney during the life of the present Parliament."

The social writers for the weekly papers were a good deal more enthusiastic.

"On Dit," that peripatetic female along the social corridors and the keyholes, lingered long enough to pluck a handful of superlatives for the blushing Darrells:

"My dear! Wherever do these country girls get such marvellous complexions! Young Mary Darrell, down with her people from Penguin (Mary is studying the fiddle under Ferbur), has the most exquisitely ravishing peaches-and-cream coloring. The sort of thing you see on magazine covers—but seldom meet in real life. . . . Tony Darrell, her youthful father, is a dear—a

sort of Greek god husbandman if you know what I mean! There is a brother, too, awfully clever and a journalist."

Mary laughed when she read this, remembering Jack's summing up of her beauty on another occasion. "Freckled but pleasant, like a turkey egg," and Grace, refraining from comment, cut out both items and put them away in the chocolate box, which had now come to be reserved solely for Press cuttings.

"Peaches and cream," she thought; city people were nice. The Darrells took a small cottage overlooking the harbor, with a mad little garden which twisted and turned in ecstatic movements till it met the kiss of the briny water of the harbor fore-shores. There was a tiny private swimming bath fenced in with corrugated iron and wide-mesh wire against which an occasional shovel-nosed shark poked its snout in wonder, for all the world like the kids at Biddy Mac's window in far-off Penguin. Grace loved Sydney. She thought it was so cosmopolitan. Everything was so free and easy and nobody seemed to mind.

If the houses facing the sea, with their air of settled and respectably decent old age, appeared to hunch their weather-beaten shoulders at the flats at the rear, with their hodge-podge tenantry—their loud wirelesses and occasional beer parties—as if resentful of vulgar intrusion, Grace did not notice it, nor was it in her to resent it. But she did think the high, narrow flats were like poor kids primped up for a party, and standing on tiptoe to get a glimpse of the sea as a special treat.

Her greatest love was the harbor. From her chair on the verandah she watched it in the early morning, pearly and opalescent from slumber, and later like beauty divesting her gown for her workaday clothes. She saw it at midday, like a fussy parent calling the tugs and ferries like children about here skirts and brushing them aside softly to welcome a slow visitor from the seven seas. She liked it best at dusk, when they hung out the lights at Bellevue and Vaucluse and the ferries, like fireflies, tangled themselves in a braid of fire, and the highlands of North Shore piled themselves into the darkness until the candles were lit one by one to hang like tremulous jewels on a sable gown. Or then massed in the distance the outline of the bridge being built etched like a transfer on the black cushion of the night.

Of course she did not say these things. If a resident, grown supercilious with contact, asked her what she thought of "our harbor," even then she did not give herself away.

But some night, when Tony had brought a crowd home to dinner, "nursing his constituents" he called it, she would listen to their chatter as they smoked on the verandah and wait for that little catch in the conversation of one or another at the beauty before them, as her revenge.

Sometimes she was a tiny bit resentful of this prodigality of beauty, when she remembered the dark nights on Monaro and how from her bed she would watch through the chink in the blind for the first cold star to fade over the old mountains. There were days, too, when the easy luxuriance of the flowers hurt her, and she thought of the creeper she had so lovingly fostered to trail, half-heartedly over the verandah post of House on the Hill, and the saving of the wash-up water to loosen the clay around its parched roots.

Tony made an instant impression. He spoke to the Civillian Club and they were all



anxious to hear him. To many of them he represented a strange new cult called the primary producers—gentlemen who talked animatedly of tariffs, trade agreements, and the rural activities without a trace of inferiority complex. So different from the farmer of the past, who ordered his ploughs from Sydney and sent the cheque in advance.

Tony had arrived. There was no doubt he was one of the boys. More than that, he was sound.

Then Ferbur sent for Mary.

His secretary breathed an invitation over the telephone one morning for her to have an audition. Mary was elated and she wondered whether the voice belonged to a male with a soprano voice or a female who had got that way from the singing of negro spirituals.

When she met the young gentleman later she was still in a state of uncertainty about him. He had more temperament about him than the maestro himself, and an expansive dropping of his shoulders and spreading of his hands like a stage Frenchman. However, Mary was vaguely disappointed that he did not say "Voilà" to complete the act. When later he gathered a piece of the material in her frock in his hand like a professional dressmaker and said: "What a glorious shade. It suits you," Mary hoped fervently that the boys in Penguin might never hear of this.

Then she met Ferbur. She wondered vaguely why a man is never capable of a good verbal description of another man. Constad back home in Penguin had told her what he was like, but the picture was incomplete. She saw a little grey man in a nondescript suit with tiny stains here and there on his waistcoat, as if he was in the habit of taking his meals in a hurry. His face was a mass of minute wrinkles relieved by the smoothness of rather high and well fleshed cheekbones, and a bulbous forehead as smooth as that of a baby.

"This is Mary Darrell, Maestro," said the secretary, whose voice seemed to float and undulate in caricature of his actions, and then die in his throat like a Garbo sob.

"Oh yes," he replied, shaking hands warmly. "I am glad you were able to come," he added, as if her presence conferred a favor on him.

"I telephoned her," interposed the secretary, as if he were stopping himself from screaming only by iron self command, and then rustled off on his lawful occasions.

Mary's reactions to her interview with Ferbur are best shown in a letter she wrote to her bosom pal in Penguin as an outlet for her seething emotions, and as part of a pact that the beleaguered lady in Penguin must be told everything.

"I shall never forget it," wrote Mary. "Ferbur handed me my fiddle and asked me to play something. I nearly died! The room was a big, wide one and needed dusting badly. There was a bust of Beethoven or Napoleon or Gandhi on the mantelpiece, dumped down among a pile of manuscripts. You know, one of those plaster things you can buy at the nothing over 2/6 stores. (I am throwing all this in, for you asked me to tell you what the studio was like.) In the corner near the window was a beautiful piano, but someone had taken the back out of it and left it lying on the floor. This, too, was piled high with sheet music and on the corner was a tray bearing the remains of morning tea. (Ferbur drinks milk; I told you before he was a lamb, didn't I?)

"For the rest, there was an atrocious

plush lounge with red cushions—a blood brother to the one in the Pennypines' parlor (you know, the one with the broken springs that used to stick in us and make us giggle), and three or four wicker chairs, all coming undone in the legs and looking wrinkled and untidy like loose stockings.

"The curtains were grimy and caught back from the windows in the approved Victorian manner, and the ring-a-ring-a-rosey carpet was a riot. That completes the description you asked me for. There was a forbidding looking woman in the room in a black tam-o'-shanter hat and a pair of tan brogues; you know the sort, with their tongues hanging out like a tired cattle pup, and she had knobby knees like a man. Her name is Rose, the secretary told me afterwards.

"Ferbur was the only real thing about the whole business. He is human. I stood by the piano very nervous as he played for me, and as I stood tuning up Rose slewed round in her chair to watch as if the lights had gone out in a picture show. I played 'Papillon,' you know the one, and Ferbur stopped me half-way through as if I were hurting him. He is queerly irritable when teaching—I have since discovered.

"I then played Mozart. I like him, you know, and I felt more confident. Rose made her chair squeak and the secretary bird kept clipping his fingers as though he were dancing a tango. When I had finished the secretary was the first to speak:

"I hate Mozart. He is so sugary—obvious and sentimental."

"At this Ferbur crashed round on his piano stool and stood puffing at the secretary, like a fussy little engine about to whistle: 'Obvious! What do you mean by obvious? Aren't you obvious?' The secretary blushed. 'Aren't I obvious? Isn't Rose obvious? You make me sick! Tripe! Tripe! Tripe! Sentiment. What is wrong with that?'

"I don't agree with you," said Rose. "I favor inferential treatment. I don't want anything thrown at me."

"Oh, don't you?" said Ferbur, glaring at the lady, and the secretary crossed his hands and smiled sweetly as if he had accomplished the feat of setting two very quarrelsome dogs at each other's throat.

"P.S.: I am sending the material you asked me to procure for you by this evening's post. Certainly the pink is the best choice. You look such a fright in blue, don't you?"

A few days later Mary fell in love, but she didn't know it herself until some time later.

It was her custom to rise early in the morning and slip down to the private baths for her dip. It was a delightful morning on this occasion, and she sat, after her swim, revelling in the mild morning sunlight.

There was one place where the last ounce of sunlight could be obtained. It was a precarious position on the post of the fence, just wide enough to accommodate her slight figure, and with knees tucked up under her chin she sat watching the wind-encrusted wires of the compound. Mary was dreaming the long, long thoughts of youth when a gargantuan splash close by told her that someone had gone into the water. She saw a brown curly head ploughing through the water outside the baths. What a fool swimming in the open, she thought.

She supposed he knew of the danger of sharks. She supposed also that he knew it was the season for sharks—or wasn't there a season? Anyway it was like his cheek barging in on her like that, perched up as she was on the post like a lizard sunning itself. She supposed he would make some silly remark about Aphrodite as he did last time and get snubbed for his pains. Anyway, she wasn't going to be sociable. If he waited for her to speak first he would wait a jolly long time. She supposed it was dangerous to be swimming out there in the open harbor, but that was his funeral—no, she didn't mean that exactly. There he was coming back.

Mary had to admit grudgingly that he knew how to swim, as the long graceful strokes seemed to lift him along in rhythmic speed. She had a firm conviction that he was showing off—most Sydney people were like that.

She was just poised ready to dive back into the pool when he came abreast of her and trod water.

"Hi!" he called, and Mary was forced to look in his direction.

"Did you call to me?"

The youth brushed aside such obviously intended conversational skirmishes.

"What do you want to swim in that old cesspit for?"

Mary drew herself up for an appropriate reply. Something really cutting was called for in answer to that bobbing figure grinning at her across the water. Unfortunately he did not wait for her answer, but said:

"If you think it's any protection I don't mind informing you that there's a hole beneath the water line you could drive a boat through. As a matter of fact I did it when I bumped it with my old launch last summer. I thought you might like to know."

The swimmer then turned on his back and floated off in the approved nonchalant manner.

Mary dived back into the baths and dog-paddled leisurely to the tiny landing. What a pig of a fellow. No wonder he wasn't afraid of sharks. At breakfast she told Grace of the incident, who thought it nice and neighborly of him to mention the matter of the broken guards. Grace thought he must be the young fellow from the house next door. She had met his mother; a nice old lady. The boy was Garth Dunbar. He was "going up" for a doctor.

"He'd need to improve his bedside manner a lot," said Mary, "and his bathside manner for that matter," she added as she crushed on her hat and made for the tram stop a few hundred yards away. Was it just the perversity of fate or the result of the fellow's low cunning that he should be passing by as she came out of the gate? Mary had placed her violin case on the pavement while she tugged at the rather obstinate gate to close it firmly.

"You can always tell a person from the country," he said. "They always close gates. It's an article of faith in the country, isn't it?"

Mary put out a tragic hand for her violin case, but he held it from her.

Mary looked through him.

"Now don't say you didn't recognise me with my clothes on? That is a very old one, and I'm not sure that it isn't a trifle indelicate."

Mary stifled a sigh:

"Is this the latest piracy technique? If you must walk to the tram with me I suppose you must."

Garth said nothing for a moment, then



"I knew a girl who used to carry the sausages home in a violin case," he said, swinging the case speculatively in front of him.

"That," retorted Mary, stung into reply, "is also an old one."

They marched in chilly silence for a moment and the youth cringed at her cheerfully. "Look here, you know we know all about each other. Ever since you moved next door mother has been making discreet inquiries, supplemented by a judicious glimpse or two from behind the Nottingham lace curtains. And I daresay your people have been doing the same."

Mary attempted a reply—but what was the use in the face of such devastating rudeness?

"Besides," continued the voice at her side with its rather nice timbre, "I know all about you and you know all about me. I'm supposed to be a doctor—only I'm too poor to buy a practice, and you're a fiddler in full pursuit of a career."

"And," said Mary, icily, "where does all this lead up to?"

"Well, can't we be 'cobbers?" He smiled at her in a boyish bravado. "I hate all this preliminary skirmishing. It's almost indecent. Do we shake?"

Mary's sense of humor came to her aid and she placed her hand in his. "Friends," he said gravely. Mary nodded her head.

Later in the tram he lunged out over the other passengers with his fare for the conductor.

"Two, please," he said, with an air of supreme proprietorship.

Mary's beau.

FERBUR was a hard taskmaster: "Genius—what is it?" he would say, and getting no answer would supply it himself.

"Ten per cent. inspiration, ninety per cent. perspiration; yes, write that in your hat."

Mary wondered if Garth would say "That, too, is an old one."

They were seated in the studio having afternoon tea during a lull between lessons. The piano was still disembowelled and the morning-tea cups were still on the corner of the big piano, but Beethoven or Napoleon or Gandhi had a companion on the mantelshelf. It may have been Bach or Billy Sunday. No one cared to be definite. Rose had a queer predilection for these busts and would replace them whenever broken, which, on an average, was about twice weekly. Mary had asked timidly if she was making progress, and Ferbur had puffed up his cheeks and let them relax again before replying with the old truism.

"You are a trifle gauche, my dear," said Rose, rolling herself a smoke. "You could join a repertory society. It would give you poise, just a little acting, you know."

At this Ferbur bounded out of his seat with face inflated like a puff-adder about to strike.

"Gauche! Well, what of it? Melba was gauche. I am gauche; you, my dear, are gauche. I will not hear of repertory. She will get wrong ideas of music. She will wear black velvet and a paste diamond buckle on her shoes and a shoulder posy, and follow the spotlight round like a dog on a chain and mouth her words and get bad-tempered. No, she learns to play first."

Rose completely ignored the outburst. "It will help you in concert work. Ferbur is jealous of the stage, you know."

Ferbur puffed up again, subsided, seized Mary's fiddle and motioned to her to listen to him.

In the summer Garth and Mary

lored around the harbor in his decrepit old launch, Miss Australia. Miss Australia was a battered and weatherbeaten old lady suffering from an asthmatic engine, and, in keeping with her age, scorned all the blanching of paint to keep her youthful.

In a choppy sea when the white caps were dancing she would behave like a tipsy old drunk, but true to the traditions of the tipsy she would always lurch home. She would signalise her advent with a scornful snort from her almost water-logged engine, at her dainty, respectable sisters in white and nickel primping themselves in the bay, or tossing about at their moorings like nervous old ladies at the seaside fearful of wetting their feet.

Mary made her discovery of Sydney by means of Miss Australia. With Garth she picked up the reaches of Middle Harbor and tramped through miles of bush in search of native roses and waratahs.

"Not in there, Garth," Mary would shout on occasions as the blunt nose of the inquisitive Miss Australia would poke itself along some silent little inlet. "Fee, fo, fi, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," and she would point to a kiddie's waterwings, a broken spade and the remains of a ready-cut packet lunch floating out with the tide.

"And they say this country is full of wide, open spaces," Garth grumbled.

On other occasions they would dangle brown legs over the side of the launch and pretend to fish. Once Mary fell into the water in reaching too far out of the boat for a piece of floating seaweed.

Garth fished her out with a boathook. "You little fool! You might have been drowned," he said harshly, more harshly than the occasion warranted, thought Mary, but she glimpsed the real anxiety in his eyes, and, woman like, decided to follow up the advantage.

"Would you have cared?" she asked. Garth turned the nose of the boat round before replying, and then said, casually:

"One of the most boring tasks of my job is interviewing the bereaved parents."

Mary laughed and fell to bailing out the Pacific Ocean, which seemed concentrated on pouring itself through Miss Australia's warped and wheezy sides.

Moderns in love.

On other occasions they would grow serious: "I hate women who want to have careers," said Garth watching Mary spread the picnic repast under a Moreton Bay fig tree, while he attended to the spluttering billycan. "It's all so futile."

"You remind me," said Mary, "of my grandfather. Would you mind passing me the tin-opener?"

Garth did not reply, so, of course, Mary could not leave it at that. "Mentally," she said, "you are still in side-whiskers and elastic-top boots, and if I were still in crinolines, or course we should not be picnicking here to-day, should we?"

Garth broke carefully a piece of green stick and placed it in the shimmering billycan of water. Mary had shown him that trick to prevent the water from being smoked.

Later, lazing home under the moon, with the old launch making a phosphorescent track behind it, like an ugly old dragon with a tail of green fire, Mary returned to the attack.

"I don't think I will sway the capitals of Europe with my playing, nor have the few remaining kings and princes sending flowers to my suite, but there's something in me

which tells me I must try and try. It's not egotism, it's deeper than that."

"Good violinists are ten a penny in Europe," said Garth, "and if good enough is not enough for you what are you going to do?"

"Come back to you," said Mary, softly.

"I shall be waiting for you, darling," he replied, "if you're not too long."

Mary laughed shakily. "You deserve better than that."

"I am easily satisfied," he said, "an advantage which is mine through lack of artistic temperament."

Mary was silent. How unfair it was. She could be happy enough with Garth, but not until she climbed the heights. Life was a problem. She didn't feel at all heroic about her attitude, in fact, Garth made her feel rather small and selfish.

Mrs. Dunbar and Grace had become very friendly, having reached the stage of intimacy where Garth's mother had informed Grace that she had an aunt who was a dipsomaniac and another who had a floating kidney and the equity in a chain of bond stores. Grace told Lillian Dunbar how Tony had made an ass of himself over a woman in Penguin and how she hoped Mary and Garth would make a match of it.

Mary played on the concert platform and some of the soberer critics said she was astonishingly good for an Australian, while others, suffering from an inferiority complex, called her the Australian "something or other," it all depended on what foreign artist they could think of at the time.

Jack left his job in the country and came to Sydney, where Tony got him a position on a newspaper.

Jack had reached the irritating stage when youth is reading the prefaces in the dramas of life. As Shaw, D. H. Lawrence and Sinclair Lewis were his high priests, he was apt to be disquisitionary. He openly referred to Tony as Babbits, and discovered with anguish that being "middle-class" was considerably worse than any infirmity of the flesh.

He wrote vers libre and went without a hat. He also wrote the first act of a play with a fallen woman as its heroine, but her hideous plight palled on him at the finish and he threw the play on a shelf where Grace found it, and, after misgivings at its contents, burnt it under the copper.

Tony made a marvellous speech in the House, for which he received the congratulations of his leader, who also gave him a tip on a real estate deal from which Tony made a few thousand pounds. More flats at the back of the Darrell home sprang up overnight on every bit of vacant land, and seemed to Grace to crane their necks more than ever in order to glimpse the sea. Garth had finished his hospital training and was studying plastic surgery against the time his aunt with the floating kidney would give up the ghost and leave him enough money to buy a practice.

Wheat was 6/- a bushel and the farmers with wool to sell at 21d a pound began to call themselves graziers and their wives got the habit of staying at the most fashionable hotels, and having their photographs published in the Sunday supplements of the newspaper.

There was no doubt it was a great country in the best of all possible worlds.

One night Tony came home from the



House in high feather. There was to be a Cabinet reshuffle, and already the newspapers were publishing Tony's photograph with a short summary of his life, with emphasis on the fact that he was of an "old pioneer family," an excellent after-dinner raconteur and a keen student of rural problems and economics and had defeated the Speaker at billiards. It certainly looked as if Tony was the logical choice, and when, later in the night, his leader telephoned him to congratulate the new Minister, Tony coyly broke the news to his family.

Jack knew it all along. He told Tony that his (Tony) was important enough now to have his obituary notice on file at the newspaper office in case of a sudden demise. They did that sort of thing, you know. Mary kissed him impulsively and Garth was called over to hear the news. Grace squeezed his hand, and wondered how soon Mary could go abroad to complete her studies.

Perbur thought she was ready to go any time now and had drafted a letter to Snachel in Berlin. Tony retired to his study and his work. Wouldn't they be pleased at Penguin. It was a distinct compliment to his constituency and his constituents.

But the astute ones were not so sure that everything was well. Grave-faced bankers met in solemn conclave, looked at their ledgers and did nothing. A manufacturer or two shot himself in bewilderment and a thin-faced man with lank hair, who had lost his job to a machine, wrote on the factory walls in white chalk: "Vote I for Communism." The papers were full of news items concerning a strange new complaint called "the depression."

It was a dangerous time. Nobody had any money, you would receive personal assurances of that, and even security was suspect. Reputable and solid citizens, who hadn't walked a quarter of a mile in the last ten years, lacked up their cars and sent in the registration plate, since they didn't like the look in the eyes of their neighbors who had "taken the knock."

Tony joined the walkers and began to like it. He saw much more of the city that way.

By the end of a year there was some sort of an adjustment to circumstances, a crazy sort of compromise with disaster. The sun still shone on the harbor in the morning, and at dusk they hung the lights on Bellevue and Vaudeuse, but Grace was too busy with relief work to notice these things.

They were a different sort of poor in a different sort of city. Clothes were the problem. Of course they had the dole, but they were different to the usual run of people Grace had been accustomed to dealing with as "deserving cases" in Penguin. They didn't cringe so much, rather were they a little bitter and sullen—an undercurrent of savage acceptance of it all—but no sympathy thank you.

In handing out Tony's cast-offs and the balloon-like remnants of the social garments of some person of aldermanic proportions to a slender, tight-muscled young laborer Grace would catch the ardent glint in his eye, and they would both laugh; or rooting around in the mountainous piles of left-off clothing, as high and nondescript as last year's sins, for a few clothes to supplement the inadequate layette of a shabby little girl-wife, Grace was perilously close to tears. It was terribly hard on the women and babies.

Drifting in and out, these people were like silhouettes, moving but unreal, but their bravery was like a bright mask on the ugly face of disaster.

"We sold our pram," the little mother told Grace. "We weren't going to have any more," and the girl laughed brightly at their foolishness. "I hate the idea of baby in second-hand clothes, but wool is so dear, isn't it, and I can't knit very well."

"Go to the Benevolent, me dear," said an old stager. "They have some nice stuff, all white clothes—my Annie got hers there."

But Grace sensed that the girl would not go. She saw that she hated being at the depot at all. Her little baby would mew and cry in the second-hand clothes of some luckier infant. There was a limit to this cadging. But the infant was saved this ignominy for Grace and Mary knitted the layette themselves in wool as white as the snow on the mountains you could see from Penguin on a fine day. Grace added the shawl that had wrapped the warm and chubby body of Tom, her first-born, and Tony bought the couple a pram—with a stern admonition not to sell it unless they had made up their minds one way or the other.

Of course, there was another side to the depression, and those foolish people who chose to be bitter noticed it. Depression parties were a godsend to those who had been keeping up appearances in observing the first commandment of the social calendar, and it was with a sigh of relief that many accepted the new social ukase that it was the thing to be poor.

To those people so wealthy as to weather the financial blasts in comfort it was still a worrying time. They cursed the exchange rate, but still managed to slip abroad unostentatiously and return with the glad tidings that there was more unemployment in America and England than in Australia. On the assumption that it is always nice to hear of someone being worse off than yourself, the papers gave these remarks a full measure of publicity.

The satisfying thing about it all was that everybody was in it.

From the sun-room at Fymble could be heard: "My dear, I have achieved the most amazing economy. It really is remarkable. I've got a gardener—part time, any way—and he's amazingly cheap. He used to be a shopwalker—his manners are irreproachable—and the extraordinary thing about it all is that he knows his job, is not a bit uppish, and we don't have to insure him against breaking his ankle or anything."

Further in, at Paddington, a woman with a tired voice said: "I never knew a scrag of mutton was so cheap and nourishing. I suppose I didn't buy it before on account of the name—it seems so poor, somehow."

There was no doubt everybody was putting his shoulder to the wheel.

Then Jack lost his position.

Newspapers closed down, and others became absorbed, and the journalists—good, bad, and indifferent—were spewed on the labor market.

Some blamed the newspapers themselves, others saw sinister combines in every dismissal, while the gentlemen responsible for it all—the men who decided not to buy two papers a day and the others who came to the conclusion that they could save money by reading the headlines from the other fellow's paper in the tram—were blissfully unconscious of it all. The ladies who decided

that they had no money for the bargain sales could scarcely have imagined the repercussions in the newspaper offices to this enforced self-sacrifice on their part.

Journalists are a remarkable race who spend their life pursuing facts which they publish after sifting in the fine sieve of fundamental doubt, and their spare time in listening and believing office rumors which usually originate in the fertile brain of the copy boy who had overheard something at the directors' meeting.

However, there was a real crash this time, surpassing the flowery prognostications of the man who drove the managing director's lift, or the dark secret the executive told a barmaid while in his cups.

And the scribes were duly humbled. Raw beef and vinegar sub-editors went home in a daze and apostrophized the geraniums, hurt and amazed that their shackles had been cut off without compensation; special writers foregathered in the hotels discussing the disaster and ready to swoop on their more fortunate brothers should they enter, a circumstance which turned the luckier ones into secret drinkers.

Jack had an occasional drink with the disgruntled ones, cursed his fate and paid for another round. That was as far as he cared to go.

It was a rotten life. A fellow, whom he had never met before, who called him Jack as if he had known him all his life, said it was the fault of the system. Jack wasn't sure that he hadn't discovered the whole trouble, but the difficulty was to find out which system.

In his search for work, Jack went through a morning elation with the coming of the newspaper, which he would take to his room and note a few likely positions advertised. At midday he would still be seeking, a little less bright, but still reasonably confident, and about three p.m. he would give it best for the day and go to the "talkies."

Sometimes he was apathetic, at other times belligerent at his failure. Once he framed an advertisement along these lines:

"Young man, male, well-read, literary, excellent education and irreproachable manners and fair for clothes, will sell his services in any suitable capacity; witty conversationalist, and healthy. Apply 'Martins,' this office."

He read it through and decided it sounded too much like a gigolo seeking a fresh patron, so he destroyed the advertisement copy. He hated having to go to Grace or Tony for pocket-money. One day he picked up the newspapers and they all bore this glad announcement:

"ARE YOU THE MAN?"

"A hundred per cent. Australian organisation wants young man of good looks, highest integrity, must be well dressed; G.P.S. preferred, with view to training for responsible executive position. State age, educational qualifications, sports record at college and any other pertinent particulars."

In due course a reply came from the Sheero Sylk organisation asking him to be good enough to see "Our Mr. Janglebaum on the 7th floor."

Jack went and saw about five hundred young men in their best suits and their nicest smiles all trying to look G.P.S. and sportsmen. He wondered if he should have brought his football.

Mr. Janglebaum was a toiler. From a long list he would shout out a name. At last Jack's name came.



"Mister Darrell!" Jack had a valise full of silk stockings pushed into his hand. He was told there was thirty per cent. commission in it for himself and every woman that saw them would buy. Mr. Janglebaum did not mention the executive position, but before he had worked round to that he slapped Jack on the back and pushed him towards the door with a joyous "Attahoy."

Jack, bewildered, joined the little band of future executives moving downstairs with their valises—each of them carrying an "Attahoy" job in his little brown suitcase. Jack decided a job like that would not be fair to Tony, so he returned the valise to our Mr. Janglebaum, who looked really disappointed.

A few weeks later Jack secured employment as a publicity man. Jack had always considered a publicity man a sort of poor relation to a journalist. They were rather embarrassing with their Press sheets and their importunities, and he wished they weren't modelled so faithfully on their prototypes in the "talkies." However, any port in a storm.

Jack persuaded the man concerned that he could write "snappy stuff," so he got the job and was installed in a little office which bore three brass notices standing out at right angles from the door. The top one bore the caption "Exploitation;" lower down there was "Publicity;" and in the bottom corner "Fire Hydrant." It was rather funny he thought, but as nobody else noticed it he kept the joke to himself.

Jack found himself in a strange new world composed mostly of angles, slants and conferences. A new picture—a "regular scorcher"—had arrived the day before he began duties, and with it a score of youths in horn-rimmed glasses and Florsheim shoes and ebullient spirits voiced in a succession of phrases, such as "It's a hum-dinger;" "box-office natural;" "magnificent;" "They'll pull the house down." He thought it would be a good idea in some instances.

Jack attended a conference—they were always having conferences. The girl on the switch had been instructed to inform callers that Mr. So-and-so was in conference if she could not locate him on the telephone. It sounded so much better than the bald announcement that Mr. So-and-so was out, or down in the basement theatre helping to wind film on a spool.

One by one the delegates to the conference arrived, all with that eager look so typical of the publicity man. Each carried something in his hand, a paper, a Press sheet, a bundle of photographs. Jack, being new to the business, was without anything, so a dandelion-colored booklet entitled "I Would Sell It This Way" was forced into his hand. They were all lined up when a typist, with a little too much rouge and an ever-sharp gold pencil in her hair, came to tell them that the "Chief" was ready. They looked so downright glad and happy that Jack expected them all to shout "Whoopie," but one buoyant person said: "Come on, fellows, let's go!" And they went.

The Chief received them in a room which made one say at once: "Oh! an executive." It was so true to the atmosphere of the "talkies." One glance at the Chief. "Ah! a dynamo." If one listened closely one could hear him purr.

Jack wondered vaguely if he were the driving force behind the publicity for the sort of pictures which made you "grip your seats and glory that you're British," or was he responsible for the "fluted minarets

piercing the skyline in an arabesque of amber and grey; a triumphant signal of man's mastery over nature—this work of art—this hall of alabaster and home of the new era of entertainment."

He was not left long in doubt. The executive looked bored, but he went to it.

"Look here, boys. This is a winner. Don't forget that. This picture sold 'em out for six months at Los Angeles and they are hard-boiled over there!"

"Look! We've got to sell it straight here. No high hatting, no superlatives. We mustn't paint the lily. It's a winner on sure merit—"

"And box-office," said a voice.

"And box-office," endorsed the Chief.

Everybody seemed much brighter.

"Now," said the Chief, "I would sell it this way. Dignity! That's the idea."

"Dignity plus!" said another voice.

"Great," shouted the Chief, making a note on a beautiful pad. "Dignity plus! No hyperbole, no superlatives. Say what you think. I tell you this is big! big! big!"

"There is an angle," said a voice just behind Jack. At that every head was turned in his direction. There is nothing so attractive to the movie man as an angle.

"An angle," repeated the Chief, unable to believe his ears.

"Yes," said the voice. "Play up the mother-love stuff. It gets the women in. Circularise the orphanages and the welfare organizations. Have a little golden-haired child—here the voice broke a little—"to sit in a shop window. You see my angle?"

"Great." Suddenly they were all talking at once.

Then over it all came the voice of the dynamo. "Great! But dignity; don't forget that."

"Dignity plus," they all said obediently, and filed out.

Jack discovered later that the executive he had met was not the "big chief," but the exploitation chief, the big fellow being rarely seen, living in monk-like seclusion in another part of the building, surrounded by hordes of smaller executives yearning to grant interviews to all and sundry, but blandly refusing audience with the "big chief."

During the day the glad cry would go forth that there was a screening in the little theatre, and off the staff would march, led by the executive. There would be a few pressmen there, the occasional person always present at these affairs no one knew why, and a clerical gentleman who switched the lights on at his table and wrote furiously when the baby vamp showed too much of her lingerie.

They would all sit in the darkness smoking, with the boys popping like corks. "Great." "Big stuff." "A natural. They'll pull the house down," and when the show was over, led by the executive, they would return to their offices.

The March of the Yes Men.

Later they went to their respective typewriters and carefully copied all the publicity from the American Press sheets. Publicity plus.

SOME time later Jack received a letter from Penguin, in which old Cracken-thorp asked him to return to the "Echo," and the humdrum life of a small-town paper. He decided to go.

Tony journeyed back with Jack to Penguin. It was very necessary that he should make frequent appearances in his constituency. There was the likelihood of an election at any time.

He and Jack had come together more. Tony was opening his eyes. He was seeing his own son for the first time. This spirit of the modern youth—its bluntness—its truth and its earnestness under the mask of a detached and nonchalant pessimism was rather like a glimpse of his own youth. Jack made Tony a little bit tired sometimes of being a time server, and Tony, by his new-found tolerance, made Jack feel he was something of an insolent puppy in the days just passed.

"It's funny," said Tony, "before I became the member for Penguin I was everybody's friend—now half of them are my enemies, watching every move of their representative, making ammunition of my smallest statement to use for my political annihilation."

"That comes of party politics," said Jack oracularly. "I think your portfolio was a mistake. So far as I can see the only politicians who survive in season and out are the members for roads and bridges."

Tony laughed, and Jack slapped him on the knee like a comrade.

"But who wants to live like that. Be honest with them for their own good and if you go down, go down like a Darrell, with your rigging shot to pieces and your vessel full of holes. Of course, I'm hoping you'll win, but I'm not sure that an honest hiding wouldn't do your party good."

Under Jack's banter Tony sensed the eternal rightness of youth and the brave music of a marching army.

Later in the night he was to get a further insight into the attitude of youth to things in general.

Tony and Jack sought a second-class smoker for the trip. Tony always travelled second class. It was a gesture he was half ashamed of really, but elections had been won or lost on less.

Just as the train was leaving the station three youths tumbled into the carriage with a heterogeneous collection of baggage; and when they had settled down Tony began to examine them, as was his habit with humans. They were gloriously profane, vitally young and shabbily dressed. In fact, their clothing was a travesty on the strong young bodies they concealed, being the remnants of the days of their affluence when they all had jobs in the piping days of prosperity.

One was a tall, frank-faced youth with gleaming teeth, and a grey suit lovingly tailored by the suburban jazz craftsman with slash pockets and coy vest and high lapels. Fated to be the envy and despair of the mob at the local dances and launch picnics, in its old age, it still showed traces of its mottle with a variegated handkerchief, soiled but unconquered, peeping from the high pocket in the coat.

The second youth wore a grey suit known to the boys as "Dargan's Grey," a famous brand of shoddy from which the designer had made a considerable fortune. The third lad was in navy-blue with a shining finish as if he had cleaned it with blacklead, and he wore a pair of sandshoes.

Tony curled up in the corner and watched them, while Jack, with the freemasonry of youth, joined them in conversation.

They accepted him warily at first, but later, overcoming their diffidence to his well-cut suit and rather superior manner, they decided he was all right.

"A man's better off in the country," said Jack, after passing the cigarettes.

"That's a lot of hokey," said the boy in grey. "It might be all right for you, but I can see you're not going to relief work."



Not going to work for a cocky you have never seen."

"Diggin' out rabbits," said Sandshoes. "I'm to milk and kill," laughed the other. "That's what the advertisement said: 'Wanted strong youth to milk and kill.'"

"And I'm a useful," supplemented the third, "and the joke is none of us have been out of Sydney in our lives."

Jazz Suit laughed. "We got our ideas of country life from the comic strips—just mugs, but we'll have a go."

"Hey, mister," said Sandshoes, addressing Tony. "They don't grow wild oats up your way, do they?" Tony thought they didn't.

"Because we'd hate to have to sneak on in the dark."

Tony had remembered the same sort of thing years ago when the troops were going into camp, a rich banter at their own predicament. There was the same note here, a sort of sardonic acceptance of it all.

The boy from the factory, the skilled operative going to the bush to milk and kill. He knew he would be the centre of many a rural joke, but was ready for that. It wasn't such a tragedy—three young fellows seeking an honest job and a bit of experience which would do them good, but it was the manner of their going which made the thing so pathetic.

Tony remembered a speech he had made to the days not so far distant.

"The city has filched our youth from us. They have followed the lure of the lights and the gleam of the city. They are ours, they belong to the country and we want them back."

And back they were coming, to dig rabbits, to be rouseabouts, to milk and kill, with their tattered city suits and their city ways, the sad fulfilment of a gaudy dream. Others not so fortunate could be seen on the roads; any bushman could pick them out, with their badly rolled swags and their general air of bewilderment—like actors cast for the wrong part in a play, while the real "heavies" of the track and the highway, the bagmen, snorted their scorn at this sudden aggregation of amateur talent.

"Back to the bush," said Sandshoes, as if following Tony's unspoken thoughts. "I hope we don't do someone else out of a job."

"You'll be all right if you get with decent people," said Jack, "and you don't skite too much, unless you can back up what you say."

But as the train screeched through the countryside and as the lights of the city bobbed and blinked and disappeared the boys fell silent, like travellers glimpsing a new and uncertain land.

The light in the carriage had been switched off, and Jack shared his rug with them as they settled for slumber.

Came a voice from the darkness: "This time to-morrow I'll be digging out rabbits."

"Milk and kill," said Sandshoes, the inexpressible.

"Back to the bush."

Tony for the second time in a few days felt strangely humbled. It wasn't fair to these kids; that was the worst of the depression. He felt like a man who had squandered his children's portion and in his old age found them crying at his door for bread.

Fragments of Jack's conversation came to him as a spokesman for the lads asleep in the corner. A war and a depression. It's too much for one generation. Be honest

with them. Go down—with your rigging shot to pieces—like a Darrell—It was worth trying—for these youngsters. The jolting train ran on and on.

Old Crackenthorp of the "Echo" welcomed Jack almost tearfully. He was delighted to see him and hustled Jack into his office for a chat.

Things were bad—very bad—the farmers were broke—and the daily newspaper up the road was grabbing everything. He was glad Jack was back. There was going to be an election. Give the Government a fresh mandate and everything would be all right.

Jack could have laughed out loud, but good manners forbade it. Here was the world tumbling about our ears, and the old man was going to cure it with a fresh mandate. Jack realised with a start the inseparable gulf between the young and the old.

He looked around the dusty office. Yes, the poor old chap was dead and this was his mausoleum. He felt it not with the cocksure conviction of the days when he worked with Crackenthorp as a youth, but with the queer maturity he had recently assumed.

It was sad this passing away of a finer race—a bigger tradition. His eyes wandered round the room. Yes, everything old. On the wall the map of the world before the world war expanded or contracted boundaries; close by a graph with tiny ships showing the relative strength of the navies of the war; a big soldier marked Germany—smaller ones marked France and Britain, and so on down to the Lilliputian figures of the smaller nations, showing the standing armies of the world.

On his table was "John's Notable Australians," dated 1920, and an out-of-date Whitaker's Almanac, well thumbed and soiled.

On the wall was a picture of Acrasia, with an action never seen in any living quadruped, winning the Melbourne Cup, ridden by a jockey with longer legs than a cyclist and reposeful face like an Italian saint. Close by was a group photograph of the staff, old and faded, of which Crackenthorp would lovingly point out the figures.

The big fellow in the Dundreary whiskers on the left was the editor in those days—Jack had read some of his leaders in the files and they seemed to have taken on something of the writer's ponderous personality. The little depressed chap on the end was a reporter—a great shorthand man, 130 words a minute, and as accurate as a metronome. The fat man in the centre—DEAD—ALL DEAD. Jack turned his eyes to the table where the leading article in proof bore the brave caption: "O! was some power the giffle gie us, To see ourselves as others see us."

A slip of paper covered with the thin spidery writing of Crackenthorp caught Jack's eye: the eternal obituary notice of the country newspaper. "We regret to have to record the passing of a very old and well-esteemed citizen of this town." . . . Old newspapers, thought Jack, were like sturdy old men, they died slowly and they died hard . . .

"They don't pay," said Crackenthorp, "and they dispute their bills. They never used to do that." The old order changeth!

Outside Jack met Miss Woodpecker, as he would always call her—a little less bright, a little more faded. She still wore the engagement ring which she had so proudly flaunted before he left Penguin.

"Not married yet?" queried Jack.

"Not yet. Times are too bad."

Up the hill to the Pennypines. They were sitting on the verandah knitting as he had left them, a little older and a little more faded. They rose formally to greet him as he pushed open the gate.

"We knew your footsteps," said Ruth with a giggle, as though he had been down the street on a message and the beads at Biddy Mac's rustled to the intelligence that young Darrell was home again. How the world stood still these days.

Snatchel wrote from Berlin saying that he would be delighted to have Miss Mary Darrell as a pupil. Ferbur was as excited as a schoolboy who had prepared a most successfully wrought and intricate sum for his master, and Rose rolled her cigarette and pretended to be blasé about this trip to Berlin, although secretly she was delighted. Grace and Mary consulted the Continental magazines concerning appropriate clothes, and haunted the shipping offices and cursed the exchange rates which made the money available look so ridiculously small. Mary fought with Grace regarding a chaperone.

"On Dit" returned to the attack with the pertinent query: "Another young couple enjoying the pangs of parting. What is a certain dashing and handsome young medico going to do when he loses his little Mary (no, this is not a surgical detail), when she goes to Europe by the Monte Video next week? However, we girls must have our careers, but fancy leaving such a deliciously eligible male as Garth on the loose. Rumor hath it that the lady has plumped for a career in preference to being the chaperone of a suburban surgeon. Anyway, if I could play like Mary I would do the same, I wonder will Garth play the devoted lover or will the girl I saw him lurching with help him to forget?"

Garth and Mary laughed at this since the vamp was Grace, who seemed to have the gift of perpetual youth.

They spent their last days together chugging about the gay old harbor, visiting the scenes of happier summers. Miss Australia seemed to sense the gravity of the occasion and acted accordingly.

Everything seems different when one is saying good-bye. Never did the old familiar places appear so beautiful; the curl of the surf on the sand; the thud of the spume breaking over the rocks and the high, swift flights of the gulls dipping to their host the sea, and on the foreshores the flannel flowers dappling the brush and the thickset; the native rose hiding behind the long caney grass like pink-faced children, and an occasional waratah on the slopes, like a queen awaiting her terrace. The pungent smell of the gums and the wet bracken crackling under their feet seemed part of it all.

Here the maiden-hair ferns, tremulous with dew from a mossy rock, and there the riot of wild clematis and sarsaparilla covering the rough ground with their blossoms, and flirting with the drunken, drowsy bobbing bees.

Over it all was the brooding quiet of the bushland, silent against the importunities of her impetuous lover, the sea.

It was hard to leave it all for the snows of Europe. They lunched under an old gum and Garth was unusually grave.

Once Mary scorching her fingers slightly fussing around the singing billy and Garth took her hand gravely. "You must be careful of your hands—a little accident, a cut



here, a nerve there and that's a finish to your bowing. No more fiddle."

Mary shivered, and Garth felt a fool for mentioning the matter at all.

Of course, he was only being kind and Mary replied: "I'll insure my fingers when they are valuable enough."

He kissed her fingers like a priest bestowing a blessing and invoking an incantation against evil.

Then they set the nose of the launch into the eye of the sunset and drifted—talking—talking rapidly at first like people who have said their good-byes, and are feverishly bright against the anti-climax of the whistle of departure, or the siren to set sail.

At other times they were silent, with the only noises in the immensity being the lap of the waters and the regular chugging of Miss Australia, determined not to be sentimental in her old age.

Next day was their last together and Garth had suggested a run down the coast in a car he had but recently acquired. It was as yet unchristened. "Call it Bluebird," said Mary. "You remember Maerlinck?"

"No," said Garth, who was a Philistine, "but I read the newspaper advertisements."

Bluebird was no fleet-winged swallow, and Garth had purchased it because his launch was falling to pieces. Anyway, he wouldn't go on the harbor again.

Bluebird became Bluebag in the discussion which followed, due to the startling blue color with which the car had been lavishly decorated by the previous owner, who was glad to sell it cheaply.

From the towering height of the Bull Lookout, they drank in the panorama of the coastline, harbor, bay and inlet curving and twisting into the misty distance and everywhere the sapphire gown of the sea with the lacy frill of the surf at its throat, with away in the distance a tiny vessel with its smoky trail of smoke, moving slowly and aimlessly like an infant's toy on the blue lake of the nursery floor, propelled by a guardian finger.

Down through the ferny gorges Bluebag tore its rumbling way, with the spring wind rushing with them in exhilaration.

"It's so beautiful it hurts," said Mary, and the practical Garth was silenced for once.

A group of kiddies were undressing in the partial seclusion of a clump of golden wattle trees, the younger and more daring dashing from the shelter in naked eagerness to join the run to the sea, to the scandalisation of the their schoolgirl sisters, and at the other end of the beach a buxom mother in a bottle-green swimming suit—like a prosperous, well-conditioned wood-duck—took the water with the children behind her bobbing and sinking like a kite at stream. Beyond the breakers bobbed the black heads of the swimmers, and a surf boat of bronzed striplings rode the breakers like Vikings with the same blue eyes.

Back in the mountains they watched the mists shimmer in the gorges like a conjurer's cloth, until the magician sun whisked it away to reveal the glory of the wattle and the gums, in serried rank on rank.

It was here that they said their real good-byes. Tender little things, silly little things, sacred things. The quiet old bush was silent and secretive and down in the gully a thrush sang like a lost prima donna busy with her housework. Kendall's country!

The amber dusk was falling as they came back to the ugly old Bluebag waiting by the roadside. A bramble of briar blossom

had got tangled over its eyes during the day's adventures, and they laughed at the picture it presented like a wood god at a bacchanal.

Garth prepared for his struggle with the car. The turn of the road was narrow and rutty and Bluebag was obdurate.

Mary stood by while Garth fiddled with the gears. He slewed around and back, but the car was stiff and unmanageable. On it came past her. She saw Garth at the wheel, fighting to gain control, and then the bulk of the car mounted the embankment, where it swayed and lurched, poised for a moment, and then plunged down the sharp embankment and rolled like a drunken thing to rest below with its wheels churning wildly.

Mary slid down the slope with the brambles tearing at her hair and her arms and the rocks twisting her ankles. She fought the low undergrowth trailing around her and impeding her progress. Once she fell heavily with her arm under her and lay stunned and breathless, unable to move. But Garth was in that twisted heap below. She must go on.

She kicked her impeding shoes from her feet and in her stockings made the descent. Thorn and bramble, what did it matter. There was water in the bottom of the gully, ankle deep, which she slushed through without knowing.

The car was on its side and Garth was lying thrown to one side as he had stilled the racing engine before the impact had come. He was white and still—very still—and she was suddenly afraid. Mary tugged at the doors—the obstinate doors which would not yield. In the scramble down the rocks her left arm had become numb and useless and she saw in a detached way that it was bleeding.

She tugged at the door in futile strength, but it was unavailing. On the other side she saw the glass had been broken and a trickle of blood was oozing from Garth's head, lying among the debris. She raised her right hand and doubled it fiercely. What was it that Garth had said? Why did that chance remark keep singing through her brain? "A cut here—a nerve gone there—and it's good-bye to your fiddle."

Mary drove her fist hard at the closed window of the car and it rebounded bruised and bleeding from the blow. She searched for a stone, but the giant boulders resisted her tugging fingers. She returned and again and again drove her fist at the glass, which shattered and broke into jagged pieces. With her almost useless left hand she widened the gap and searched for the door handle. Then headlights appeared on the high ground and the startled murmur of searching voices as she hung like a trapped bird in the jagged glass she had broken.

A cut here—a nerve there: Good-bye to your fiddle.

Down in the thicket the thrush stirred in the sleeping dusk, called once and then hushed its voice as if it had caught the sound of weeping.

The rescuers brought them slowly to the surface where, as if someone had pressed a button, an ambulance was waiting with white-coated attendants.

From afar off Mary could hear the subdued murmur of voices as of people talking in another room.

She was aware of the pungent smell of iodine and the voices again: "A nasty crack on the head and a few cuts and bruises. The

man will be all right. But the girl; did you see her hands? Did you see her hands?"

They put them side by side in the ambulance and one of Mary's shoes was discovered at the last minute and placed on the steps at the back, like a travesty of a lucky shoe swinging behind a wedding car.

The big things of life are something so cruelly quick of accomplishment. In that little cottage hospital whence they were taken Garth, who was the first to recover, was told the full story. He waited in agonies until the surgeon came to him with news of Mary.

"The fingers only. We will save the hand," he said, almost cheerfully, for it was better than they had first expected. He wondered why this man, himself a doctor, should turn his face to the wall with a groan.

Then came Grace and Tony, shocked but brave, with never a word of complaint as to the whys and wherefores.

And the big snow-white liner, the Monarch Video, broke the last frail streamer at the wharf and the last parting shout was eaten up in the distance. It stretched away on the horizon like a toy ship with a smudge of smoke behind it and bobbed beyond the horizon.

In the little white hospital ward a man and a girl were speaking in low tones.

"I didn't tell you, Garth. I felt too proud to admit defeat. Ferbur did not think I should ever be a success abroad. He almost told me so. You know how it was with me—up and down—one minute in the clouds and the next . . . It must be my nature. Anyway, nothing was certain. Besides I would have been playing without my heart . . . You mustn't feel bad about things. I am not. I am happy."

Later Garth went to see Ferbur at Grace's request.

"Tell me," said Ferbur. "Does she accept things?"

"Yes," said Garth simply.

"Ha!" said Ferbur. "I am a fool. She has life. She has love, she has youth. What is a fiddle? Listen!" He seized the fiddle and played, but Garth knew he was playing to Mary—a farewell and a panegyric.

The last note died into softness and Ferbur dropped his hands.

"It is nothing."

"What is it called?" said Garth.

"To Mary," said the old man, suddenly smiling. "I composed it for her."

"She was a genius and we have so few—so very few. She was never wrong, she always knew—and so did we." He waved his hand towards the window. "Rose and I."

With a sudden transition of mood, his voice changed. "Poof, but what is a finger? She will live. Snachel will play the melody named for her in Berlin. That alone is fame."

Later Rose said to Garth: "I am not a sentimentalist, but Mary has a certain brave quality about her—gameness I think you would call it."

Garth told her of Mary's confession. Of how Ferbur was not sure of her success, of how she feared sometimes herself.

Rose laughed. "Of course no one can be sure, but we were sure, and so was Mary. She wouldn't take you in with a lie like that." Rose paused for a moment and then continued. "That is the gameness I was telling you about."



"The Game Darrells," said Garth. "That's what they call them."

Penguin awoke one morning to discover with a certain amount of pleasure that there was to be an election.

This was borne in upon their consciousness by the fact that gentlemen would stop in the street, shake hands with them in the liveliest fashion and inquire about the wife's health, and grandma's sciatica. The local washerwoman was saved a domestic contretemps with her spouse when she assured him that the gentleman that carried her washing down the street for her was "only the member" and there was nothing to it.

The most importunate of electors—seeking the pension, or the endowment, or a job for Willy in the railways in the past with more or less success—suddenly became jolly coy, like a plain virgin suddenly possessed of money and alternately thrilled and dismayed at the ardor of her suitors, and the sudden revelation that she could pick and choose. Every corner bore the electric injunction:

"Tony Darrell—Straight as a gun-barrel." And somewhere handy the comeback of the opposition: "You can gamble on Gamble." It was going to be a great fight.

Huge hoardings given over to the lithographic riot of the elections showed a broken-down building covered with cobwebs and a farmer and his wife standing outside emaciated and helpless, with their hungry blood staring straight into the eyes of famine and disaster.

On the other side were the same farmer and his family miraculously rejuvenated like the Mr. Can of the fruit sales advertisements, while close by the factory, apparently rebuilt, was turning out bales of wool, butter, eggs and ready-made clothes with magnificent impartiality. Underneath ran the caption: "Will you have that or this?"

Opposite was the picture of the Union Jack held aloft by a bevy of beautiful movie star finalists. In the foreground, marching into the picture, were a few sans-culottes with a dingy tattered red flag, the foremost looking suspiciously like the leader of the Opposition. Underneath the flag ran the caption: "Which flag?" It was easy enough. It was a matter of the schoolboy trick, guessing what hand it was in.

Mr. Gamble, Tony's opponent, was credited with a faux pas. It appears that he met a young man at the sheep show and, shaking hands with him, inquired with emotion: "How is your father?" "He's dead," replied the youth.

Later he met the youth again and inquired in a glad voice, "How is your dear father?" "He's still dead," replied the youth sadly.

Mr. Gamble strenuously denied this, pointing out that the same story had been backed on to Moses at the first election of patriarchs, and down the ages to Lord Rosebery, Disraeli and Hitler, but it was a good joke, and it went the rounds.

Underneath the banter of all this, Tony sensed a feeling of hostility to politicians in general and wasn't sure which way things would go. It was all involved in a politico-mechanical phenomenon called the swing of the pendulum. This was considered so important that a meeting of the party was held to discuss it, and decide whether they should risk an election.

Tony as one of the big men of the party attended. It was a solemn gathering, marking Tony's greatest bid for freedom; and there was something in the eyes of his

ministerial colleagues as he rose to speak that was hard to fathom.

"Gentlemen," said Tony. "I am not going to make a speech, but I feel that we must have an election at once. Let us go to the people and tell them the truth." Mr. Forrest, who had been in twelve Parliaments, almost swooned.

"From the last few years of office we know exactly how the position stands; let us tell the public—leave it to them. I can't take the platform with my tongue in my cheek. I positively refuse to tell another elector that we have turned the corner. The world is for it in this reconstruction business."

The crisp voice of his leader, Sir Martin Kingdone, came across the floor with all the command of the "copra Kingdones," as they were called, but in it was also the conciliatory tone of the politician.

"Just what point are you making?"

Mr. Forrest, who was a disappointed candidate for the portfolio which Tony secured, rose to his feet in an outraged manner.

"Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman! This is most irregular. I rise to a point of order. We are discussing campaign matters and the Minister for Home Markets decides to make a policy speech in the middle of deliberations." Forrest was always one to hide behind the rules and regulations of debate when a fight looked likely. His chief contribution to politics consisted of this, and when his party was in opposition in coming into the House at regular intervals and shouting "Ultra vires" when a bill was being explained, no matter whether it referred to Supply or the "Suppression of the Sunbakers."

Kingdone brushed this interruption aside and looked to Tony, who said:

"It's the young, young children, O my brothers." He said it rather grandiloquently, for politicians liked that. "We can't go on like this."

Forrest groaned. Was Tony going to bring that up again? Tony looked remarkably like Jack as he came a step forward to make his point.

"They don't believe in Parliament and party politics. They have no work in the land they are born to inherit—a war and a depression—it is too much for one generation. One of these days one of these young gentlemen will walk into Parliament and say like Cromwell, 'Take away this bauble.'"

Kingdone again intervened: "Does the Minister disagree with the unemployment policy he helped to frame? They were making it difficult."

"Revolution," shouted Forrest.

"Exactly," said Tony. "A revolution in our hearts—let us fear for the future and work against that fear. Let us go to the country without a shibboleth—strangle the voices of the slogan concoctors and tell them where we stand, and what we honestly hope to achieve. What a victory if we should achieve it. If we sink, let us go down with our riggings shot to pieces and our vessel holed, but the flag still flying."

Again the crisp voice of the chairman. "Doubtless the Minister will elaborate on this at another place," said Kingdone, and Tony sat down.

"Lamson looks safe in Loddon," droned the voice of the campaign director, but his shoulders were heaving as if enjoying a second joke. Tony must be drunk!

Back in the party rooms the members looked depressed. This remarkable attitude of Tony's had them worried. What was the meaning of it all?

Forrest, with all the experience of his dozen Parliaments behind him, said:

"I'm a stout party man—I came into Parliament a strong party man. I have served in it as a strong party man—and will, I hope, die a strong party man."

"That's ultra vires," shouted the wag of the party, a young fellow but recently elected.

Nobody knew exactly what Tony wanted, but the wag had an idea, and he propounded it oracularly as if addressing a meeting.

"When a man like Tony Darrell gets idealism one of three things has happened. One, he's made a lot of money. Tony hasn't done that. Two, he has grown very ambitious. I don't think that. Three, he's been got at." He paused, with his finger in the air.

"Rat," said another, fiercely. It was Gartner, who was likely to lose Lakeview. "He's a dirty rat."

Nobody seemed to know just what Tony wanted. He didn't know himself the reason for the nostalgia which had seized him; but he had sudden visions of an old woman eating from the garbage tins; the eyes of a girl in a dark street corner, and a snarling man on a soap-box in the Domain with spume on his lips.

The newspapers got hold of the story and published it in big headlines: "Split in Cabinet: Minister Defiant;" or worked out a graph of how many supporters Tony could attract to his banner in the event of a showdown. The leader and his deputy sent for Tony.

The leader poured out drinks and they sat down like brothers to talk it over.

"This newspaper talk," said Tony.

Sir Martin waved that aside. "The dogs bark, you know." He then smiled. "But you must admit you have given them something to talk about. I honestly think we can do better than the other fellow for the unemployed."

"But will we ever cure it by Act of Parliament?" said Tony.

His leader lifted his shoulders in a shrug. The deputy refilled the glasses. Tony watched him squirt a narrow jet of soda into each and resume his seat.

Tony felt easier, as if the tension had lessened. "Don't you ever feel hurt at it all—the futility of this?" He waved his arm around the room.

"Yes," said Sir Martin simply.

"Doesn't it make you sick, party politics, democracy and the rest?"

"Just as sick as you feel at present, my friend."

"Then," said Tony, with sudden fire, "why don't we kick the whole thing to pieces?"

Sir Martin looked under his heavy eyes and was a long time before replying.

"Of course, I don't mean dictatorships, Hitlerism, or anything like that," said Tony.

Then Sir Martin spoke: "I'm glad you bucked, Tony." Glad! But there was no gladness in his voice.

Tony waited for him to go on.

"There has been a revolution and I am an evolutionist—therefore I cannot join in. Evolution is the only way. It is not a thing of straight lines. It is painfully slow progress after futile investigation into the byways and offshoots. Supposing we go out. In go the opposition, what then? You don't leave a lighted candle in the child's nursery, that it may destroy itself and the rest of the occupants. These youth movements—



young in heart, I mean—must be held off by the old humdrum democracy which is becoming outmoded. Only the mature will survive." He rose and stood smiling at Tony. "It's my job to hold them off for their eventual benefit. If I am big enough to do it, history will exonerate me; if I only do a little I shall soon be forgotten, and, in any case, some day in the picturesque words of Hitler himself, my head will be rolling in the sand."

"Is it as bad as that?" said Tony. The young and the old.

"I'm afraid it is," replied Sir Martin. The deputy leader thought the conversation was becoming too academic. It wasn't getting anywhere. He filled the glasses again.

"Look here, Tony, you've got to stick. You can't rat on your own party. We'll listen carefully to all your suggestions. You can't let us down by playing the lone wolf."

"A rat." Tony was stung. "You mean they would look at it that way—the people?" "Of course they would," said the deputy. "You'd lose all your friends, too. You'd have to fight every one of us."

He brushed the idea aside. "What we thought," he said, glancing at his leader, "is that we might create an unemployment portfolio and give it to you. You would have a free hand—subject to Cabinet, of course. It will probably break your heart, but you're looking for it."

"I'd like that," said Tony, rising suddenly. "To get to grips with something tangible. To fight!"

The deputy beamed and Sir Martin shook hands gravely with Tony.

"The Minister for Employment will carry Penguin."

The Premier then called in the Press. "Gentlemen, there is to be an election at the earliest possible date. The Government is going to the people for a fresh mandate."

"What about the Cabinet split?" said a journalist.

"There never has been the slightest suggestion of any differences in the Cabinet. I would like to take this opportunity to deny certain lying rumors."

"A happy family," said his deputy, smiling, "which will present a united front against our national difficulties until we have turned the corner."

Tony winced and smiled, and the journalists departed hot-foot with the news.

Mary and Garth were married the following month at St. Mark's.

Tony had made the wedding possible. It appears that Penguin wanted a new doctor. The old chap who still drove around in his buggy was too out of date. He was forthright too. Penguin was tired of being told the uses of castor oil when other doctors told them most diverting things about the large colon and duodenum. It was an age of introspection, medically speaking, so what was the use of Dr. Southby brushing all this aside? The old chap had lost all his subtlety.

When Dr. Southby gave it best and went to Sydney to live with his married daughter, Tony took advantage of the opportunity. Garth's aunt with the floating kidney, had a conversation with Tony and between them they secured the practice for a song.

So Garth hung out a neat brass plate in Penguin, Garth Dunbar, M.B., M.Ch., and Mary bought a little red light to hang over the surgery. Penguin was duly excited.

They thought Mary did very well for herself to have married a doctor. Very well indeed, but they thought Garth was too young and inexperienced. The surgery was dusted daily by Mary and new flowers put in the bowls. Mary even hurried through the reading of her periodicals and put them on the maple table in the surgery. She knew that old joke about out-of-date papers in doctors' waiting-rooms.

Then Garth had his first patient.

Mary was sitting at the window one afternoon when three men came to the gate. One of them was being supported by the other two and they were all fairly drunk. Half shame-facedly they pushed open the gate and Mary was upon them. A patient was a patient and you must start somewhere.

"Had a bit of a brawl," said one of the men, rather sheepishly. "He's cut about a bit."

"Blessed brawl," thought Mary. "Bring him in," she said sweetly. Mary dashed into the house and to its furthest limits while Garth took charge of the patient. She heard him talking to the other fellows and their daughter in reply. They seemed to be in the surgery a long time, but at last she saw the victim walking on his own feet from the room and smiling through his bandages at Dr. Dunbar. Back in the surgery they held each other's hands and laughed like kids.

Then Mrs. Morton—down on the flat—had a sudden serious turn. Garth was her doctor, and he pulled her through and the baby thrived. Mrs. Morton did not let the incident rest there. "I can tell you there would have been no baby only for the doctor. I give 'im the credit for everything." In the face of that Penguin came round a little.

When Biddy Mac publicly announced that she got great relief for her rheumatism from Garth's ministrations Mary knew the fight was over. Garth was asked to join the board of honorary doctors visiting the hospital, and after a discussion which waxed and waned over several weeks Mary induced him to grow a small moustache in keeping with his new dignity.

It was a happy time. But sometimes when Garth was absent and she sat alone the old ache would come to her fingers and she would get down her violin and attempt to play with her broken, stunted fingers. Melodies would be surging through her brain, but they died into discords at the touch of her fingers. "Somebody learning the fiddle," said the passers-by. "Somebody weeping," said those who knew.

Constad, older, apologetic, with his sweeping bows and stilted English, would come some nights to play to them. From her seat among the cushions, with her head on Garth's knee, Mary would watch him play. Sometimes he would look at her for the hint of pain in her eyes—but she was always smiling serenely like a happy child.

At other times Jack would come in.

"I'm going to write a book."

Jack always made Mary feel better. He seemed to be getting a basis on which to build his life; using a sort of sardonic humor as a shield against the world. It was better that way. Mary encouraged him—made him a den where he could write in peace, but Jack said he hated dens. He wasn't a wild animal it was necessary to cage to make him perform. Anyway he liked poetry best, and he found inspiration for that down by the river under the gum-trees. But Mary knew he was working hard and was hopeful.

One day—it being Tony's week to nurse his constituency—Tony burst into the surgery full of an idea. Mary and Garth heard it with bated breath.

"Old Monaro is for sale, cheap," said Tony. "Company economies, you know. It is only a shadow of its old self, about 3000 acres but the homestead is intact."

"Are you going to buy it?" said Mary breathlessly.

"It's the old home," said Tony. "Every bit of it is ours." A certain pride of family seemed to grow within him. The old home and House on the Hill with its little acreage cut like a wedge into the wooded paddocks. Tony tried to disguise his sentiment. "It ought to be a jolly good investment. Those two young beggars at school have told me they want to go on the land."

Mary smiled; she was thinking of Grace.

When the Darrells came back to Old Monaro they were met by a cavalcade gall caparisoned. As Tony and Grace drove from the station yard there was the clatter of hoofs as the horses swung in behind them. The Carthews, the Devlins, and Carrabys, the Carters. As they drove through the street a young-old man with a bald head came from the new brownstone bank at the corner and waved his hand.

Grace sat with her hands folded in her lap like a reigning empress, and the jingle of bit and snaffle sang a psalm of praise. The Pennypines were there in their bustle drawn by the old pony, miraculously preserved and the harness shining with the crupper resting on top of the pony's hump. Whether the pony was too plump for its harness or its presence there due to growing delicacy on the part of the Pennypines will never be revealed. Mrs. Dipper was there on horseback and holding herself like a veteran in the saddle. By a miracle Biddy Mac was hoisted on to a horse, and was still in control of her venture, proudly wearing the riding habit of her girlhood with its thirty-six bone buttons.

The Henwoods were there, and Mr. Gamble himself. You can gamble on Gamble. Milly was there and Mary and Jack—smiling, and Mrs. Flannagan waving a handkerchief.

And the Bomalnas boys, Angus, and Johnnie with his smile and Martin and the baby.

The little phaeton, rescued and rejuvenated, which had carried the Darrells in the old days, turned in at the wrought-iron gates of Old Monaro and up the drive of flowering red gums. Grace unlocked the door with a sturdy black key and, taking Tony by the hand, led him back to his kingdom. The shouts and the cheering resounded like the voice of music around the walls of the old cobblestone courtyards and the lights leapt one by one into the windows.

In the stables the horses—living again their glory for a day—champed in their stalls or snorted in content at the excellence of the hay from the Darrells' pastures.

Inside the fires crackled to the popping of corks and the tinkle of laughter.

And the ghost of Darcy Darrell—first of his line—smiled from the tresses of the penitent willows.

#### THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious. Have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 148-154 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.